

BRITISH WORKMAN OFFICE-9, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.





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THE J. F. C. HARRISON COLLECTION OF NINETEENTH CENTURY BRITISH SOCIAL HISTORY Harrison-P HD 8389. .8841 no.157-168





"P TEO", THE MUCICAL SMALL-COAL MAN

THOMAS BRITTON THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN.

THE words, "singing for the million" and
"music for the masses," are considered to convey
modern ideas and customs, as if in this present time only, a leve of singing and music was developing among the industrial classes. We hope it is true that a cultivation of musical taste is occoming general among the people, for there is nothing more refining, or that binds families to more pleasantly, or adds more to the nnocent enjoyments of home than a love of, and skill in, music. Perhaps one of the most memerable instances of the elevating power of music was shown in the life of a most remarkable man who died more than a hundred and fifty years who died more than a hundred and lifty years ago (1714), Thomas Britton, a dealer in cod, who lived in Aylesbury-street, Clerkouwell, at a corner-house by Jerusalem-passage, St. John's-square. The basement of his ahode was the square. The basement of his abode was the coal-store, ore which was a long low room, reached by a steep and awkerned staircase. Yet humble as this dwelling was, the fine musical taste of the owner became known; and doubtless his character for general worth was respected, for he was able to assemble in his abode, not only friends of his own station in life for an evening? triends of his own station in life for an evening's delightful exercise of the tuneful art, but rank, fashion, and talent, came to the lowly concert-room of Thomas Britton, and he was known by the name of the "nusical small-cal man." Among those who homoured the humble dwelling was a young foreigner who came hest to this country in 1710 and was destined to leave an imperishable name—Handel, the great composer, whose works, unsurpassed in grandem and beauty, may be said each year to attain a wider appreciation. The magnificent oratorio of the "Messiah" is regarded as the most finished sacred musical work that human genius has given to the world

It makes a pleasant picture to the mind to think of the company assembling for the sweet refreshment of harmonious sounds in the room over the coal-store. Pride, state, and exclusive-ness, all subdued by talent, worth, and refine-ment, in humble life. Well might the gentle and high-born love to listen, when Handel was one of the performers : and doubtless the ladies and gentlemen who visited Britton's con cort-room carned to respect the qualities of good taste and refined manners when shown in humble life Why should they not be as beautiful and approprints in the poor, as in the weakhy home; is not the sunshine beautiful whether it gilds the mountain tops, or glows in the reces

lowly valley

We find that Thomas Britton was not content to let his mind dwell only on music. The man whose taste and intellect are once awakened will not rest without further attainments ; progress and improvement are the law of his being. He was fond of books, and in that age there was a great seeking after old books and manuscripts. Many eminent noblemen engaged in making weekly rounds among city booksellers, and then would meet at a fixed hour at Bateman's, a bookseller in Paternoster-row. And to this gathering, in Faternoster-row. And to this gathering, which was mostly on a Saturday, Britton, too would come. He has been known to pitch a sack of coals against Mr. Bateman's door, and then enter' and take his part in the conversation going on ahout old books and manuscripts, when authors and poblemen of celebrity were present. Known and respected, he wa received on terms of familiarity, even though ss distinctions were then usually very stringent. The great distinction between human beings is not that which wealth makes, but that which worth makes. The profligate and the ignorant are low company, however rich, and the gent and virtuous are good society, however poor, It is sad to record that the wortby man, house had been the resort of Handel and of many of the great and noble of both sexes, who honoured talent was the victim of a cruel prachonoured talout, was the victim or a cruci practical joke, that brought him to his death. There was a msn, named Honeyman, who had great skill as a ventriloquist—a skill which ho often abused. In a seputchral voice, that seemed as if it came from some supernatural being, he announced the speedy death of poor Britton, Such entence would shake any nerves, more especially a sensitivo musical organization. terror of the apparently-doomed man was great, and the wicked perpetrator of the trick, probably terrified at the fright he had given, said, in a hollow tone

"Kneel down, Britton, and say the Lord's Distress

The poor man complied, but the shock he l

Handel bred forty-three years after Britten, the hittle house that cantamet them; a tuy one of his cartist English friends, had gone to kit gard view promety manufacture, and a beame tengrare. Through a marvellous, and yet often brown donkey that had never suffered a hard-trying career, the great musican became the ship in its life, its pleanant to thaving been friend and companion of nobles and princes; but merely to draw that little eart for two of three doubtless he never fongot the old concerts over miles during the six days of every week, led and doubtless he never forgot the old concerts over the coal-store, where it is by no means unlikely that the then young German musician first met many of those emment men and women of station and taste, who recognized his genius and spread

his Lune.

At the homely fireside of our working men and women, we are not likely to have the company of great people, but we can have, aye and often do have, the company of great musicians. When families unite to sing the Hundredth Psahn, Handel is with them, and so also when they raise the noble hymn :

"My sord praise the Lord, Speak good of His name,

to the tune called "Hanover." they have Handel again in their midst; Haydn, the great com-poser, comes to them when they sing "Creation," poser, comes to them when they sing "Creation," or "Emperor." Indeed, we are so rich in noble tunes and fine music, all brought within the means of the poorest man who is sober and industrious, that sweet, true, spirit-stirring music of voice and of instrument is one of th chcap, as well as refining, pleasures of modern times, and should be sedulously cultivated.

Of course, like every other talent, this may be nisused and wasted: there are foolish and coarse kinds of music and singing which should be discountenanced and avoided as unworthy and debasing. But the home where there is sweet debasing. But the home where there is sweet psalmody, and the genial harmony of pure and elevating strains, becomes a sort of outer-court to heaven, re-echoing the hallowed chorus of

angels' songs.

Oh! then, at this season of the year, let pure On: then, at this season or the year, her pure and loving stains arise from many a happy and pions working man's abole; let the sweet melody of children's voices blend with those of their parents and elders in cheerful strains; and their parents and enders in encertal status; and thus, as voices combine, hearts will drive more closely together in love and faith, and make true melody to the "Giver of every good gift." And thus beginning the opening year, they may confidently hope for a special blessing on 1868. And that God may grant this is our carnest prayer.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

EIGHTEEN hundred sixty-seven It's now for ever past, Eighteen hundred sixty-eight Will fly away as fast.

But whether Life's uncertain scene

Shall hold an equal pace; Or whether Death shall come between And end my mortal race :

Or whether sickness, pain, or health, My future lot shall be

Or whether poverty or wealth, Is all unknown to me. One thing I know, that needful 'tis

To watch with careful eye. Since every season spent amiss Is register'd on high.

THE LAW AND THE COSPEL

Under the old Jewish Law, the passover was be offered for every house, tho blemish and without spot was to be sacrificed for every family, and God worshipped in every household. In these Gospel days, Jesus Christ is our Passover for every house. Jesus is the Lamb whose blood has been shed to blot out the Joseph is the sins of every family, and through His blood every household is to acceptably worship our Father in heaven.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

FOLLOWER of Pythagoras once bought pair of shoes from a cobbler, for which he pro-mised to pay him on a future day. On that day money; but, finding the cobbler had he took the died in the interim, returned, secretly rejoicing that he could retain the money, and get a pair of " His conscience, however, shoes for nothing. says Scneca, "would allow him no rest, tdl, taking up the money, he went back to the cobbler's shop, and casting in the money, said, 'Go thy way, for though he is dead to all the world besides, yet he is alive to me."

Handel hvol forty-three years after Britton, the little house that contained them; a tiny cheered by the kind voice and caressing hand of one of the best of masters.

mpany about a year, made them almost sacred in her and them not be publicant till, instead of goin to then sight. The house he had bought with the saved to be under to buy necessaries for the family. When carnings of houset labour; the little cart he had Janet knew all about them. Ch. and women, we are not likely to have the company about a year, made them almost sacred in her omings on mones moour; the fittle cart no man made with his own hands, as well as many of the articles of household furniture; and the sleck dom-ordicles of household furniture; and the sleck domkey hall known no other master; he had bought him where very young and trained him to his own service. The case it the stable, which housed him, had also been set up by John Roy's industry. In specifing of one thing or another shout the house, of friends who dropped in to see her in her lonely wildow, on, when not even his wife believed widowhood, Janet would keep. All to Janet would keep the wildow had, Janet would keep the Min Janet would keep the wildow had, Janet would keep the Min Janet would keep the wildow had, Janet would keep the Min Janet would keep the wildow had, Janet would keep the Min Janet would keep the wildow had made with his own hands, as well as many of the widowhood, Janet would say, "My John mad that," or "That's John's work;" and she al and she alat, or Itself's John's work, and she al-ays spoke of the donkey as "My John's." Ginav was its name, which it knew right well,

and would turn and trot to its old mastress, at the word of call, as readily as a kitten or a would have done. It is not too much to say that Janet really loved him, and he in return had cortainly a sort of affection for her. She went every evening to his stable to address long conversations to him, telling him he was "a sauer rogue" and so forth, to all of which Gipsy listened demurely enough, pricking up his cars, and arelly poking his face up to be rubbed and caressed.

John Ray had lived a busy life for many year as a gardener, and by temperate and careful living, had been able to make himself owner of the cottage in which he and his wife had lived during the greater part of their married life. As he grew old he left off going out to work, and the grew out no left on going out to work, and kept entirely to his own garden—a fine piece of ground at the back of his cettage. This he tended with great care, and it produced some of the best frint and vegetables to be found in any part of the country in which he lived. Of course there was much more on his ground than he and there was minton more on his ground dust he and Janct could possibly use; as every-day he and Gipsy trudged off to the neighbouring town, about a mile distant, with the aforesaid little cart full of such really good vegetables and fine fresh-gathered fruit, that it was no wonder that the whole lot was soon changed into money, pockets much heavier than when he set out.

It was quite a picture to see the turn-out,

every morning. There was the clean, brightly-painted little cart, with its contents of bright green, white, yellow, red, according to the season; there was Gipsy, not a ragged, heaten, drooping donkey, as so many (to the disgrace of their owners) are, but a merry little animal, sleek and pert, and tugging at its pretty load with a will, pert, and tagging at its pretty load with a will, and a certain pride, as much as to say to the consequential ponies who passed it by, "Sec, I can step up and draw as well, and as much as you can!" And then there was the ruddy, " See, 1 happy-looking old master, who never used any-thing but good words, and kind pats in driving, and who met his customers with smiles and an obliging manner which won for him their respect

When death came to him in his seventy-eighth year, and gently and suddenly cut him down like a ear of wheat, fully ripe, the pleasant old man was missed and mourned for as a valued friend; and many eyes grew dim when, a week or so after his burial, they saw the well-known little cart and donkey go by without its master : his place was taken by a youth of thirteen, a son of one of Janet's neighbours. Janet was not able to go daily to town herself, for she was

already seventy years of age,

The name of Janet's assistant was Charles Chapman. He was the eldest child of very poor parents, poorer a great deal than they ight to have been, seeing that the father was strong man, and had many opportunities of rell-managing a woman as any man could wish r a wife. for a wife. But it was the old, old story of drink hringing a family low, and keeping it so. The Chapmans were neighbours of old Junct's, and had a piece of ground attached to their house quite equal to hers. Chapman with his boys might have made much of it, and have The poor man complicit, but the snock he mad because, yet he is drive to me. received had been too great, for he took be his bed and died in a few days—one of the many [20]. The British Workman Almanae for 1868, here able to rent and plant mother piece as memorable warnings against the shameful and With large costly copraving of "Dipnity and Images of larger than that in the neighbourhood, cruel practice of frightening people. He was puckace," offer Sir Edwin Londowre. [One Penny, had he heen steady and determined to get on.

buried in Clerkowell Churchyard (October 1st, 1714), to the great regret of a large circle, who had broad his noded tworth, and shoosured his preparations. For NILBE IRROR.

For Dank Irror S. Hall IRROR.

For possessions had poor old Jand Ray,—just sinstence from their father, the poer lads entirely to the boys, and without any advice or assistance from their father, the poor lada couldn't make much of it. They were good lada though, and did their best towards a little money out of the garden-stuff. mother's sake they gave up play for hard work; and she heartily blessed God for giving them hearts to feel for her in her trouble and poverty, Sometimes Chapman got work in the town-gardens: but his wife saw very little of the money that he carned in that way. When he had other work, he walked to town with the veget When he had re one of the best of masters.

These postessions obl Jaint prized more than a meanch does his cown jewels. The strong and tender love that she clearbed for the meanory of her good instant, who had been the meanory of her good instant, who had been dead in the strong and the stank in the present for sale. The loys dreated his going with them, because the meanory of her good instant, who had been dead in the strong found it way into his poker.

> Louis know all about them. She remembered Long ago she had had a son who went astray just so, and who got into the deepest slough of misery through druk. When be had mined himself beyond recovery, he sought his father's house to die in; and there, through the mercy of God, and his mother's many earnest prayers, he was led to look to the Saviour, who regards the penitent cry of even the foulest of sinners, and was "saved so as by hre" even at the Remembering her son, old Janet felt intense compassion and concern for anyone hom she saw going astray as he did; and this led her often to plend and remonstrate with her neighbour, Chapman, in the first stages of his downward career.

But alas! he did not heed her : and she was owerless to do anything beyond comforting his poor wife now and then, and doing any kind neighbourly action for her or her children.

When Janet's husband died, she at once decided to employ Charlie Chapman to take her garden things to town. She knew him to be a trusty lad, and one who would willingly set himelf to any kind of honest labour, so 28 to be a help to his mother. His younger brother, Alfred, could very well manage the taking out of their own things; he was a well-grown lad of eleven years. he was a very steady and

Charlie transacted all Janet's business with the greatest care, and gave her great satisfaction, When he returned from his round in the morning he usually worked in her garden for a few hours; he usually worked in her garden for a rew hours; and then went home to help Alfred with his; so he did not live an idle life. Indeed, both he and his hrother were good and industrious enough to have shamed their father into a better way of living, had he not been so entirely lost to all right feeling. Things went on thus for a year or so. There seemed no prospect of a change in the affairs of the Chapman family: everything

went on in the old miserable way.

One bright autumn day, Mrs. Chapman called lady's neat little house, to have a few minutes' chat, and to thank her for her con-tinued kindness shown to her children; Charlie was at work in the garden, having not long returned from his morning's jaunt to town.
"I'm not so able as I used to be," said Janet,

inking into a chair by the open door, where sho could see Charlie at work. "The time was, and not long ago cither, when I could go outside and help the lad a bit; but now I can do nothing b nerp the last a bit; but now I can do nothing be-yond gathering fruit or such like. I was think-ing the other day, Kate (she always called Mrs. Chapman by her Christian name), that it would be a pleasure and a comfort to me to have the responsibility of the garden taken entirely off my hands by letting it to some industrious and worthy man, who would keep it as my John did. worthy man, who It would be worth any one's while to take it, for I should put the rent low, and a good bit can be

made of it, if properly managed."

Mrs. Chapman thought it would be a great relief to Janet to do so. "Now, if your husband life to Janet to do so. "Now, if your husband were what he caght to he," continued Mrs. Ray, "there is no one I know that I would more gall let it to. With this and his own garden, he might do capitally, having two such good work ers with him as your boys. I shouldn't like to lose Charlie from the place : it does me good to lose Charne from the place; it use he good see his bright face every day." "Ah, it would be a fine thing, Mrs. Ray; but what's the use thinking of it?" said Mrs. Chapman, hopelessly. We've got trouble enough every week to pay the rent of our place : I don't kno w how it would be with anything extra. We should sink, I guess."
"Of course it wouldn't do, unless your James

Yes almost given up hoping about it."
"You needn't give up hoping if you haven't
given up praying," said Janet, laying her hand
kindly on poor Kate's, "Remember the woman
in Scripture, who received what she asked for give over asking.

"Yes; but when one keeps on praying year after year, and no answer comes, one beguns to after year, and he answer comes, one beguns to get weary and less faith."

"No; you just bide there till I come out; and don't make any bother about a drop o'rain. You get weary and less faith."

With this bear and the second of the sec

No, no; don't lose faith, Kate, though the "No, no; don't lose bath, Kate, though the the manyer is ever so long in comming. "Praying the the pic breath is never spent in vain," you know. Waan't for 12 years praying and warting for a saving bless tears, sing for my boy (and dishift at come at last I I'm wind a mere you mustn't give up hoping. "Mrs. Chapman's fall in only reply was a burst of tears. Janet allowed seems. her to ween quietly for some time, then she said. her to weep quietly for some time, then she sand, How conrageously he "Well, Kate, speak to your husband of what I've said. Maybe he'll give it a thought, and it may wake up some good resolutions in him."

Once or twice he

Mrs. Channes promised at the same time repeating that she thought it was "no good hoping She walked sorrowfully homeward, and unexpec-tedly found her husband there. He had just dropped in for his spade, having succeeded in get-

ting a job of work,
"Where's Charlie?" be asked.

"Working at Mrs. Ray's. I've just been long there, and she's been talking about that along there, beautiful garden of hers : she wants to let it somebody that would keep it as it is now, and always has been. I think it looks just as well it did when old John was alive; our Charlie's a capital hand at gardening."

'It's a pity he don't try his hand a little

"It's a pity he don't try his hand a little re on this; it looks anything but first-rate." "Poor Alfred does his best," said Mrs. Chap-n, "and Charlie helps as much as he can. It man, "and Charlie nerps as much as ne can, to would never do for him to give up Mrs. Ray's for this. We should be without bread again, as we used to be." She paused a minute, for she saw the expression of her husband's face change at those words. She could depend upon anything like that taking some effect upon him when he was sober, as at the present moment. For a time there was no sound, but the chirruping of a robin about the open doorway. Then Mrs. Chapman continued, "Mrs. Ray was saying that she don't know anyone she'd sooner let the ground to, than us. She thinks with proper ground to, than us. She thinks with proper management and steady attention to it, you and the boys might make a very good thing of it; with our own piece, too. You see our Charlie knows her connexion, and is used to the place, It's an offer that hundreds would jump at.

It's an offer that hundreds would jump at."

"I don't believe she'd like me to have it,"
growled Chapman. "I know she hates me like
poison, and thinks me a scamp and all manner of poison, and thinks me a scamp and all manner of things. She've as good as said so many a time in her preachings; and I take good care never to

get within reach of her tongue now."
"Indeed I know she doesn't," replied Kate.

"She's only so sorry, James, to think that you wen't try to be better, and give up the drink, She knows that you might be so well off and happy if it wasn't for that, and we might be as afortable as anybody." Here she fairly broke down, and turned away weeping. Chapman walked quietly out of the house in no pleasant walked quietly out of the house in no pleasant frame of mind. He felt troubled by his wife's distress; and as he was sober just then he felt some-thing like a faint desire to turn round and become the soher and respectable master of Janet's ground; but before long he found his way to a public-house, and there the faint desire entirely died away; and the days passed wearily or without its being revived at all.

The cold wintry weather rapidly set in, Alfred tried to make his truck look as bennie as possible every morning, though the stock of things with which he set out for the purpose of tempting customers to buy, did not look very For many mornings during the chill November weather he had gone his rounds alone, and he rather dreaded to hear that his father November weather he may gone and he rather dreaded to hear that his father purposed going out with him again. However, the amountement soon came. One dull and the announcement soon came. One dull and lowering morning, early in December, Alfred had inverning morning, early in December, Aired had just arranged his wares on the rickety old truck, and, trying to look cheery in spite of the dull morning, was wishing his mother good-bye, when his father appeared saying, "I may as well go round with you to-day; I've nothing else to do."

The boy's countenance fell, and all spirit scenied to leave him. He turned listlessly to the truck, and the pushing it seemed almost too great an effort for him. His father put out no help-ing hand, but walked alongside with his hands in his pockets. Mrs. Chapman's eyes filled with tears as sho stood to watch the departure; and she turned away sighing, "The peor lad's work will go for nothing to-day!"

voice of entroaty. Ont it go in 's said Arred, in a in the right way as long as there's nothing or no voice of entroaty. One't let us stop. See it's one by to tempt us; but, when there is, that's beginning to rain, and very likely we shall have a just the time to show what stuff we're made of. because of her importunity—because she wouldn't wet day. Shall I burry on by myself, father ?"
give over asking."
"No; you just bide there till I come out; and

the inn, and turned into the bar. Alfred looked the picture of dejection; and had it not been for passers-by, he would certainly have burst into tears. He was not warmly clad, and the chill his from it, if we walk in de wind drove the rain, which was beginning to for you know what the Bil fall in good earnest, pritiestly against him, till it to keep you from falling?"

"Yes, yes; well, we is well, we is the property of the prop How contained the would have tradeed about through it all, for his mother's sake, had he been

Once or twice he walked to the inn-door, blowing his poor numbed fingers, and stamping his feet, looking anxiously for his father; but he did not come. Then he stood on the lee-side of his truck to get sheltered as much as possible. From Then he stood on the lee-side of his might seek grace from that hour to begin a new life, sheltered as much as possible. From He and Alfred resumed their onward walk in that position be was in full view of Janet's house He thought of her, and of her many kind words and acts to him; he thought of the peace, and warmth, and comfort of her house, and of the cheerless one where his poor mother dragged her weary existence on month after month,

As he gazed that way a person went to Janet's door, and having been spoken to, turned away. Old Janet, who had answered the door before returning in, took a peep out and along the road. She perceived Alfred standing out in the cold rain before the inn, and she beckmed to him. before the inn, and she He shook his head rather sadly, as much as to say he couldn't go, but would if he could.

She at once guessed how matters stood, and returning to her warm room, she took her stand at the window, intending to stop Mr. Chapman as he passed her house.

A quarter-of-an-hour passed by. It seemed a

long time to her, yet not nearly so long as it seemed to the poor little lad who stood anxiously watching and waiting outside the inn, his clothes gradually getting wet through. At length Mr. hapman made his americance, and without a single remark about the inclement weather, or what was agong on within Im, and what a his boy's condition, bade him, "step up and hurry strength had had to pass that mo. Once, he out." They hurred on a few yards and then a seemed about to yield to the tempstation; then voice arrested them.

" Please to step in a minute, neighbour," cried she added as they entered, and she closed the

"I haven't thought at all about it yet," said Chapman, feeling rather ill-at-ease. "I shouldn't his desire was strong. He called to mind Janet's like to get anything else on my hands just now." words,—"God can alway give us strength equal Alfred

most well-te-do men in the place, and having a merely to pull against his desire to turn into the house and ground of your very own hy-and-by; public-houses, a horror and dread of them was

"Yes, yes, I know," answered Chapman uneasily. "Well, we must be getting on."
"Wait a minute," said Janet, laying her hand

on his arm earnestly. "Mr. Chapman, for your wife's sake as well as your own, I'd do anything in the world to help you to a different and better state of living. You know I can remember the time when you were all so happy and comfortable;

and her spectacles became so dim that she was friehight, making pleasure for them. As, what obliged to rub them. As Chapman did not are the so-called pleasures of the tup-room, and

whether wo've got any energy or strength to pull through. Temptations are too much for us sometimes, though: I know that well enough; and if we try to overcome in our own strength we shall be sure to fall. But God can always give us strength equal to ourday of trial and temptation, and will of worst Him for it. We result the afraid falling back into the mire when He has raised He was not warmly clad, and the chill as from it, if we walk in dependence upon Hin; drove the rain, which was beginning to for you know what the Bible says: 'He is able

to keep you from falling."
"Yes, yes; well, we must go now. Good meening, Mrs. Ray."
Janet did not detain him again, but answered

good morning," opened the door for them, and noked Alfred's haw kindly as he passed out, She watched them down the garden, and then turned away with a silent prayer that Chapman

silence. Presently the lad said, "We shall be quite late at town to-day, father. You won't turn in anywhere else, will you? Let us take every farthing home to-day, father

The father had not sufficient confidence in The tather had not sufficient confidence in himself to answer yes, so he merely said "Humph!" He knew that as soon as he neared some of his old haunts he would feel endfully tempted to go in. Nevertheless he rished that he could bravely pass them all by, and the wish was a little step in the right direction. There was quite a struggle going on within him, as they entered the town passing the first public-house, poor little Alfred looked very anxious. Since his father gave no answer to his last earnest question, he felt very little hope. He did not speak now, but trudge along through the rain, pushing the truck man fully, though his fingers were quite benumbed.

Dis father passed it by! Alfred's heart felt

big with thankinhees, and he turned a glad face to his father. But the father did not see it. He was walking along quite absorbed, with his eves fixed on the ground The bul little knew old Janet's words recurred to his mond and some other words which were in his long-neglected old Janet, 'and the lad, too. The cart won't Bible, "He that being often reproved hardeneth hurt in the rain; but certainly it isn't right for his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that the child to be getting wet through in it. It without remedy." Perhaps if he disregarded seems an age since I saw you, Mr. Chapman," this last reproof he might put himself out of the she added, as they entered, and she closed the way of ever isteming to another. He felt that door behind then; "and I've been looking out that moment must decide his tature course, for you ever since the day that I speke to your Should he just go on in the old way, or should wife about letting my ground. What d'ye think he make a bold, brave stop, and turn right round, as thousands had done before, and begin a new hie? Hope was week, his will was weak, but as to get entytuing else on my mana just now.

"Why not P: and Janch, briddy, after setting to our day of trial and templation, if we ask Hum
fired before the fire to dry his clottes. For it." And there, as he stroke along through
You've get looks of time to attend to even a the cold rain, the first examer prayer that he had "I ou're got foods of time to attend to even a the cold min, the first earnest prayer that he had larger garden than mine; y source got health and uttered for name, a long shy burst from his heart, strength, and two handy willing boys to help you, | "Lord, help me, aver me!" After that his The fact is, you're far more greatly blessed than heart secured somewhat lightened of its heavy you think you are, Mr. Chapman. There's weight. A strange, new passed if feeling took nothing to hisher you from heacening one of the possession of his; and now, unstead of having notise and ground of your very own no-source); passic-noting, but one thing, reliabour: you know appearant. He lenged to get home for that what that it wo've talked tegether about it day, out of sight of them. Alfred wonspected before now," by; and when, having sold all their stock, they ed their faces homeward, he could scarcel believe that his father was about to return home "Mr. Chapman, for your perfectly soler. It was such a wonder! When your own, I'd do anything they reached the garden-gate, Mr. Chapman said he would put the truck away, and he bade Alfred run in and get his wet things off. The boy ran in eagerly, more for the sake of telling his mother the good news than of changing his

cottage that evening, though the cold rain beat patilessly against the windows. Instead of having to listen, in the pauses of the rising storm, not. Why should you do if I I seems manness, cottage that exeming, from no word in the Now do just and God's grace to help you to take to have a fine the summary of the su

became steady," said Janet, "Became steady!"

Some distance along the road, and within a to give up the drink, as my minis knows. Ent god that evening, strengthened him in his hope stones throw of Janet Ray's house, there was an semebow it always gets over me at leat."

For almost given up hoping about it."

To almost given up hoping about it."

At they neared it, Alfred's father and, "Only the became you obtain the first handfully resist the to the happy state (they were once in. When the first handfully resist the course it's eavy compute to bed, he had a long talk companying, "said Janet, laying her hand."

"Only the beautiful of the properties of the happy state (they were once in. When the interpretation. Of course it's eavy compute to bed, he had a long talk companying, "said Janet, laying her hand."

"Dan't between the sound was a long as there's nothing or no with his poor, worn wife, telling her of old Janet, on the formula is the tween there is nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no with his poor, worn wife, telling her of old Janet, here were given in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no in the fight way as long as there's nothing or no way the fight way as long as there's nothing or not want. and of his own desires really to turn round and become himself again. You may be sure tears were shed, and earnest words were spoken, by Mrs. Chapman : and hope grew stronger in her heart than it had ever done before, seeing that now she was assured her husband was seeking strength from God to begin a new life.

For the next few days he kept close to some,

working in his own garden, and doing a bit to old Janet's. How delighted and thankful was she to see his altered conduct! She knew what struggles he had with himself and with his circumstances, and more than once she said to him Mr. Chapman ; but I'm only a poor old woman."

Mr. Chapman thanked her. He did not want

any help: he felt that he would rather work himself to supply all the wants of his family ; yet he had a hard struggle to keep on ; it sometim seemed as though all things were against him.

Nevertheless he did not lose heart. He was carring to trust in God for blessings to follow his own utmost endeavours to get on. And often-times the Sabbath brought him such strengthening and consoling messages, as he sat in the efforts of the working-days, that he felt en-couraged to have faith in the Great Helper of the needy. Well was it for him that he did not depend upon his own strength to press on in the new way, or when difficulties and temptations crowded upon him he would surely have fallen, Christmas was approaching them not very cheerily. They had made very little preparation

for celebrating the season, eave in putting up evergreen decorations about the house. Their evergreen decorations about the homse. Their funds were so low that the customary Christian cheer was almost out of the question. Yet, for the children's sakes, Mrs. Chapman did what sho could to make them realize that it was Christmas; and their father promised them that they should as he said the words, he felt some misgiving : his prospects were so dark just then, that he felt half afraid to look forward with any hope. trust was wavering for a moment. No sooner had he uttered those cheery words to the young folks than his depression increased just in pro-portion as their pleasant anticipations (bd. " How easy, but how vain, it is to utter such words!" he said to himself. This was on Christmas morning. "That was something of a promise, yet I have not the least prospect of being able to fulfil it. See how I've peen continued, "and after few weeks," he mentally continued, "and after all what a Christmas we've got. Things were scarcely worse last year, when I let everything take its course, and didn't trouble." Then dark, dark thoughts and suggestions came to his mind, as if attend ahard by the tempter. It was a as it intered alond by the tempter. It was a trying moment for him. His reverie was cut short by a sudden knock at the door. Mrs. Chapman, who had been watching his drouping air with some little concern, imme-

diately responded to it.

iately responded to it.

'' Good morning, Kate! A happy Christmas to

'' Hold Provident Come in, ou all!" said a cheery voice. unless we can both come

"Both!" cried the children, who had clus-tered about the door as soon as they heard old Janet's voice.
"Come in both," said Mrs. Chapman, laugh-

"You cannot bring in any dirt off hard frozen ground, and if yon do, never mind." So in walked old Janet, and Gipsy!

How the children got out of the harmless fel-w's way ' and how Mr. Chapman rose up wondering and smiling! and how Gipsy pricked up his ears and looked up into his old mistress's face, which was beaming with gladness and a sort nee, which was beaining with gradiess and a sort
of fun! You can imagine all this, and much more.
"Well, here we are!" she said, sinking down
on a chair, and still holding Gipsy's bridle. "I

brought Gipsy with me to make this a happy Christmas-day for you and for me." "How in the world do you mean to do that?" asked Mrs. Chapman, astonished.

"By letting Gipsy change owners," said the old woman. old woman, "Here, Mr. Chapman, give me your hand." He did so, and, putting the bridle into it, old Janet continued, "There, now I only want you to promise me that you will be as good to him as my John was. "A righteous man is merciful to his beast," the Bible says. So I can trust you, seeing that now, like my John did, you are striving to walk in the way of righteousne-You know I'm but a poor old, woman, and I reply, the added, "Now, will you to" use, Mrs.

Reply, the added, "Now, will you to" use, Mrs.

Reply, the added, "Now, will you to" use, Mrs.

Reply, the added, "Now, will you to" use, Mrs.

Reply, the replied, "Pro tried one and again." The tatel of threather you that Mrs. Chapmass prove a high and you will replied the provided one and again.

The tatel of threather you that Mrs. Chapmass prove a high added you have the mrs.



"May my Christmas gift prov. a help and blessing to you!"

Chapman stood up, and affectionately stroked believe your gift has quite turned the tide for the bonnie httle donker's neck, as he replied, "I am sure things will go smoothly now." the bonnie httle donkey's neck, as he replied, the bonnie little donkeys need, as he replied,—
and a tempt to thank you, Mrn. Ray. It is rough to the standard of you to remember us in this way. You gittle know how tinely your gift is, how it is effort to be gay, she said, "I suppose I must effort to be gay, she said, "I suppose I must be garden to the gay and the got up to leave. Making the growth of the gay, she said, "I suppose I must be gay, as for Given,— but 300. no.—of little know how timely your git is, how it has tended to strengthen my bopes and resolutions, which just for a little moment were wavering, and how it has strengthened me at this dreary and how it has strengthened me at this drawn, time to go on and keep faith in God. It's just the best thing that could have happened to me to-day; and you may depend upon it I will never let Gipsy feel the loss of his first good master. But how shall you manage without him I I will put you quite out of the way with out most of the state of the way with

put bis anomace to the wheet, and just most in pay, and pay well."

Chapman stood considering for a minute, and then said, "I'm your man, Mis. Ray! I've not got sixpence of money to begin with; but

us' I am sure things will go smoothly now,"
After that dear old Janet felt ber fortitude give you a lodging for Gipsy, -but stop, no, -of course you rent his stable with the garden.

Course you rent as static with the garden.
Well, Charlie, get your cap, and take your father's
property off to his quarters. I'll follow."
Away went Charlie, and then Mr. and Mrs.
Chapman tried again to express their thanks to
old Janet; but she cut them short, teiling them to thank God, for He had put it into her heart to make the present.

If weight was litted trade use the same of the put in a should be The weight was lifted from the futher's heart after time Mr. Chapman was in the habit of saying, in reference to that day, " That morning was a dark enough one to me, and who can say not got aspence of money to begin with; but I've got ready hands, and a strong with."

"And two brave lads to help," added Janet.

Coon which Charles and Alfred, with radast facet, sitd, "Yes, we will help, father."

All the while Kate's eyes were glutening with thankful tears, and she said, "O Mis. Ray, I do constantly perform.—William Pena's Maxims.



GREVERIARS' BOBBY

Several months ago, the Scots Several months ago, the Sections is temporary to a Sooth Terrier, which for several years past has slept every might on the grave of his master in the Old Greyfrans' churchyard, Edinburgh. The kind-hearted Curator has often tried on cold and wet nights to rator has often tried on cold and wet nights to keep the faithful creature within doors, but with dismal howling he has pleaded for liberty to rest on his favouries bed. A weeely treat of steaks was long allowed Bobby by Sergeant Scott, a generous member of the Artilley Corps. When, the mid-day gan is fired at the Castle, the dog-punctually starts for the returnent of Mr. John Trail of 6, (respirars Place, who for the last six Trail of 6, (respirars Place, who for the last six years has kindly given him a good dinner. Bobby, however, never thinks of going to Mi. Trail's on the Sunday, as the premises are closed on that day, but the sagacious creature saves a portion of his Friday's and Saturday's dinner for that day.

Bobby has his pantry for this purpose, beneath
an old tombstone near to his master's grave an old toinistone near to his master's grave. The collector who summoned Mr. Trail for payment of the dog-tax, on the ground that he "harhoused" poor Bobby, has raised up a host of friends, who have not only volunteered to pay the tax, and thus save the fauthful animal from the tax, and thus save the faithful annual root heing "put out of the way," but who will take cure that his daily wants are well supplied. It will, we feel assured, afford our readers pleasure

will, we feel assured, afford our readers pleasure to have a faithful portrait of this now celebrated dog. This we are enabled to give, through the courtesy of Mr. Gourlay Steele, R.S.A., who has allowed us the privilege of engraving from his beautiful painting of the noble "Greyfriais" Bobby.

A WORD ON FAMILY PRAYER.

PERMAPS some of you say, "I am so ignorant that it is no good trying to have prayer in our family." You make a mistake there. It is not grand words that God wants, but honest hearts. It is not guad words that God wants, but honest hearts-tiod offers you has Holy Spirit to help you in your prayers and to teach you to pray. Jesus says, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how nach hove shall your heavestly Father give. Hely Spirit to them that eat him!" Ask God for the help of His Holy Spirit, and you will find that us far better than all the help that anyman can give you.



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UNEXPRIARS POBBY, ON THE GRAVE OF HIS MASIER. ringraved, by parmission, from the picture by Mr. Gourlay Steele, h S.A.



BACON, THE GREAT SCULPTOB; OR, PIETY AND OENIUS COMBINED.

BACON, THE GREAT SCULPTOR; Or. Piety and Genius Combined

The following beautiful epitaph is inscribed a plain tablet in the north gallery of the ' b nacle in Tottenham Court Road :-

"Near this place lies John Bacon, R.A. Sculptor, who died August 7, 1799, aged 59 years, and left the following inscription for this Tablet:"—

"What I was as an Artist scened TO ME OF SOME IMPORTANCE WHILE I LIVED : BUT WHAT I REALLY WAS BELIEVER IN CUBIST JESUS, IS THE ONLY THING OF IMPORTANCE TO ME NOW.

It is impossible to read such an inscription without wishing to know the istory of the man who composed it, and ordered it to be placed as his monumental memorial.

John Bacon's life was what might be expected. from the above opitaph, and supplies a noble Christian example to all British workmen. Though descended from a respectable Somerset-shire family, the parents of the subject of our sketch had fallen into poverty, and John Bacon's sketch had fallen into poverty, and John Bacon's childhood was one of privation and adversity. Like Dr. Adam Clarke, who narrowly escaped drowning in early boyhood, John Eacon had two eat perils. When he was five years of age, he great peris. When he was hive years of age, he fell into the vat of a soap-boiler, the depth being sufficient to endanger limb if not life, but fortunately the boiling contents had just been emptied. Only a month after he was run over hy saded cart, the wheel actually passing over him, yet, marvellous to relate, not i nini, yet, marvenous to relate, not uniteting any fatal mjury. But for some time after, the buy was sickly, and his father, who was a clothworker, was not able to give him the education he wished to bestow. However, being an intelligent man, and fond of reading, he taught the buy the radiuments of a plain English education, and sympathized with his child's tastes, when John early began to display a love of pictures and figures, and attempted to draw models. John Bacon is a very quiet and reflective boy, and when discontent at his trials, tempted him to repin discontent at his trials, tempted him to repline at his lot, he came, by the power of his own thoughts, to this conclusion, "that a measure of happiness was in every one's power who could learn to discipline their own mind." A very remarkable thought for a boy under fourteen, and not at time the subject of religious convictions

He was apprenticed to a Mr. Crispe, of Bow, maker of porcelain, who taught him to model the rude sort of ornaments, then used to decorate common china, and gave him some instruction in painting figures on plates and dishes. could not b ave been good practice either for eye band. In that time those monstrous forms Elijah, dressed in a pink robe, and fed by gilt ravens, bigger than the prophet's head and shoulders, were devised; and the idea in all ornaments was to present bright colours, not correct and graceful forms. The eye of the humblest reader is now educated by beautiful drawings and woodents in cheap pictorial works, understand proportion and elegance of design, and execution;—then, any coarse repre-sentation, so that it was shown in colour, would do. then, any coarse repre-Still, though the youth must have instinctively disliked his labours, he worked diligently, for he had to be the chief support of his parents. father had become an invalid, and his mother's time, of course, was taken up with attending him.

Cod's good providence was about the dutiful on, and opened a way for the improvement of is talents. The sculptors, in those days, used his talents send their small clay models to the furnace at the pottery to be baked. John Bacon soon saw how superior these figures were to those which he was employed in making; and he longed to imitate them. Just as ingenious working men now are employing their leisure time in improving themselves in works of taste and skill, and sending the results of their industry to the exhibit that have been opened to ence exilibrions that have been opened to encourage their display—so, young Bacon wrought at drawing, and modelling in clay, but without any hope of being able to exhibit his work. He forgot the scarlet and purple cows, and castles, forgot the scarlet and purpe con, that he had to make in the day, and and gave his nineteen years of age, after many misgivings, he ventured to send "A model in Clay" to the Society of Arts, and received, to his great joy, Ten Guineas for it. The money was the le-part of his triumph. His skill was ackno-ledged. Mr. Allan Cunningham in his "11". part of his triumph. His skill was acknow-ledged. Mr. Allan Cunningham, in his "Lives of the Painters," says, that the first work that brought Bacon into note, was a small figure of

quillity of Peace, for now, in his own beart, reigned THE RESULT OF A KIND ACTION. quality of Peace, for now, in his own heart, reigned the peace of God that passeth all understanding. Is September, eighten hundred and five, a poor young mechanic, just arrived from England, was him twice over in the perils that we have related, of his childhood, should fully be consethe Giver. crated to the Giver. So, led by the spirit of God, he gave himself to Christ, and was enabled to "rejoice in the Lord alway." For l was For eighteen years he worked on, ddigently esta-hlishing his fame as an artist, and gaining respect

Joshua Reynolds. He took a shop and lodgings in Wardourstreet, and established himself as a sculptor. Here Dr. Markham, of Oxford, who had seen some of Bacon's works, found hum. some of Iscon's works, round mm. The Dector had come to Town to get a bust of the King (George the HL), for his College. This commission led to his being introduced to the monarch. John Bacon was conspicuous among his pro fessional brethren for his great simplicity of manners, and it was with no small amount of misgiving nd trepidation that he appeared at the palace ; but the King was instantly attracted by those simple manners which were thought unsuitable for a monarch's presence. To be what we really for a monarch's presence. for a monarch's presence.

At the what we ready are, and not to try to appear something that we are not, is always best. And the influence of are not, is always best. And the influence of religion on a man's words and habits is sure to give true refinement With mild intelligence, and manly propriety, the sculptor, who had risen from the condition of a working potter, answered the questions asked by the King; and during the sittings with which the monarch honoured him while the bust was in progress, there were con-versations between the sculptor and his royal patron that led to important after-results. Fr that time George III. ever regarded Bacon with distinguished favour, and the full tide of perity set in, which, aided by unwearied dilige of prosconducted him to fortune

Of course the man who makes friends and ains success, will not wholly escape envy; the enemies of John Bacon accused him of politi the enemies of some bacon accessed into o poince cal obsequionsness, and love of money—and derided his religious life. The latter part of the last century was a time when political animosities were very hot. As our sculptor was ominently loyal, and being imbacd with horror at the nently loyal, and sening mining with norror at one atroactive perpetrated during the great French Revolution (1790-3), he trained and equipped all the people in his employ (and they had be-come very numerous) as volunteers. The visi-tors to St. Paul's Cathedral can see near the screen that rails in the chancel two specimens of his works ; the monument of Dr. Johnson, and that to the philanthropist, John Howard. statue of Lord Chatham, in Guildhall, is also by him. The allegorical recumbent figure of him. Thames, in the court-yard of Somerset House, is his, and also several monuments in Westminster Abbey; but his chief merit in popular esti-nation lies in his discovery of a concrete in which cheap statues and statuettes could wrought; he brought ornamental statuary within the means of working people, at a time when they had not many opportunities of cheaply and astefully decorating their homes,

As a husband and a father, it is enough to say, As a husband and a rather, it is enough to say, the famous sculptor's life was in harmony with God's revealed Word, and that he adorned the ductrine he professed by manifesting the utmost kindness of heart and screnity of temper. He was twice married, and left a family of five sons

and three daughters. The charge that he loved money for its own The charge that he moved money is substant for a moment be sustained, for his charities were very large. The blessing of the sick and the needy rested upon him, and he is a memorable instance of one that giveth and yet increaseth; for though he had not reached his sixticth year when he died, he left a fortune of sixty thousand pounds to be equally divided of sary mousain points to be equally divided among his children. As a man, an artist, and a christian, he will be ever honoured and renumbered among noble British workmen, as an instance of both piety and genius. memory of the just is blessed."

TRUE PRIENDS.

As to true friends, choose them with great care,

young mechanic, just arrived from England, was wandering about New York in deep dejection; he was without money, without friends and without work; and far from his native home, be know not which way to turn; but pass-ing along Nassau street, an open door encouraged him to enter. The proprietor was a very little blishing his famo as an artist, and gazing respect man, indeed, perhaps not nive teet mgn, our ne as a man. He received only thirty guiness had a pleasant countenance and a large heart; premium from the Society of Arts for life-size for upon leing asked by the honeless and pen-digures, but it was no small distinction to a niless stranger if he could not direct him to some figures, but it was no small distinction to a public society. The receiver premiums at all, from a public society. When he was twenty-cipled years old, the Royal Academy was instituted, and he entered as a student and received there the first Gold Metal eighteen-year-old boy, had it in his heart to effect the first Gold Metal eighteen-year-old boy, had it in his heart to effect the first Gold Metal (eighteen-year-old boy, had it in his heart to effect the description of the demonsor of the first bod of Six heart beginning favour bimority but he had as student and received there are most conducted eignteen-year-old toy, had it in his near to observe given for sculpture, from the hand of Sir him the desired favour himself; but he had a and the desired ravour immself; but he had a wife, whom he knew to be a woman of rare worth, for she was prudent, self-denying, and humane. He might have known what would be her answer, for he had only to make the proposition in a way indicate his own views, and it would have met with an instantaneous and cheerful acquiescence, unless from some almost insuperable re The young stranger was admitted into the family But the yellow-fever was raging in the city. less than a week the poor lad was stricken with it, and-recovered! although he was at the point of death for several days. During his illwas cared for by his kind host and hostess with an assiduity and watchfulness which only with an assuming and watermanness which only they know who act from sterling principle and a high humanity. Just a quarter of a century high humanity. later, this same man was applied to by Major Noah, of pleasant memories, who was then surveyor of the port of New York, to put together a machine in the Custom-House, and take models of its various parts. This was done, and the mechanic conceived the idea of constructing a similar article, which should excel any thing similar article, which should excel any thing of the kind for efficiency in the Old World or the New, and he succeeded. He died in eighteen hundred and thirty-three. His son succeeded His son succeeded hundred and thirty-three. His son succeeded him in business, and inheriting the inventive genius of his father, combined with rare business tact and indomitable energy, he has added in the order of their necessity and importance. improvement to improvement, until he has made the whole civilized world his debtor. It carries light to every household ; hour by hour is lifting the degraded and the fallen; and is aiding in the revolutionizing of all nations which exist by oppression, wrong-doing and injustice. that machine, what is it? Fifty years ago Ru Fifty years ago one might have been purchased entire for a hundred or two dollars; a common dry-goods box might easily have contained all its parts : but now, in its perfected state, it occupies a space of fifteen feet high and forty feet long; it is made of four-teen thousand seven hundred and thirty parts, weighs fifty thousand pounds, and costs thirty thousand dollars. One of its belonging named above, is thirty thousand and sixty belongings, not yards of tape. The penniless English lad was Robert Hoe. The good Samaritans of Nassau Street, were Grant Thorhum and his wife, the latter an angel now; the former "still living" in an honoured age, by seven years over four-score. The machine is Hoe's ten-cylinder printing-press, as now in operation in the office of the New York World, and the largest ever

The first and only newspaper of our childhood was printed on a press which, with the aid of three men, turned out forty or fifty impressions in an hour. When on the twenty-ninth day of November, eighteen hundred and fourteen, ondon Times announced that it was printed by a machine which made eleven hundred impressions in an hour, the whole city was astonished, and the pressmen themselves looked on in mute wonder and admiration; but to day, through the agencies of Robert Hoe-the English lad of righteen hundred and five, of the kindly Thorburn and his wife, and Richard M. Hoe of York, there are made at the office of the World, in Printing-House Square, twenty-five thousand impressions in sixty minutes. Who can disclaim indebtedness to these four names? The merchant who sips his coffee at breakfast, and reads the latest news up to two or three o'clock in the morning, perhaps forgets to whom n, as an in-he is indebted for that pleasure. Rich and poor, Truly "the learned and unlearned, all should remember with respect and gratitude the heads and the hearts to which every day makes them renewed debtors, to wit, to Robert Hoe and his son Richard M., to Grant Thorburn and his noble wife.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

By far the greatest number of deaths in ou, own By in the greatest number of deads in on our definite, among the very young and the very agad, occur in January and February. These are generally the coldest months in the year. The very young and the very aged are the least able to resist the ill effects of cold. One sixth of the deaths among young children result from cold. The absolute necessity of warmth is not sufficiently known in our country, and due attention

its sources will spare many a valuable life.

However cold the weather, the body of a living human being must be kept at the temperature of This heat is kept up by the process of breathing, and its effect upon the blood, real fuel is the food taken into the system. Some foods are more heat-producing than others. These starchy matters contained in bread, and the ordinary animal and vegetable foods, In ninter we require more bread and more fat for than in summer. These heat-producing foods are equivalent to additional flannel in enabling resist external cold. There is a natural craving for these heat-producing foods in winter and in cold countries. The Greenlander, in the The Greenlander, in and in cold countries. In a Greenlander, in the absence of the starchy elements of vegetables, devours with avadity all kinds of fats and oils.

Good plain nutritious food, then, consisting of due proportion of bread and fat meat, with regetables, of which our potato is the best, is one means of keeping up the natural warmth of

Besides this, however, warm clothing is re-Besides this, however, warm ciothing is re-juried especially by the very young, the very good and the feelile, who cannot take vigorous ex-presse. Flaunel should be worn next the skin. is keeps the internal heat from flying off. Warm ariable climate. We should hear much less of catching cold" if more caution were taken in We should hear much less of the changing of clothing.

A third mode of warming is by fire-whether on the hearth, in the open grate, or the stave.

These three sources of warmth have been given

> 1.—PROPER FOOD. 2.-PROPER BODY-CLOTHING.

3. - FIRING

All methods of warming will be of no avail without food. Food alone, without clothing, will not be sufficient. Proper food and plenty with good body-clothing, and the use of fire, will do all that is required to protect the system in our climate against the ill effects of severe

On no account let stimulants be resourced a substitute for food, or flamel, or firing. When a substitute for food, or flamel, the fire burns too fast ; and all fires which burn too fast, soon burn

FATHER IS DRUNK ALL THE TIME"

SUCH was the expression of a little child who Sective was the expression of a first came to our door a few days ago, begging for bread and clothing. "Father is drunk all the time." Poor child! what a volume of misery

time. Poor enild: what a volume of misery and woo is expressed in those six words! Home, where comfort should have an abiding-place, and where happiness should dwell as a ministering angel, is transformed into a hell upon cauth, by "Father being drunk all the time." Starvation, rags, and all the hideous forms of poverty, gather round the house of that father who "is drunk all the time." Mother brokenwho "is drink all the time." Mother broken-hearted, children growing up in ignorance and disgrace, unlitted to perform that part on the stage of life which the Creator designed for them, are the results of "Father being drunk all the

"Father is drank all the time." This nutle ne knew the fact, could appreciate the effect, felt the pinchings of hunger, had experienced he horrors of the past, and with emotions of grief which no pen can describe, looks at the black, gathering cloud which hangs over the future, from which no gleam of sunshine is visible, and from which he has no reasonable anticipation of better days. Poor child! a beggar from door to door, a dependent upon the cold charities of a heartless world, with words of truth and frankness proclaiming the sad news of his own destituti misery and disgrace, in order to get bread to sustain life, and clothes to protect him from the chilling winds of autumn and winter; and returning to his home, if, indeed, a home it may be called, diged. Mr. Allan Cunningham, in his "Lives and let their number be small. Have no friend at the painters," says, that the first work that wind odes not fear God, who is not wholly of time, and will dirft until time shall figure of Paces," after the manner of the antique.

He was able to delineate the serne transition of the service of appearance of the victim again reminds the suffer-ing child that "father is drunk all the time."

A SABBATH-BREAKER'S CAINS

"Well, well, I don't say but what you are al it is certainly very nice and right, and it is certainly very uncommon fortable to have a quiet Sunday, and go to church, and all that. And I intend that we shall do without working on Sundays soon; but just now. Kate, why its unreasonable of you to make a fuss about it when we are all so busy

These were the words of Mr. Taylor, who kept a ready-made clothes-shop, some years ago, in a crowded street at Poplar. His wife had brought up in the country, and when she married, and came to the neighbourhood of live, nothing so surprised her as the way in which multitudes spent the Subbath. She used to say it tired her to look at them toiling on week-day and Sunday, with no rest and no comfort either for body or mind. Mrs. Taylor was not a religious woman, and she did not feel all the sin there is in Sabbath-breaking, but she saw the folly of it, and for some time but she and her hirsband paid some outward respect to the Sabbath: this was while John Taylor was a journeyman, but when he managed to get a shop of his own and begin in a small way as a clothier, then he spened on Sundaya, and kept his two apprentices more than half the day employed, and when the lads at length got released they went off to some tea-cardens, and spent the remaining hours of the Sabbath in riot and folly. Mr. Taylor, on Mondays, when the youths were weary and stupid, used to be often cross; but he could not speak wisely to his apprentices, for he broke the Sabbath hunself, and his wife seeing this, would complain, and hence the remark we have quoted at the conmencement of our narrative. The business was increasing, and in a few years Mr. Taylor reckoned he would be, as he said, "Above the world : then he would keep the Sabbath,"

So, toding early and late, all day, and every day, years passed on; and John Taylor was in what is called "good circumstances." His wife had long been ading, and now that he could give her every luxury she had no appetite and every thing, even plan bread, would frequently disagrewith her - constantly living in a close shop, taking no out-door exercise, and anxiety of mind had weakened her that there was no enjoyment for her. When her husband talked of his gains, she her. When her husband talked of his gains, she would feebly murmur, "all I have gained is a

Nor was Mr. Taylor in good health. set out to find a house in a pleasant country
where he could settle down, but some places were too cold, and some too damp, and almost all too didl. He was restless and fidgety, away from his shop. And he smoked continually, spend ing his evenings at a tavern. His mind scenned a perfect blank. When he had told how he had periect blank. When he had nothing else to tell, prospered in trade he had nothing else to tell. His money gained him some pretended friends who helped him to spend it;—none that helper none that below that he grew sleepy and forgetful. He did not complain of being ill, but he grew stout and beavy. Five years ago he was to be seen drawn in a chair on to the beach at Brighton, and there he would dose awhile, and then wake to babble like a child. "He should never have left business," said one who knew him. " He has nothing to do, and nothing to think of, and his brain is softening," was the medical opinion on his ca-

It was melancholy to see the pair in their last days. They were not very old, but they were both total wrecks. Their relations, who had never been very intimate with them in their former years, now had no other interest about them; but as to the money they would leave; and the only person who showed them any dis-interested attention was a tract distributor who who came trying to kindle some fire of devotion in the burnt-out ashes of their chilled and torpid hearts. Vain was the effort. It did good to the hearts. Vain was the effort. It did good to the kindly spirit that made the effort, but it did then

As they had journeyed through life they might have so exercised and strengthened their spiritual nature, by attendance at their Heavenly Father's house, that they would have had all their mental faculties in lively exercise during those years when they were engaged in business. The sweet rest, and the holy change of pursuit on the one day in seven would have been as weekly draughts of new lefe to them-a constant refreshing from the presence of the Lord

The friends they would have made in the house of God would have been faithful and kind. For men and women, who are true to their first atics, are likely to be true in all things. Truth, like purity, runs through and renews the whole nature. Our friends are doubly ours when they partake with us, not only the fleeting blessings of time, but the sweet and enduring hopes of

But of all this personal and relative good, the But of all tims personal and renaive good, these poor soids knew nothing. They had struggled on through many joyless years, and these were their present gains—broken health, low spirits, on unrough many Processors and Proceedings of their present gains—broken health, low spirits, a lonely friendless old age. They had no past to look back upon with contentment, no present to enjoy with gratitude, and no future to dwell

enjoy with gratitude, and no curace to down upon with hope!
So the slow dark evening of their day de-clined. So, annd clouds and dukness, they deed. They had known no real happings here, The mind shrinks from following them to the dread hereafter! But, thinking of them and of thousands like them, the solemn words of our Lord vibrate through the depths of our nature "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

MUTUAL FORREARANCE

Tur kindest and the happiest pair Will find occasion to forbear, And something, every day they live, To pity and perhaps forgive. But if infigurities that fall In common to the lot of all-A blemish, or a sense impaired— Are crimes so little to be spared; Then farewell all that must create The comfort of the wedded state ; Instead of harmony, 'tis jar, And tumult and intestine war. The love that cheers life's latest stage, Proof against sickness and old age, Preserved by virtue from declaration comes not weary by attention ; But lives, when that exterior gra-Which first inspires the flame decays. Tis mentle, delicate and hind ults compassionate or blind, And will with sympathy endure Those evils it would gladly cure : But angry, coarse and harsh exp Shows love to be a mere profession; Proves that the beaut is a one of his. Or soon expels lum if it is.

CHILDREN'S FEET.

LIFELONG discomfort, disease, and sudden death often come to children through the inattention, ignorance, or carelessness of the parents. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet; the thing to be last attended to, in putting a child to bed, should be to see that the feet are dry and warm; neglect of this has often feet are dry and warm; neglect of this has often resulted in a dangerous attack of cromp, diphtheria, or fatal sore-throat.

Always, on coming from school, on entering the house from a visit or errand in rainy, muddy, or thawy weather, the child's shoes should be removed, and the mother should herself ascertain if the stockings are the least damp; and if an, should require them to be taken off, the feet held before the fire and rubbed with the hand until perfectly dry, and another pair of stockings and shoes, put on, while the other stockings and shoes should be placed where they can be well dried, so as to be ready for future use at a moment's notice.

There are children not ten years of age suffer ing with corns, from too close-fitting shoes by the parent having been tempted to "take" them because a few pence were deducted from the price, while the child's foot is constantly A shoo large enough with thin stock ngs, is too small on the approach of cold weather and thicker hose, but the consideration that they are only half-worn prevails,—resulting in a corn, which is to be more or less of a trouble for fifty years perhaps; and all this to save the price of a pair of half-worn shoes! No child should be fitted with shoes without putting on two pairs of thick woollen stockings, and the shoe should go on moderately easy even over these. Have broad heels, and less than half-an-inch in thick-

Tight shoes inevitably arrest the free circulation of the blood and nervous influences through the feet, and directly tend to cause cold feet: and health with habitually cold feet is an impos That puent is guilty of a criminal negligence the does not always see to it that each enters the church and school-house door with feet comfortably dry and warm. Grown person feet connorming dry and warm. Grown persons of very limited intelligence know that, as to themselves, damp feet endanger health and life,

tender constitution of a growing child, - Hall's Journal of Health.

ALMANACS for 1868. The Three Short Almanacs—British Workman— Band of Hope—and Animals' Friend, Friend One Penny each,

however robust ; much more so must it be to the

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN

The rights of Woman "—what are they? The right to labour and to pray; The right to watch while others sleep, The right o'er others woes to weep ; The right to succour in distress,
The right, while others curse, to bless; The right to love whom others scorn, The right to comfort all who mourn The right to shed new joy on earth The right to feel the soul's high worth ; The right to lead the soul to God, # Along the path the Saviour trod. The path of meckness and of love, The path of faith that leads above. The puth of The path of patience under wrong, The path in which the weak grow strong : Such Woman's rights, and God will ble

And crown their champions with success. REPENTANCE.

"Wuice is the most delightful emotion?" said an instructor of the deaf and dumb to his pupils. after teaching them the names of our The pupils turned instinctively to their slates, to write an answer; and one, with a smil-ing countenance, wrote "Joy." It would seen It would seem as if none could write anything else ; but another, with a look of more thoughtfulness, put down "Hope." A third, with a beaming countenance, wrote "Gratitude." A fourth wrote "Lore," and other feelings still claimed the superiority on other minds. One turned back with a countenance full of peace, and yet a tearful eye, and the teacher was surprised to find on her slate, "Repentunce is the most delightful emotion." He returned it to her with marks of wonder, in which her companions doubtless participated, and usked, "Why?" "Oh," said she, in the expressive language of looks and gestures which marks these mutes, "it is so delightful to be

HONEY IN PALESTINE.

"And he made him to such home out of the rock."

Deuternonomy xxxii. 13.

THE Rev. H. B. Tristram remarks upon the number of wild bees in Palestine, and adds :-The unumerable fissures and clefts of the nestone rocks, which everywhere flank the valleys, affind in their recesses secure shelter for any number of swarms; and many of the Bedouins, particularly in the wilderness of Judsea, obtain their subsistence by bee-hunting, bringing into Jerusalem jars of that wild honey on which John the Baptist fed in the wilderness; and which Jonathan had long before unwittingly tasted, when the comb had dropped on the ground from the hollow tree in which it was sus-pended. The visitor to the Wady Kurn, when sees the busy multitudes of bees about its With honey out of the stony rock would I have tisticd thee." satisfied thee." There is no epithet of the land of promise more true to the letter, even in the present day, than this, that it was 'a land flowing with milk and honey," "-The Land of Israel,

JACK AND HIS SAMPLER

Tue following letter relative to the engraving of The following letter relative to the engraving of the "Sailor and the Sampler," in our December number, will give pleasure to thousands of our readers. As we were not previously aware of readers. As we were not previously aware of the industrious seaman's name, Mr. Riddiford has our hearty thanks for his letter. We sincerely hope that the example of Andrew Andrews will be extensively followed. The great advan-tage of usefully employing "leisure hours" cannot be too strongly urged, not only upon sailors but also upon landsuren

Coast Guard Station, Clovelly, Devon, Dec. 5th, 1867.

Dean Sir,—I was agreeably surprised to see our Engraving and description of a piece of cedlework made by a seaman in H.M.S. "Black vince," taken from the British Workman.

I beg to acquaint you that the same man whom our correspondent describes is now stationed here in the Coast Guard Service : his name is Andrew Andrews, a native of Devizes, and addition to the piece of work described in your December issue, he also has a still more splendid piece, called the "Farm-yard," also pied from your British Workman; both pieces are now in his possession here, and may be seen at any time, should it be required.

at any time, should it be required.

I have always taken your British Workman and Band of Hope for my men, and they seem very fond of them; one of the men's sons has varnished THE LORD'S PRAYER lately issued, and it looks beautiful.

I remain, yours very truly, Arthur Riddiford, R.N., Chief Officer.

THE REISCORD DUTE

In a town in America, the board of select men who governed its local affairs was composed of Umversalists (or men who contended for the final happiness of all mankind, whether Christians or not), and a pionsphysician. They acted through the year in great harmony as to the business of the town, but at their last meeting it was deter-mined to attack the religious doctor. After they finished their transactions, one of them said.

"Doctor, we have been very happy in being associated with you the year past, and that the mony, and to the satisfaction of our constituents.

We have found you to be a man of good sense, extensive information, unbending integrity, and of the purest benevolence. It is astonishing to us, that a man of your amiable character should elieve in the doctrine of future punishment.

The doctor replied :-Gentlemen, I should regret very much and forfeiture of the good opinion which your partial-ity has led you to entertain of me. Will you have the goodness to answer candidly a few ques-Do you believe in a future state ?

They replied, "We do."
"You believe that death will introduce all

en to a state of perfect happiness ?"
"Of this we have no doubt."

"Are you now happy?"
"We are not; we are far I om it."

How do men act when they are unhappy, d know that happiness is within their reach "They endeavour to attain that happiness."
"Do you believe that I understand the nature

and operation of medicine i"
"We bare no doubt, doctor, of your skill

in your profession; but what has that to do with the subject ?"

"In this box," said the doctor, taking a tin box in bis hand, "are pills, which, if you swallow each of you one, will, without pain, carry you, and, if your doctrine be true, place you in a world of perfect felicity. Well you accept one of them l."

4 No. sir.

" Will you?"

"No sir.

When they all refused, the doctor said :

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, from em-acing your doctrine, until I have better evidence that you believe it wourselves." This closed the

LANGUAGE OF INSECTS.

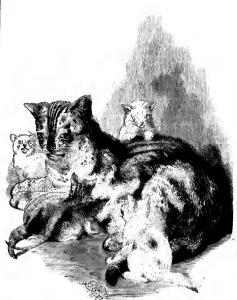
A Most singular discovery, the credit of which A short singular discovery, the credit of which appertains, we believe, to Mr. Jesse, is that of the autenmal language of insects. Bees and other insects are provided, as everybody knows, with feelers or antenme. These are, in fact, most delicate organs of touch, warning of dangers, and serving the animals to hold a sort of conversation with each other, and to communicate their desires and wants. A strong hive of bees will contain thirty-six thousand workers, of these, in order to be assured of the presence of their queen, touches her every day with its antenna. Should the queen die, or be removed, antenne. Should the queen die, or be removed, the whole colony disperse the es, and are seen in the hive no more, pensiong every one, and quitting all the stores of now useks honey which they had laboured so industriously to collect for the use of themselves and of the larves. On the contrary, should the queen be put into a wire-cage placed at the bottom of the hive, so that her subjects can touch and feed her, they are contented, and the business of the hive pro ds as usual. Mr. Jesse has also shown that this antennal power of communication is not confined to bees. Wasps and ants, and probably other insects, exercise it. If a caterpillar is placed near an ants' nest, a most curious scene will often arise. A solitary ant will perhaps dis-cover it, and eagerly attempt to draw it away. Not being able to accomplish this, it will go up to another ant, and, by means of the antennal language, bring it to the caterpillar. Still, these two are perhaps unable to perform the task of moving it. They will separate and bring up reinforcements of the community by the same menns, till a sufficient number are collected to enable them to drag the caterpillar to their nest -Ouce a Week.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"One who would help."—We have sent your is, to the the "East-end Mission and Relief Committee."

Counteronuents should always give their full addresses so that if needful we may reply by post. as a rule acknowledge a letter in our pages within less than 3 months.

WE cannot return rejected manuscripts.



CAT AND REE STRANGE POSTER-LITTLE ONE

CAT. RAT. AND KITTENS.

MRS. MARY HOWITT, in her recently issued book. Our Four-footed Friends gives an interesting account of a cat belonging to a Mr. James Greenfield, of Maryland. This cat had kittens, and probably hunting for mice, either to amuse them or to rat, which from some cause or other was not only the coung. It is but owning what you have been in not killed amongst them, but can it their forms of the country of the co

esses of this strange fact informed their master of it, and he erdered the kittens and the est to be all carried downstairs and laid on the floor. The mether-cat followed them, as she was sure to do, licked them all over, the young rat amongst the rest; and then was allowed to carry them away, which she did cat-fashion, in her mouth, treating the rat with just as much tenderness as the kittens. This experiment was often re peated; indeed when any callers me to his house Mr. Green made them witnesses of this instance of extraordinary preternatural affection.

In Land and Water we also

the following somewhat similar instances .-

"A young fox-cub having lost its mother was put to a cat which had a kitten, and the cut suckled the fox-cub for two or three months in a cellar. When the cub grew nearly as large as the cat, the smell becoming offensive, it was removed to an offensive, it was removed to an outhouse, but the cat persisted in bringing it back, jumping through a hole in the cellar-window, with the cub in her mouth. This happened in the spring of 1865."

The same gentleman says "Some years ago, a young rat was found sucking a cat along

with her kittens. She was a famous rat-killer, and when the young rat was taken from her she persisted in bringing it back in her mouth, jus ringing it back in her mouth, just as if it had been a kitten."

year, and one afternoon I was much gratified by seeing this unique little carriage pass my window, seeing this mindien little carriage pass my window, but at so rapid a pace, I could hardly believe that the fleet, graceful little animal, attached thereto, was just a donkey, and an English donkey, brought up here among the Mendip Hills. Yet such was the fact. There is this one difference, however; whilst the generality of the are ill-trained, ill-used, ill-fed, over-worked, knowing little save hard blows, and hard, cruel words, from thoughtless, cruel boys and brutish men; this one—"The Weston Wonder"—has been, as his owner told me, carefully trained. He is housed, and cleaned, and cared for, as a donkey should be, and the consequence is, that doukey should be, and the consequence is, that a whip is solubun neveled or med, I be goes with his head and ears erred, and at a speed which en-titles him truly to the designation of "I'mR-watson Weinder." Threteen miles an hour is the rate at which he carries his master with case: I feed save that the condition of the doukeys in the Bathchairs at Weston Ian simpowed since the appearance of the "Weston Weinder," they ho are charged as the case of the case clipped, and look cared for. I think no one seeing the change, but would feel what a benefit might be conferred in many neighbourhoods by a kindly consideration for these ill-used en. Many ladies and others in the easts of hurden. the country would find a well-transed donkey must nseful. I called upon the owner, who, by the way, a seemingly kind-hearted man, I was sorry to find keeping a public-house, and learnt the above particulars in order to lay them before the readers of the British Workman, with the hope that they may stimulate some to take a kindly interest in, and seek to improve the condition of, the poor ass. I understood the owner that he would not take £50 for his donkey! He says: tis docile and gentle,

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME.

EVERYBODY knows Longfellow's poem from which the above is the most celebrated line. Everybody does not know, however, that with Longfellow the thought was not original. Napoleon L, when writing on the subject of the poor laws to his Minis ter of the Interior, said.—" It is melancholy to see time passing away without being put to its full value. Surely in a matter of this kind we should endeavour to do something, that we may say that we have lived, that we have not bread in vam, that we may leave some impress of misselect on the souls of time."

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is the next pleasure we may hope for : and where we find it not at home, or have no home to find it m, we may seek it abroad. It is the muon of spirits, a marmage of hearts, and the bond thereof virtue. — Wim. Penn,

"THE WESTON WONDER."

"Have you seen the Weston Wonder?" I heard persons saying to each other in the streets of Weston-super-Mare, in the early part of this and so far from any need for a stick, it requires strong hand to hold it in on first starting!

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HOW UNCERTAIN IS LIFE!

Men are like grass : " In the morning, it groweth np and flourisheth; in the evening, it is cut down and withereth." Most men are cut down while they are green. More than one-half of the human race die before they reach manhood. the city of Glasgow alone, more than one-half of the city of disagow atone, more than one-half of the people die hefore the age of twenty. Of most men it may be said—"He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down." Death is very certain, but the time is very uncertain.

Some may think they shall not die because

you forget that many die in good health, by accidents, and other causes. Again, riches and care comforts, good food and good clothing, are no safeguards against dying. It is written, against dying. It is written,
"The rich man also died and
was buried." Kind physicians
and kind friends cannot keep
you from dying. When death
comes, he laughs at the efforts physicians—he tears Some from the tenderest arms. think they shall not die because they are not prepared to die : but you forget that most people die unprepared—unconverted unsaved. You forget that it is written of the strait gate, "Few there be that find it." Most people lie down in a dark grave and a darker eternity. Some of you may think you shall not die because you are young. You forget that one-half of the human race die before they reach manhood. Oh! if you had to stand as often as 1 have beside the dying bed of little children

to see their wild looks and outstretched hands, and to hear their dying cries—you would see how needful it is to fly to

Christ naw. It may be your turn next. Are you prepared to die? Have you fled for refuge to Jesus? Have you found forgiveness?—M·Cheync.



"THE WESTON WONDER" FROM A PROTOGRAPH BY MR. WILLIAMS, RIGH STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARK.



THE OILED PRATITER

CHAPTER I

In the village of Packham lived two neighbours Joseph Irons and Samuel Parsons
Joseph Irons went by the name of "Rusty Joe;"
and Samuel Parsons by that of "Polished Sam." The names were characteristic of the men. Josea short tart kind of man in his deal his fellow-creatures; and Samue Joseph Irons "wouldn't put his hand to his hat for any man," not he! he "wouldn't waste his time with pulvering people with fine words," no, not he ! might leave them : " and "if they didn't lik might leave them; "anl "if they didn't like his answers, they needn't ask him any questions;" in a word, "Rusty Joe," though very honest, and very decent heing, was disliked by almost everybody; and in truth, no one could be sur-

On the other hand, Samuel Parsons was general favourite. He had a salute for every one that came m the way; he didn't think himaelf a bit the worse man because he put his hand to his hat to the parson and the squire; as well as bobbed his head to the old apple-woman at the corner of the street. As to civil words. the corner of the street. As to evel words, Sam's theory was, that they were quite as little trouble to speak as gruff ones; and they cer-tainly slipped more pleasant-like out of one's month : and so & came to pass, that everyb month; and so & came to pass, that everybony liked Sam Parsons; and we may wind up this paragraph, just we did the last, by saying, and, in truth, no one could be surprused.

"Polished Sam" and "Rusty Joo" might

bave lived on to the end of the world, without pave fixed on to the end of the world, without our troubling the world about them, were it not that they afford us some very useful lessons; which will teach us, if we learn them, how to avoil a deal of unpleasantness, in this rusty crusty world of ours. The world is full of Rust; Joes, and Rusty Joes' wives too; and folk mak The world is full of Routs no small part of their own misery, by bumping and thumping one against another, when the road is wide enough for all; and, by being grumpy and growly, when a wee bit of evolity would answer the purpose quite as well. For succession remember the great mechanical law that "action and re-action are equal and contrary;" that is, put into plain words; if you throw a ball against a wall, the wall will hit the ball, as hard as the a wall, the wall will lit the ball, as mard as the ball hits the wall, only in an opposite direction. Or, if you like to put it into the language of daily life, it will read thus, "if you thump me, I'll thump you; and moreover I'll thump you as thump you; and moreove, hard as you thump me." Of course we consider this an un-Christian way of going through life; all we say is, that, it is a very common one.

""" see how "Rusty Joe" and

Well, we will see how "Rusty Joe" and "Polished Sam," got through one day of their existence; one day will be quite enough for

our purpose.

Come, bring the oil flask, there's a net said Sunnel Parsons to his wife; as he finished acrewing on a new lock to his front door. Sam, of course, needn't have said, "there's a pet," unless he liked; but he used to think it was a great shame that women were called all sorts of pretty names before they were married, but none afterwards. "I say," says Sam, "many of the poor creatures are cheated with them there pretty ames : poor folk ! they think they'll always get them : but they become mighty scarce, after near the ring." We don't mean to tell all they finger the ring." the names Sam called his wife, before they were married; but now he called her "pet;" and as soon as she heard the loving word, she threw down her duster on the chair; and sped off to the kitchen for the flask. The flask had a feather in it, as such flasks generally have ; and Sam, taking the etween his forefinger and thumb, oiled the key of the street door right well ; and then locked it and unlocked it a dozen times. At first it went stiff, and required some strength of wrist to turn it! but as it was worked to and for and the oil becan to make its way into the wards it worked more and more easily; until at last, Tommy, Sam's little son, who was standing by, was able to turn it almost with a touch; and then Sam pronounced that it would do.

give his knufe a touch of the end of the feather; less than a drop out of the flask would do; just a mere touch, that was all it wanted; and pre-

as though his mouth were a cutter's shop, and Joseph Irons, you should have greased your to pieces every moment Main force was Joe's

Some folk might thir?. that Sam Parsons hat I upon tired, and you would have agreed muca clone enough in the odings way for one day; i.e. better with your brealfast; a year and your breakthers was one thing more to do, and then he least would have not ready to take hus postness or when Joseph Irans had bothed down his market. One or two of the wheels of his wagen, he had been a title creakly, and so be took the jog out; but no loving world did he regack to had been a title creaky; and so no tool the grow-spot, and gave them a conde of its content. It grow-spot, and gave them a conde of its content. It grow-spot, and gave them a conde of its content. It is no spot of the condent of him and his ten-the size of a comple of marbles, but twas quote pers, for awhile. True! Joseph never abused crough; the wheels gave over creaking; if the list wide; but he was exacting, and unsaying-the old proverb be true, that "Selence give a con-sent!" no doubt, they highly approved of what consequence was abe put created along through sent!" "no doubt, they highly approved of what. Sam had done.

"Now, then, I'm off to market," said Sam.
"Good-bye, Jenny, pet" Oh that little word
"pet;" didn't the cunning fellow oil his wife's emper, and even almost her very joints, for her day's work, when he called her that little name. "Good-bye, Tommy, my darbing." Oh you cuming man! there you are with your oiled cunning man; there you are with your onest feather again; for when Tommy was naughty, and my mother reminded him that she must tell his father, when he came home; and "father woult be sore grieved if his darling was naughty;" wasn't Tommygood, for child though as, he was able to reason thus much in his Tommy is father's darling, and he won't vex him : darlines oneld not to yex those who love them. Never mand, good reader, if there's a flaw in the lovie: nursery lovie is sometimes very funny reasoning, but it answered the pur-pose, naughty Toniny became good, and clicked, clicked about the house as merry as a cricket, instead of aprawling and bawling on the grou and all because his father happened to call him a darling," before he went out.
"I say, Polly," said Sam Parsons to his one darling,

rvant-maid, as he left the house, "don't forget to clean up those irons, if you can manage it, there's a good lass: you'll find the oil flask hanging behind the kitchen door;" and so, with a cheerful smile on his countenance, Sam Parsons took his departure for market. cunning Sam ; before be went he oiled his wife and child, and now he oiled the servant-maid; and when he turned his back upon his own door. he left smiling faces and glad hearts behind him; and I warrant, he found them all smiling to receive him, when he came home

"Restry Joe" shall have a chapter to himself; we won't mix him up with "Polished Sam" on any account; acid and sweet make a very good drink when mixed together; and we dare say Joe and Sam must meet before our story's done; and if they do, we hope it will be to do the reader good; but they must keep asunder for awhile.

Rusty Joe had an idea that it was rather letting one's-self down to be civil. He could not see the distinction between being sneaking, and cringing, and time-serving, in one's conduct, and being civil and pleasant. He prided himself on being blunt, and honest, and apright, aye, and downright too; but he forgot that he was

often rude, and surly, and morose, Now, on this very morning, " Rusty Joe" was going to market also! and it so happened that he ought to have done what his neighbour " Polishhad done : but he was above attend-Sam ing to such little things; and provided a thing could be done at all, he did not mind if it were done by main force. A pull and a bang would do as well as anything else; but pulls and bangs knock one's temper about a great deal; this, however, "Rusty Joe" did not take into account. Before it was time for Joseph Irons to leave is house on this eventful day, he had as much his house on misery as would fall to his neighbour " Polished in a month. In the first place, he had neglected to grease his boots after last market-day which had been very wet; and now, when h went to put on these same boots, for the day again; they went so hard and still that be nothed and kicked, and brocked and stamped in vam. A very little of this work will try a man's temper, and at last Joe was despair, when, with a final about to give up in despair, when, with a brad pull and kick, he knocked one foot into a boot : rea above to common the proposed of the five sounds of the first proposed that it would be almost as hard to trice his kinde a touch of the end of the feather; pull out the leg, once it was in, as to get in the five his kinde a touch of the end of the feather; pull out the leg, once it was much a trice his kinded and kicked away until the nearly, to young Tenny's great delight, his for a main digestion, and sometiment will make taken made the blade go up and down, title, him quarrel own with his most sufficient wave citients and sometiment will make take. Tomany citiently among a citient will make the blade go.

consequence was, she just creaked along through life's duties; she did not run smoothly and swiftly like the wheels of Sam Pausons' wagen; nor, had she any spring in Ler, like his well-oiled penknife; nor, did she move about com-fortably through the ins and outs of life, as Sam Parsons' niled key did through the wards of his lock. She was a poor down-hearted cuesture, who never basked in the sunshine of a little love who never heard the music of an affectionate word who had, nideed, all the machinery of a woman's heart, with its great capacity for d things : but there was inst senething wanted to set it all a-going—it was a little love. "Mind you have my shirt finished to-night," said Joe Irons, as he laid his hand on the street door, "for I may have to go to Pithank to morrow, and don' want to go to the Squire's in this old concern;"
and with this direction to his wife, Mr. Irons took himself off. But if Joe Irons met with trouble from want

of a little oil, even before he got to his street duor; he met with more when he got to the door itself. The door was stiff in its and stiff in the lock; aye, as stiff, as if it had and stiff in the feek; aye, as stin, as it mad had the rheumatics for twenty years. After a little difficulty, Joe Irons opened his door; but he could not shut it with as little trouble again. That door seemed to have a will of its own; and unfortunately it was not just now the same as Joe Irons' will—perhaps it might have thought that the house, which smelt a little fusty, might he the better for some ventuation; or, may it was simply obstinate and wouldn't shut; but, it was, that Joe gave it five or six pulls so it was, that Joe gave it are or six pure without success. Now, it was no new thing to Joseph Irons to pull that door. He despised such a small thing as a drop of oil; the duor had hitherto yielded to main force; and his strength was in no wise abated; so, "here goes," said he, and he gave it a bang with all his might There was no resisting such an appeal as this the door was shut with a bang loud enough to rouse the whole neighbourhood: but my poor friend, Joe, you don't know what harm you did; you actually shook the house, and broke a glass shade upon the chimney-piece the parlour. That glass shade was part of the parlour. only ornament in the room; it covered two or three foreign birds, which Mrs. Irons' brother, who had been a mate in a vessel, brought her home from foreign parts; and Mrs. Irons was very much vexed. Had her husband spoken nd word or two to her before leaving, she would in all probability have put up with the for his sake; but he had done nothing of the kind; and the consequence was, when the glass came tumbling down, she felt very irritated and

sore This, then, was the way that "Rusty Joe, started forth to market. He met with trouble before he went to his street door; and when he arrived at it; and as we shall presently see. e before he returned to it again with plenty n

The market-town of Runcton was miles from the village where "Rusty Joe" and Polished Sam" hved; and there was a good deal of up-hill road on the way thither. road was moreover heavy; for recent rain had fallen, and there seemed to be a prospect of more. Already had "Rusty Joe" lost some time over his boots, and over the door : and it behaved bim now to make as much speed as he old, in order to reach the market, in time of this he was well aware; and so, he smacked has whip frequently as he cleared the bounds of village, and the long road lay before limi But Joe's troubles still by thick before him; he soon found himself a poor himping creature, and every step he took seemed to have a correspondbelonging to it. Presently, he began feel conscious that he would be late for shilling. thet, unless he could get on a little faster; some young some young symbol good and the faster; with the some strength and and instruction and the faster; "If get you a good cup, maje Son, and some finest with the text has been we need an accordingly at any hard and instruction and down, click, has quared worn with his next has no later click. To began to desire the some we need a faster of the some we have a smaller than the some proposal to hear, that nothing was right to now, he sanded his whom and jeclosupped of the result into housing at his housing at the housing was right to now, he sanded his whom and jeclosupped with the some found that the housing at his housing his hou

as though his mouth were a cutter's mon, and Joseph Tions, you make the property of the property of the property of the property fined in it. bods, or just the least drop in the world of oil resource on all occasions, so be winqued the Some folk might this? that Sam Parsons had upon them, and you would have agreed much horses, and they pulled with all their noight? A green councily in the other war for one day; but better with your breaffast; are, and your breaks but at the Blackford hill, they found the wagen so hard to mo e, that they had to stop over and

over again.
Instead of making allowances for the poor easts, which were really doing their best; iend "Rusty Joe" determined to wellfriend pull the wagon up the Li.l. Accordingly, he pulled a piece of whipcord out of his pocket, and his knife also; and while the horses stood pudling, has knife also; and while the horses stood pointing, and panting, and blowing, with their exertions, he prepared to fit on a new lash. "Till tickle you, my lads," said "Rusty Joe," and so saying, he applied his thoub-mail to the harte, to open the blade to cut the cond. The knife was stiff; in fact the lange of the blade was rusted; but the narry man would not lose any time over it; force, with lam, would do everything; and with a tremendous effort, he any time over it: force, with lam, would do everything; and with a tremendous effort, he half opened the blade, but in doing so, he broke his nail down to the quick; and the pain soon made itself plantly felt. Still the angry man was not to be jut off; he cut the whipcord; he put on a new lash; and with a crack, crack, crack, crack, he tried to start the horses with the crack, no then to start the horses with the creaking wagon up-hill. But force will not do everything in the world; the horses made such But force will not do occypining in the world; the horses made such a plunge, under the influence of the smarting lash, that the homess broke; and there stood "Rusty Joe," in a sad plight, neither able to go n or to return.

on or to return.

Joe! you should have greased your boots, and
you would not have been late.

Joe! you should have olded your door, and
you would not have lost your temper.

Joe! you should have greased your wagon-

whoels d then your horses could have pulled it up the full. Joe! you should bave oiled your penkuife,

nd you would not have forn your nail.

Joe! you should have oiled your harness, and

the leather would not have become rotten, broken, as it has now done, in your time of need; and we must leave you there, Joe, upon the roadside, to meditate upon these things for awhile; sorry no doubt, that you are in such trouble; but hoping that you will come out of it, perhaps a sadder, but still a wiser man.

CHAPTER 11L

Wires "Polished Sain" left home on this eventful morning, he had a smile on his lip, and a bright gladsome look in his eye; and if he had the world before him, he had a bright and

had the world betere him, he had a bright and happy home behind him.

Believe me, good reader, that a bright and happy home is a wonderful back-up to a man, when he goes forth into a hard and cold world, when he goes form into a narra and ecca worne, to make his way through the day's business as beat he can. On the present occasion, "Polished Sam" was backed up by Jenny, his wife; and by little Tommy, his son; and by Polly, the rvant-maid. They had all smiled bim forth on his ill smile hua home again; journey, and they all smile but home again; ave, and Sam would be in a hurry to get home to all these amiling folk; and when he got a rub in the market from any of the Rusty Joes, who night be there, he went famously through it all : for he knew he'd soon get home to peace, and quiet, and love again. You must not think, kind reader, that Sam Parsons didn't get knocks and rubs of all kinds in the world; be came in for his share; but he slipped through better then other folk for he was so civil and polished in his way, that he disarmed the ill cling of many.

The first person Sam Parsons came in sight of, the first person sam Farsons came in again or, was old Biddy Magrath, the woman who sold apples at the corner of the street. "Good morning, Biddy," said Sam.
"Good morning, and good luck," answered

Biddy; " is it to market ye's going to-day, Mr. Parson

"Yes, Biddy; can I do anything for you?"

said Sam.

"Can ve do snything for me," answered Biddy, "to be sure ye can; bung me two ounces of the best tay, and half-a-pound of brown sugar, and here's the money;" and so saying, Biddy pulled forth a ball of rag from her pocket, which when inrolled much after the fashion of an Egyptian muniny, developed a

"I'll get you a good cup," said San, as he

long he might have delayed his father we can't too hot and the topic was one cold and who can. What was the next way thun timestif. Eridget Magnath had not much of the sun-tedly if the were not that Airs. Parsons caught him woulder, when Jos's too boots, as lead and stiff than numil. Were the read-heavier? Was the load heavier shad of the would failing upon her poor tedly if the were not that Airs. Parsons caught him woulder, when Jos's too boots, as lead and stiff than numil. Were the read-heavier? No, but, woulded face: and it was well for her abeliand up in her arms, and made of with hur a side as of they had be, no force, were patching this, "Ready door" and not greated the wheles of has naturally a cheerful temper; also led but a sorry calling Tommys. "sawy regue," and lassing him toet and beels, just as if they had ten washed angen for a long time; and now the velocit life of it with the boys of the village; and Sam all the way; and he on his part cluk, cheking, jungers with ten long class on them. All: [numt on, creak, creak, as though it would come.] Parson' limit word was one of the few gleans

which fell to her lot. We can understand which (eff to her tot. We can understand, therefore, the multitude of blessings wherewith "Restr Joz." made a had day's business of it. Brilget overwhelmed Sam; how she called him He never got to marke, at all. A little exami-all sorts of fine names, and at length how she nation of the harmers showed that it was con-

tav. No doubt, it was but a small kindness that

the remembrance of a kindly word and genial to shipe him; smile to help her through. As Son Parsons went to market be had to

surmount the same hill on which has neighbour "Rusty Joe" road was just as steep, hy noises long was just of our increase, here as heavy; and nothing but a little of carried. So much time we Sam successfully up that hill. The wheels of to the neighbours, Sam's wagon turned casily enough, for he had up a harness of r not neglected to grease them; but all the grease in world could not make the wheels turn by themselves. It is true from had a little oil with him; he generally had a little bottle amongst a few odds generally had a little bottle amongst a few odds and ends in a box nitached to his wagon; but one cannot of houses' hoofs or joints; so, on the present occasion, unless Sam Parsons were pos-sessed of something more, he had little chance of surmounting Blackford hdl; indeed less cha than his neighbour "Rusty Joe" had after him. for his horses were not so strong. But Sam Parsons had another oil bottle, which was able effectually to do the work. Sam had a kind heart and word for man and beast; and this kind word carned him up the Blackford hill; yes, aled his borses with it, and up they went

When first the team desired to stop, beasts rest, to recover breath; he put a couple of stones behind the wagon-wheels, and then went round and patted each of the horses on the neck. Yes, he even rubbed their noses with his hand; and the horses seemed to understand that their master was caressing and en-convaging them. If human beings rub noses in some parts of the world, and understand that form of salutation, why should not man and beast understand each other, when the former rubs the latter's nose i Well! Sam Parsons rabs the latter's nose i rubbed his horses' noses, and patted their necks, and thus the cunning fellow oiled them well ; and when in a moment or two afterwards he smacked his whip, just as a matter of course; and cried and made other little persu ice-hup noises, which we cannot write down, for horse language is a thing by itself, the team gave a pull, a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether: and up the Blackford hill they went; not one of them required the lash.

Now if Sam Parsons had told people that he led his borses at Blackford hill, they would in all probability have thought him mad ; neverth dear reader, he did really oil them, as much as he did the wheels of the wagon they drew; he oiled their tempers, and moreover, the oil put on them cost him nothing; and so the work It is astomshing over what a surface a a little oil will spread itself; astonishing how many obstacles it will remove ; astonishing how many evils it will avert; what a pity it is that don't know more of its valuekind words kind deeds! kind looks! Oh! they will often carry us up a hill of difficulty; where the lash, and outh and angry temper, would prove of no avail.

The whole space of this number would be aborbed if we had to recount all Sam Parsons' ins and outs at the market-town even this one day. Were we to undertake such a task we should bave to tell how "Polished Sum" was served with a specially mee bratthe marketinn, for the waiter always had a kind word, and an "if you please;" and a "thank you" from him, when he had little more than gruff orders from most of the other farmers. We should also have to relate, how a dealer, who thought that Sam was very soft, because he was very coal, tried to "do" him into a bargain; but how our hero stood firm, for he was no fool; and did not want to be done; and got his fair price at last. We should also have got his fair price at lest. The should also ame to tell, how Sam brought home a paper of sugar candy from the grocer at whose shop he bought old Bridget's tea; and how about a dozen folk, vere snarling and quarrelling with each other.

CHAPTER IT

"RUSTY JOE" made a bad day's business of it. all savis of time names, and at longth flow see nation or the names showed that it was com-arisabled behind her relevely table to sell applies, pletely done for; and hold to intackle his if she could, at dup long; but at any rate to horses, leave his wagon there, and make the wait for the excung and Sami arrival with the best of his way home. With one delay and another, it was coming on evening before this No should, it was but a small families time union with "Runly Joe" tried one person and showed; but he made a fellow-creature again. "Runly Joe" tried one person and hoppy by it; in fact, ho olled old Eddy awell another in the village, who had harness. He hoppy by it; in fact, ho olled old Eddy awell another in the village, who had harness are to some of his brother faracters round about, unfortunate man could fetch his wagon home again. "Rusty Joe" tried one person and tr. but no one scemed inclined to go out of his way they had all at some time met with rudeness at his hands; and now they did not want to have anything to do with him. Of course we are not commending their conduct; they ought Rusty Juo" afterwards faced so baily; the to have returned good for evil; but, as as too often the case, they did not

up a harness of rope, that it was coming on evening, before "Rusty Joe" was able to teturn with his horses to the wagor, and when he reached it he was destined to meet with a fresh transle. The wagon was not as he had left it; the covering had evidently been moved; and poor Joe found out, only too soon, the teason why; for no small part of the contents of the wagon had been small part of the contents of the wagon had been stelen. A greey party had passed that way, and they made free with the unguarded property. When "Rusty Joe" found that he had not only lost his market, but also some of the produce stolen

that he was carrying there; and when he reflected that it was upon the sale of that very produce he was in part depending to pay his rent, he became is savage as an old bear. He cursed and swore but that, like all cursing and swearing, did him no good ; and at last he sat down by the roadside.

Rusty Joe" had not been their many minutes, when he heard the sound of wheels; and soon "Polished Sam" appeared in sight, with his team. Sam was whistling like a blackbard; and the bells on his horses were tinking cheerily; and he and the team seemed more like a merry family party than anything else.

A moment's glance was sufficient to show San Parsons that there was something wrong; and he hastened as fast as he safely could down the hill. nestened as fast as he sately could down the hill, to meet his unhappy neighbour; to sympathize and help. But "Rusty Joe," wanted no help; no, not he; some folk were lineky, and stone were unlucky; and he dulu't want other folk to be prying into and meddling with his affairs; and ungracions man carried on in this style for full half-an-hour. As Joe would not be helped, of course Sam could not interiere, but he found various excuses to doubling about untd his neighbou- had manage. to get the horses harnes and put to: ther with a muttered curse or two, the mmanc, is horses started for home oh! what a ch what a character of creaks came from his dry squeaking a neels; and so stiffly and heavily did the wagor. , that there is no knowing when it would have broken down again by the way; had not Sam Parsons ventured to offer a little help once more. Sam, in the kindness of his heart, had kept close to his neighbour; and now he made bold to suggest, that the wagon could never be got bond in singles, that are wagon come never be got home, without a little grease. "You heard it creaking, neighborr," said he to "Rusty Joe," and I believe it was just for want of a little grease, it stuck so fast upon the hill;" so saying, Paisons produced a little from his warren and managed to get it well on the creaking wheels. Marvellous was the change. The creaks suddenly subsided into silence, and the horses easily drew their load; even the patched-up harness was quite equal to its work, so slight was the strain

put upon it. With all his grumpy tempers, "Rusty as not sorry to receive such substantial help he allowed Sam Parsons to walk by his side sam's wagon following close behind Sam was not long before he spied Joe halting very much on one foot. The kind man sympathized with him for having corns, and had just began a disertation on the virtue of a certain corn-plaister; when his companion told hun it was stiff shoe has that was doing the mischief. "The boots stiff as if they were frozen," said "Rusty tiff as if they were moren, com-ever since last market day when they got were smarling and quarrelling at the antomer, and a survey of the most of the in a to ever more our near, up a new many waters, to his suggest, no trought of this could not the troubled saters, when two ills and y, to the boots a good amounting with its conconditioned follows were almost coming to blows; toot. Of course the current of the perfect will be good to the arther San slept well upon
and loss be put matters straight takewer them must borts time, will "Darly Lie" could not but
that good any upon, and had pleasant dreams;
in to a munities, after they had been oranging use that a first of all was able to do wonders; the almost appear, and had pleasant dreams;
must be considered in the surface of t tell you, when we don't mean to and it was a question whether a little more of the kind; and when it is high would not make them even frobesome.

What do you mean by oiling your wife, man, "What do you mean by oiling your wife, man," said "Rusty Joe," rather tarily, "you haven't been sneaky, have you; and knocking under to a woman!" and "Rusty Joe" edged away from Polished Sam's" side, as though he were near

me slimy serpent.
"No indeed," answered Sam, "I've not been knocking any way, neither over nor under; but like or not. So much time was consumed in sending about I just gave her and the bantling a losing word to the neighbours, and endeavouring to cobble before I started from home; and I said a kind word to the lass to cheer her up through her work for the day; and, for the matter of that

and so I did, and I dare say, it helped her thi and so I did, and I dare say, it helped her th: ".ch the day too! I wouldn't cringe to any one l.ving," continued "Polished Sam," not to the Queen herself; but to cringe is one thing; to be civil, respectful, and loving, according as the case re-quires, is another; I never knew ill come of it and I've often known good. Yes, neighbour, I've known the good of it in my own house, over and over again—there's my Jenny, you don't know the work there's in that little creature : bless you she'd work berself to the finger-bone, if you give her a kind word. I knowed her to sit up seven nights with me, without taking off a stitch of her clothes, that time I broke my leg; and when I said to her one morning, as the day was break ing, and I looked at her red cyclids; 'Jenny, my dailing, I can never pay you for all this —didn't she laugh and say, 'why, Sam, how such a story, you've paid me now?' why, Sam, how can you tell

" Paid you, my wife; why, what do you mean I

"Didn't you say, 'my darling ?'" To be sure I did." said I.

"Well! wasn't that payment to a woman's

" And she looked so carnest-like at me, that I felt the tears come in my cyes. Oh! neighbour, I couldn't say it as she said it; for these women have a way of speaking that don't belong to us men. Sometimes I think there's a kind of a pipe that makes music in their throats; but ever since that day, I've been ten times as loving as I was before; and I try to say a kind word, not only to Jenny, but to every one I meet. I believe, neighbour," continued Sam, "that women's of that nature, that they'll do anything for love—no use our driving them, our scolding, and ordering, and banging about; that only makes slaves of them; but give them a little love, and they'll do wonders.

As Sam Parsons found that his neighbour was listening, he was encouraged to go on; even though he received no answer. "And I do the said Sam, " by every weneb that comes to service to me. to service to me. Servants are made of the same stuff as their mistresses; they all have hearts; and the same kind of oil will reach them

a11all."
Thus discoursing, Sam Parsons arrived at his own farm-yard. There was Jenny his wife, ready to meet him with a kiss; and there was Tommy, who received his father with a click, click; leaving it a matter of speculation as to whether he h ad not been clicking ever since the morning until now. And then, there was Polly the servant-maid, standing close to the irons, which shone as though they were fresh from the shop; she hoped they'd catch her master's eye; and she knew she'd get a kind word. And when Sam went into the sitting-room, there he saw a great heap of his stockings that Jenny had been darning; and when Sam sat down to tea, there was a pic that Jenny had made; and if Sam had little boy instead of a grown-up man, he would certainly have patted his che smacked his lips and so expressed his opinion, that that was "something like a pie." One would think that Sam Parsons had oiled the pie, "Whee-o-o," whistled Sam, "I'll so smoothly did each piece slip down his throat, to minutes," and shipping behind for he was at peace with Jenny his wife, Tommy

one of congress the kind; and kind it is high would not hads them even fishesome.

In this perfect failth only; and some of hads them even fishesome.

It have get affailth only; and some of hads the some of the

oiled the lock of my street-door, and my perknife; be told that " Polished Sam's " observations were ones the fock of my street door, and my penkinfe; be told that "Polished Sam's" observations were and I greated now year, where is, and I olded my not allegather thrown away more him. My wife, and child; and I gave the servant-maid a though he wouldn't let on to other folk that he touch tou; and I tell you what it is, Neighbour was a nuscrable man; still he reafly was no, and nother atief, almously, where I find many he owned it to humself; his conscience kept another sticks fast."

"Rusty Joes" form and seemed to give him force, "must, must, "shall, shall, for everybody him a fresh twinge when the penhaife was spoken and everything." The contrast between his about; and as to the wife, his conscience reminded him how bearishly he had behaved to ker at not but strike the poor many is must, and saying to him, " You are ne made a desperate resolution to reform,
'I'll do it. I'll do it." said Joe in a loud voice; never thinking that there was any one to hear him; but it so happened that the parishioner's energy, he said, "Do what?" "Re-form," answered Jue, like a man in a dream. who feels himself obliged to speak, whether he

We can't reform in anything wishout tha grace of God to help us," said the minister, "and we must ask for that, Mr. Irons."

This speech seemed to rouse Joe up ; and he It very outer when he found himself actually embarked in a conversation with the parson All this was so very new, that Joe didn't quite like it; and, indeed, he would have backed out of the conversation as quickly as possible; but that the parson, who always stuck like a piece of wax to his work, was too glad to ord with his rusty parishioner, easily to let him go. Gently and gradually he drew from the poor crestfallen fellow the whole of what was in his mind: and when Joe came to his own house, he even asked the parson in,

The minister felt like a fish out of water in Joe Irons' house; but it was very well that he went in; for Joe's wife, irritated by the destruction of her solitary ornament, and by her husband's rude way of speaking, had not done his band's rude way of speaking, had not done his shirt, nor paid any very special attention to what he was to cat. The minister's presence pro-vented any harsh words; and has wise and lov-ing counsel led Jue and his wife to forgive and forget the rast, and commence afresh that night, by asking for strength from heaven to speak, de and be like Jesus Christ. He read for them that night the 133rd Psalm, and shewed them" how good and pleasant it is for brothren to dwell together in unity! How it is like the precious ointhead that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended on the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for everyone."

That very night Joe began. When the minister was going, be actually handed him his hat. and made a kind of attempt at a bow at the door; and Joe's wife began, for she bathed his poor broken nail, and sat up nearly all night to get ready his shirt; and when the morning came, ready his shirt; and when the morning came, "Rusty Joe" oiled almost everything he had; and in twelvemonth's time, he was liked as well as any one in the parish. Yes! there were as any one in the parish. Yes! there were no more banging doors in Joe Irons' house; there were no more rough words between him and his wife; there was enough of kindness to make home comfortable, and a little to spare to make neighbours agreeable; and Joe Irons bemake neighbours agreeable; and Joe trons to-came a happy man. Joe's choicest friend was henceforth "Polished Sam;" and Joe kept as close to his skarts, as though he expected to rub some of the polish from him upon himself. Joe never forgot the parson's advic to seek strength for improvement on his knees; and by way of a renunder, that he should not forget his new principles, he hung something over his bedroom ce, so that it should mantel-v be the first th that met his eyes when he awoke; and what do you think it was, good reader !-

AN OHED BEATHER

From The Rev. P. B. Power's " Oiled Feather" Series of Tracts. By permission.

GENTLE WORDS.

Use centle words, for who can tell The blessings they impart I How oft they fall, as manna fell, On some nigh fainting heart I In lonely wilds, by light-winged birds, Rare seeds are often sown, And hope may spring from gentle words, Where only criefs have grown,

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Sergeant Brett, of Manchester, who was shot on the 18th Sept., 1867. From a photograph by MR. J. EASTHAM, of Manchester

SERGEANT BRETT

CHARLES BRETT was born at Sutton, near Macclesfield, on tac 23rd of December, 1815, and was one of four brothers, all of whom have been public servants of their country. One died in the Indian Mutiny, after twenty-three years of military service. Another died in Canada, after ten years' service there. The third is a penten years' service there. The third is a pon-sioner, and has earned his pension by twenty-three years of the tolls and hardships of a soldier's life. In 1846, when in his twenty-second year, Charles Brett entered the Manchester police force. His steadiness and sobrecty commended him to the notice of his superiors. commended him to the notice or his superiors, and in 1852, he was promoted to the rank of sergeant. Four years later he was transferred to what is called the E Division of the force, which is composed of detective officers and officers employed on duties connected with the police-court. Of the tragic secrets and exciting pursuits with Of the tragic secrets and exciting pursuits with which detective officers are supposed to be familiar, he bad no experience. His was the simpler duty of attending the prisoners of each day as the, were conveyed from the various prisons and police-offices to the Court, of bringing them up for examination before the magnatrate, and of conveying these convicted to the goal. In the discharge of these duties, by his punctuality, attention, and unvarying courtesy, he won the respect of his superiors, and by his kindness to the prisoners acquired a popularity even among the prisoners acquired a popularity even among the criminal classes. They spoke of him familiarly as "Charlie," and their familiarity had a rough affectionateness in it. He deserved their grati-With many a hungry prisoner he had his morning meal. To more he adshared his morning meal. dressed words of remonstrance and sound advice, by which some of them afterwards profited.

We all know how he met his death. Although it is really so far back as the 18th of last to is really so har cack as the 18th of hat September, it seems only as yesterday since we saw the lumbering prison-van proceeding along Hyde Road, Manchester; since we saw it arrested in its course, the horses shot, the unarmed conductors and defenders of the van, driven back by men armed with revolvers; since we heard the rough demand to Brett to give up the keys, and the fatal shot that proclaimed that obscure man had chosen rather to die than to fail in his duty.

The next morning the whole country was thrilled by the story. It was not only the death of Sergeant Brett, but the manner of his death, It was not only the death

what the counsel for the defence ofterwards expressed :--"The office held by Charles Brett might be an humble one, but the humblest office becomes raised and clevated when it is animated by the faithful discharge of duty." On the day by the fathing discharge of duty." On the day of his interment, all the route to the cemetery was lined by sympathizing spectators. The Mayor and Corporation and the Magistrates of Manand Corporation and the Magistrates of Man-chester followed the remains of their faithful servant to their last resting-place. The before unknown name of Charles Brett had acquired a moral significance, and will henceforth be ofter admiringly uttered as that of one who knew what it was to be loval to duty even to death

The inquiries that were instantly and widely nade concerning his character and past history increased the national lamentation over his untimely end. It was found, as perhaps might have been anticipated, that in every rela-tion of life he had displayed the same con-scientiousness which had rendered his death honourable. His widow and children bewailed his loss as that of a tender husband and loving father; and his own father, an old man now in his seventy-ninth year, told how for many years part of his son's hardly-carned wages had been devoted to his support. And the clergyman of the parish in which he resided testified that in this police-officer he had had one of his most re attendants, and attentive hearers and

thoughtful contributors to every charity.

We know not what inscription has been placed upon his tomb, but no worthier epitaph could be upon his tomb, but no worther epitaph could be devised for him than those which his own last words form: "Whatever happens, I'll stick to my post to the last." As a Manchester orator has well said, "It was not in Sergeant Brett to make heroic speeches,—it is not often that fine speeches are made in these confused passionate crises of peril-but Brett was just one of those true simple-hearted men to whom the one thing imsible even to be entertained was—to give up trust ! It was his trust to keep those keys and he kept them, and accordingly was shot ! Ah is it not the one thing that we all want, every where, a little more of Sergeant Brett's feeling, of the giving up of his trust being the one thing that under no circumstances whatever could be even under no erreumstances whatever courd no event thought of I More minute fieldity; more prompt instinctive taking of a stand for what is right and true; more soldierly obedience to our Heavenly Captain's orders? All honour, then, to that brave, simple-hearted man, who has of Sergeant Erett, but the manner of his death, to that brave, sample-hearted man, who has that moved us. It was fold that a here had shewed us who quiet noblemes of his may be been unexpectedly revealed to us. That he had grown in the occupation of a policeman, and who cocupied only an humble position in life did not have a superior of a policeman, and who abate, it increased our admiration. We all felt of etardy, unbending fastly disease to nerve 1" z. v.

"CLOTHE YOUR OWN BOYS!"

IN Leeds there resides a little boy about nine or ten years of age, a Sunday-scholar, and a member of the "Band of Hope." Like many more chilof the "Band of Hope." Like many more chil-dren, however, he unfortunately had a drunken father. This man, formerly a member of a Chrisrattler. This man, formerly a member of a Chris-tian Church, had given way to drinking, disgraced his profession, and by his constant attendance at the public-house nearly brought his family to beggary. He had been drinking hard for about six months, when, one Lord's day, the mother sent the boy to the public-house where the father was drinking to ask him to come home hather was a sometimes to his dinner. There was sometimes to boy's appearance that attracted the landlord's notice. He observed too that he was ragged, notice. He observed too that he was ragged, notice. to his dinner. There was something in the bov's ammearance that attracted the landlord's Notice. He observed too that he was ragged, beare-footed and bare-legged, his trowsers form and his shirt lap hanging out. He took pity on him and asked.

"Whose lad is this ?"

The boy's father, who heard the question, and said, "Ho is mine."

Well, said the landlord, it's a pity to see a boy like this in such a ragged state," and he called out to his wife.

"I say, wife, come

"What is the metter? "Why look at this boy here: see how ragged the poor lad is: can't we de something for him? Havn't we got a pair of st-off trowsers some where up-stairs, that be-longed to one of our boys?

The wife went up-stairs and found the transers they were brought down and put on, and found to good tit be a good fit.
The landlord then be-

Just go and see.

thought himself that there was a pair of shoes also that belonged to the same boy, and he ordered them to be fetched for the same purpose. The cast-off boots were accord- PROMPTITUDE.

ingly hunted-up, and tried on like the trousers, and with similar success. The father was delighted to see his son thus clothed at the landlord's expense. He was so clothed at the landlord s expense, and delighted that, in return for such an unexpected fit of generosity, he called for another pint. pint was tossed off with an extra relish, and then he went home to his dinner.

Arrived at home, he thus addressed his wife "Now, lass, I've heard thee say that we never get anything from the landlords for what we Now, thou sees our lad. Just look at him! the landlord's given him them clothes, and he's almost rigged anew; never say the landlords gived us nout, again

He then turned to the boy, and asked him ow he liked the landlord's clothes?

With tears in his eyes the boy answered, "I like them very well, father; but I should have

liked them better, father, if you had bought them with your own money and they had been new

The boy's answer startled the father. Every word went home to his hear. He was touched to the quick, and stood as one confounded. He declared afterwards that he had attended many lectures, but had never heard anything that took hold of him before like his boy's answer. He vowed that he would, by God's help, from that hour never touch the drink again; and though some months have since passed away, he still adheres to les good resolution, and it is to be hoped that he will do so to the end of his life. How many thousands of poor ragged lads are

there who would soon have new suits of clothes, if their fathers would "go and do likewise"? What a stir it would make in the tailors' shops !

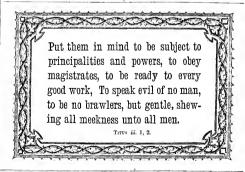


" I should have liked them better, father, if you had bought them."

PROMPTITUDE. A young farmer, who had made up his mind to plant an orchard of young trees. abandoned his first intention and put it off for a time; but before the time came he was laid on a bed of sickness, and was never able to follow-out his plan. Another young farmer, who had formed the same design did it of once. Both of them lived to be old men—the one lamenting his lost opportunity, and the other rejoicing in the fruitful trees which his hand had planted.—Old Humphrey,

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COACHMAN AND "THE OILED FEATHER."

Last month we had the pleasure of giving to readers the story of "the Oded Feather," we have not a little faith that it will, by God's blessing, produce good fruit, not only in the many k:ys and locks, but of many cross-tempers. The following interesting grained tempers. The following interesting to us by the Rev. P. B. Power. May the story bave a similar influence upon curry bad-tempered coachman in the land! If so, not only will anasters and mistrasses, but thousands of poor horses, have cause to rejoice over the happy

An old coachman to a lady of rank was very cross-tempered (he presumed so much on his long service in the family), that he would at last bardly bring round the carriage with common civility, when ordered. At length he was taken civility, when ordered. At length he was taken il; and his mistress kindly gave him amongst other things the "Oiled Foather" to read.

In due time, he got well, and came to the d In due trace, he got well, and came to the door with the carriage in a most cheerful manner. He touched his hat most respectfully, and evinced in various way quite a different spirit to what he had formerly done. The lady was much sup-prised at the change. Workering whatever was the occasion of his altered conduct, she at last determinal to sel how it cross about So. one. and occasion of his attered conduct, she at last determined to ask how it came about. So one day she said, "John, whatever has come to pass that you are such a different tempered man to what you were? Your horses also seem to be what you were! Your horses also seem to be much better treated by you than they were! Whence comes this change?" The coachman touching his hat, with a pleasant face, replied, "Pleace, my lady, 'tis all through 'The Orled Feather!'."

REPORTS! AND THE MISCHIEF THEY DO.

By the Author of " The Oiled Feather."

Fzw things puzzle us more than the way in which reports of various kinds get abroad. From time immemorial this has been a mystery; and at-tempts to unravel it have, for the most part, proved vain. How often have we failed in our efforts! Just as we seemed almost to have had our hand on the delinquent, the clue has suddenly ceased; and we were obliged to give it up in

et a report be once set going, and we are n more surprised at its increasing, than we are at a snowball's, as it rolls along. But where did it whall's, as it rolls along. commence i that is the question; who first made the anowball i for it certainly did not shape itself. There lies the difficulty; and, as we have

said, it is one that very often is never solved.

The very difficulty of getting at the commence ment of reports, may, perhaps, help us a little to the discovery of their real origin.

Some, no doubt, are immediate offsprings of Some, no doubt, are immediate offsprings of malice. A few, are wilfully and deliberately set going, with the vile intention of injuring the per-son whose name is mixed up with them. But by far the majority have very little beginnings; ir first existence is very slindowy and uncer toin. Many die in their infancy; and it is not until they have come to a certain stage of maturity, that they are able to do much harm.

To discover the birthplace of these trouble-ome mischief-makers will be, we trust, to put the reader on his guard, against affording them any manner of assistance in their early life.

One source of false, and, too often, painful as mischievous reports, is innuendo ;—a dim hinting at something disparaging to a person, without absolutely saying anything against him. We can, perhaps, best illustrate what we mean, by giving pernaps, best illustrate what we mean, by giving a case in point. In the town of N—— there byed a respectable tradesman, who had brought up his family, and conducted his business, with great credit to bimself. No one had any cause complain of this worthy man, in any matter of business; nor could they bring any scandal against his private life. Misfortune, however, overtook the worthy grocer; he accepted a heavy bill; certain customers who owed him money had not paid the amount of their accounts; and the consequence was, his shop was shut up; and it soon went abroad that he had failed. A few days would, in all probability, bave set him right, e had friends at a little distance, who could assist him; but, from a very trifling source indeed. bad reports got abroad, and clenched the poor s ruir

As Mr. and Mrs. Franklin were walking past the closed shop, they were met by Miss Jenkins. "Sorry to see this," said Mr. Franklin, bending his h ad towards the grocer's house. Very chimed in Mrs. Franklin; " for we always dealt there; and found ourselves better served than anywhere else.'

"They say it was quite misfortune," said Mr.

days." imisund true.
"I hope it was," said Miss Jenkins, "but he true. said (i) who ca great deal;" and as she said the last few who ca

words, site shock her head.

Miss Jenkins would not perhaps have injured
the poor grocer for the world; but the "hopit was a misfortune," said in such a way as to
leave it very doubtful in Mr. Franklin's mind, as to whether she believed that it was, scaled the poor grocer's ruin. Up to that moment not a creature had broathed a word, or uttered a single insimation, against the bankrupt; but in the course of two days the whole town was full of dark conjectures, and hints, that everything was not right; and these coming to the cars of the unfortunate man's friends, they took fright, hunc back, and left him to his fate. That fate was a sad one; his goods were sold off at a sacrifice for the benefit of his creditors. He was thrown out penniless on the world, to begin again as best he could; and Miss Jenkins's immueudo, her "hore it as," did it all.

was," did it all.

Another fruitful source of mischievous reports is streostutox. How often do we find people supposiny things, without any manner of ground; and giving them forth with a "perhaps," or it may be without one; which said "perhaps," it is be appended by the person who makes the supposition, is very often omitted by the person who repasts it. These suppositions are sometimes so pondered over in the mind, that the person supposing, really believes them true at last. But whether this be the case or no they have been fruitful sources of scandalous reports. We can do no better than adduce a reports. We can do no better than adduce a cease in point. An outery was suddlenly raised in D—— against a butcher, of whose meat there had hitherto been no particular complaint. So violent was this outery that customers shunned that customers shunned his shop. Day after day, his legs of mutton and sirloins of beef hung spoiling against its walls; until at length, before he became attarly reined he was obliged to give up his business and leave the town

The report which did so much misslaid w to the effect, that "he always bought the cows and slicep which the farmers must otherwise have killed: and that, by palming off this bad meat upon the public, he was realizing a speedy fortune." And how did all this get abroad ! Simply from a "supposition." The weather was Simply from a "supposition." The weather was very hot; and the leg of mutton on Mrs. Campiou's table was not perhaps quite as good as it might have been; and Mrs. Brinstead was there to diance. Now Mrs. Brinstead lived at a village two miles off; and at that time many of the neighbouring cattle were dying of disease. The The mutton was universally condomned; and Mrs. Brinstead supposed that it must have come from one of the infected forms. This idea was over heard by the parlour-maid; she told it to the baker's man; he to a rival butcher's apprentice; and in a very few weeks not a customer came near Mr. Barry's shop. The butcher was a prudent man; and not being able to get rid of public prejudice against him, he made up his mind to go elsewhere

Another source of mischief is EXAGGERATION Exaggeration, as we have already said, lends a most important helping hand to reports of every kind; but under certain circumstances it does all the mischief by itself. It starts with what is perfectly true ; but it magnifies it as it goes along, perfectly true; but it magnines it as it goes along, until the truth becomes utterly lost in the mon-strous proportions it has assumed. We were all dreadfully alarmed one aummer evening by hearing that a fearful railway accident had happened our station, which is about four miles away from the village. The report we heard was, that the engine had run into another train and burst! that the engine-driver was scalded to death! that five persons had lost their lives; and that several bad broken limbs!!! Under such awful circumstances as these we could think no more of drinking ten ; so, summoning our worthy neighbour, the surgeon, we all but run the whole way to the station. We looked here and there for the remnants of the shattered train; but the line was perfectly clear.

was perfectly clear.

We expected to find the sufferers laid out upon
the floor of the waiting-room, but everything
was much as usual; and, on inquiry, we ascertained that, at twelve o'clock, the train ran into s coal wagon! that two passengers were cut in the face (they happening to have been looking out of the windows at the time), but that the train had gone on its way as usual. During five hours which intervened between this trifling accident, and the time when the report thereof reache I us, it had assumed its gigantic stature and had it tarried till the following morning, who can tell what would have been the limit of its growth ?

Frinklin; "and that he'll open again in a few What is said by one man in a joke is, pethaps, days," were never intended for us to pick holes in. If days," they it was," said Miss Jenkins, "but he true. The wise man saw the end of this, for he do, we should have hitle time or taste for meantrue. The wise man saw the evil of this, for he do, we should parsaid (Prov. xxvi. 18, 19), "As a mad man facturing reports, who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man who deceiveth his neighbour, and saith pears at first sight Am not I in sport?" Senseless, wit'ess joking, ten does mischief which is not easily repaired. Am not I in aport ? " The clergyman of a large parish in a sporting county, had two hamlets at a considerable dis since to attend to. To enable him to do this effectually, he was obliged to keep a horse. One norming, as he started for his day's work, a man came to the parsonage, with a request that the g. The groom was standing at the yard gate; and his muster was trotting off in the distance. What do you want, my good man !" asked the ing. The groom. "My missus is very ill, and wants to see the parson." "Oh, he's gone lunting; look at him yonder, he's off to the meet." And after moment's enjoyment of the joke, the groom anced to the varil cate and retreated into the stable. The man's wife died; the groom thought no more of the matter; and it spread like wildfire through the parish, that the parson kept his for the hunt; and some went so far

as to say that he wore a red coat like the rest. nen he got clear of the village.

MISTAKES, also—common mistakes—give rise to very dangerous reports. If a thing be im-perfectly heard, or be misualerstood, it often beomes twisted from its true meaning, and gives iso to reports, serious or ludicrons, as the case

But let us pass on from this to emphasis : the tmost mischief can be done by misplacing emphasis; and by doing so we may often send untrue and unpleasant reports abroad. Mr. Black was undoubtedly a close man; but he was able to do a liberal thing when occasion required, as well as any one else. He had an only niece—a well as any one else. He had an only niece—s widow—to whom he intended to leave his property; but a misplaced emphasis gave rise to s report, which left the widow penniless. A subscription was going on in the parish for a poor man, who had lost his sight by an accident. A Mrs. Green, who hated Mr. Black, happened to be calling on that gentleman's widowed and to say that she intended to call on him for a donation. "I'm pretty sure he wont give any-thing;" said the lady, and there the matter ended. But as soon as Mrs. Green left, she met Mr. James, and said, "Well, Mr. Black's nicce knows very well what a screw he is; for she has just said to me 'Well, I'm sure HE won't give anything ' So effectually did Mrs. Green law the emphasis on the "me," that it soon spread abroad that Mr. Black's niece considered him a perfect miscr; and, he was so curaged, t leave her a shilling when he died. that he did not

We crave your indulgence, kind reader, while we mention just one further source of reports, that is, inference. Nothing people are fonder of doing than drawing inferences; whether those inferences be right or wrong, they too often do not care. Mr. Denton refused a sovereign to the clothing club, therefore the collector inferred he ras a miser, and spread abroad such a report; but Mr. Denton gave five pounds to the soup-kitchen that very day. Mr. Pearson never walked out with his wife, and so people inforred that they quarrelled; but he liked walking fast, and she was not strong enough to keep up with him; and therefore, preferred walking by herself. By the way, it was a great wonder that a quarrel manufactured between this worthy couple It was not Miss Trotter's fault, at any rate, that there was not; for, as soon as ever she heard such a thing, even binted at, as that Mr. and Mrs. Pearson must have quarrelled, as they no longer walked together daily as they used to do, off she went to the "poor dear" to know all about it; and to say no end of small things about her husband; and to ask Mrs. Pearson, "whether she couldn't make a guess why her husband walked by himself?" and "whether in the bottom of her heart she hadn't her own suspicious ?" and. of her heart she hadn't her own suspicious !" and,
"if she did not know of a reason, whether she
would not like to find one out?" and "should not
she—Miss Trotter—help ber?" Fie! fie! Miss
Trotter; if Mrs. Pearson had not loved her husband as she did, and would not have trusted him to the moon, and back again, by himself; you might have done mischief which you neve

Thus, reports are born, and live, and cause restchedness to many a heart. Yes! we little know how much watchedness, or how long lasting. We may think that, at the worst, we

ould have repaired.

No doubt, there are folk who have, what ap-pears at first sight to be, but little to do: they have a decent little competence to live upon ; or, perhaps, only a very small family to attend to ; or, may be, they have only themselves to look after; but, no matter how much time we have upon our hands we should not have enough to muschiof in

you have time banging upon your l good reader, just think whether you are doing all that God has given you to do. Have you read to the blind; or made clothes for the naked; or helped your over-burdened neighbour? Have you asked God to shew you what to do; and have you done it? Remember that God never leaves ny one time for making reports ; it is the Devd hat finds a man or a woman time for that,

that hads a man or a woman time for that.
Remember, you have no more right to inflict
an injury upon your neighbour, by talking about
him, than by taking from him. You have no
more right to scratch him with your tongue, than with a pin.

And, talking of a pin; remember that these And, talking or a pun; remember. Ittle tongue-wounds are very much like pinscratches; they are very likely to fester. When the blood is in a bad state almost any little wound will fester; and people's blood is almost always

will tester; and peoples blood is almost always in a bad state about reports. We find very few folk who can patiently bear to have unkind reports spread about them; we never find any wbo can be said to like it; and their natural eir natural tendency is certainly to irritate, ie first feeling, even of a pious man, is generally one of irritation, when he finds people ing against him, though, God's grace gives him a second and a better feeling, what then must second and a better feeling, what, then, must the feelings be of men, who are not under the power of grace at all I. Festering emitty keeps always spreading in their hearts; they are first in-dignant; then angry; then they hate; then they revenge; and, at last, the pin-scratch makes al-most as fatal a wound as a cannon ball.

Dear reader, be careful over your tongue; set a watch on the door of your lips; take care not only what you say, but how you say it. Bear in mind the use which other people may make They may put your words to use from what you intended. what you say. They may put your words to quite a different use from what you intended. Perhaps you intended your words to be put to no ase at all; your observation was just one; but some one that hears it, uses it; twists it and turns it; adds to it, or takes from it; until at last, by the time it comes back to you, you don't know the words as yours at all. Re-member that "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord," and that almost unconsciously you may become the author of a scandalous report !

From The Rev. P. B. Power's "Oiled Feather" Series of Tracts, By permission,

NOTHING TO DRINK.

Somewhat more than a quarter of a century ago, Somewhat more than a quarter of a century ago, died William Oliver, Esq., of Dinksbyre, at an advanced age. At the time of his death he was sheriff of Roxburghshire. To his exertions may be attributed the commencement of nearly all the roads, bridges, and other improvements in the Border-land of Liddesdale. At a meeting of the trustees for letting the line of read from of the trustees for letting the line of road from Liddesdale to Jedburgh,—the place of meeting was a lonely cottage on the side of the river Liddel—one of the people present chanced to Lidder—one or the people present chance to assay. "This is the winst place I ever came to!"
"For what reason!" asked the sheriff, and the reply was, "Because there is nothing here to drink." "Nothing to drink!" said the sheriff. If you had complained of having nothing to would have felt for you; a man may drink from the brook who cannot cat off the hill-side. Here is plenty of good water in spring, well, and river, to quench your thirst, d may He who rules over us never deprive us of su great a blessing" The inconsiderate reat a bicooning. And are piety and charity of Mr. Oliver are still remembered in the county of his sheriffdom, by many who still live to be thankful for his many kindnesses in days gone by.

REGENERATION

RECENERATION is that mighty change whereby a natural man is made a spiritual or a new m and he that was a child of the devil, becomes by grace a child of God. For, as by our natural seachel us, it had assumed its gigantic stature, and had it started till the following morning, who pin-scratch—but, in the first place, what right was real what would have been the limit of its more vet to inflict a wound at all 7 and in the jornst 1/2 Jornso is another fruitful source of reports.

JORNSO is another fruitful source of reports.



THE COBBLER'S BLACKBIRD.

[A Ballad, illustrating how a poor girl (from an association of itleos) was sufferely arrested in a life of sin by hearing a cobbler's blackbord sing, from the upper story of a displated blosse in a misreable street in London, and was affected by such a deep seems of rependance, that she was induced to return immediately to her mother's house, in a village on Gloucestenine, where she lived for many years, and led a most useful and complany life.

Down in a dark and dirty street,
Beside a gin-shop door,
There stood a wretched, wretched girl,
With Jack, just come ashere.

The girl was dressed in yellow silk, With ribbons red and blue; Oh! she was dressed in every shade Of every rambow hue.

And in that dack and narrow street
The sunshine seldem came;
For what was there for it to gild,
But squalid want and shame!

One house alone there was, which like A giant raised its head Above the crumbling chimney-pots And bricks, so brown and red.

And in the highest, lightest room, Above the nether din, A busy cobbler lived, and worked

For those who lived by sin.

Whene'er the sun shone on the town,

Its spires, and domes, and towers, It oft would send its beams across To gild his garret flowers.

His was the only, tiny room, In that dark lane so small, In which the sunbeams ever came, To dance upon the wall.

The cobbler ope'd his window wide, And hung his blackbird out; And when the sun began to gleam The bird began to shout.

The sun illumed its tiny eye,
Which seem'd a tiery bead;
It hopp'd upon its highest porch,
And tun'd its golden reed.

And while the sailor show'd the lass
A pretty golden ring,
And while she kass'd him for the gift,
The bird hegan to sing.

She sat outside the gin-shop door, And listened to the bud; It seemed to tell a happy tale, In childhood she had heard

Jack heard the harp and tambourine, He called her to the dance; But there she sat and listened, till He thought her in a trance.

That bird brought home to memory
The visions of her youth;
She thought upon the happy days
Of innocence and truth.

It brought to mind the Master's voice,
Who wrote upon the floor,
And to the erring woman said,—
"Go thou, and sin no more."

Before her eyes appear'd to pass
Her native village scene,
Its groves and brooks, its fields and flowers,
The church upon the green.

She thought she heard the village bells Salute the Sabbath morn; She thought she heard the soaring lark Sing o'er the fields of corn.

She seem'd to see her mother's cot,
With ivy covered o'or;
She seem'd to smell the fragrant herbs
That grew beside the door.

She seem'd to hear her father's voice Read from the good old book, While sitting, on a summor eve, Within a bosky nook.

She seem'd to hear her mother's voice
As, at her feet she knelt:
Her eyes began to fill with tears,
Her heart began to melt.

Her scalding tears fell like the rain, Her heart was besting fast, Before her fever'd vision floats The inture and the past.

"Oh do not weep," the sailor cried,
"Come, have a glass of gm."
"No, no'I am resolv'd," she cried,
"To quit this hie of sim."

Jack heard the fiddle and the harp, He wished to get away; She cried, "Oh, stop awhile, and hear That blackbird's happy lay,"

"Its voice appears to call to mind,
When I was pure and good,
As, going to the Sabbath school,
I heard it in the wood.

"That blackbird is a preacher, Jack,
Whose words I understand;
My father's spirit seems to rise
And take me by the hand.

"That blackbird, Jack, has stirred my heart, And pierced it like a kmfe, And I'm resolved to sin no more, But lead a better life.

"I long to see my mother, Jack, For, with a cruel blow,

I turned her flowing raven hair
As white as drifted snow.

"And I'm resolved to reach my home Before my mother dies, That she may see me penitent Before her closing eyes."

She tore the flowerets from her hair,
And flung them in the street;
She snatch'd the jewels from her neck,
And crush'd them with her feet.

She travell'd many a weary mile Along the dusty road, Until she reach'd, with bleeding feet, Her mother's dear abode.

No tongue can tell how full of joy Her aged mother felt, When, at the bed, a pentent, Her weeping daughter knelt.

She nurs'd her aged mother dear,
And work'd to earn her bread,
And gently clos'd her eyes in death,
And laid her with the dead.

Before she breathed her latest breath, She said, and sweetly smiled, "God bless that pretty blackbird's voice, Whose song restored my child."

Her daughter lived for many years,
And led a holy life,
And was an angel in the house
Of every sick man's wife.

She sew'd, she nurs'd, she read, and prayed, And raised the dying head,
And watch'd throughout the long, lone night,
Beside the sick child's bed.

And if you search'd all Gloucestershire,
And every village round,
A nobler, purer, better soul,
There never could be found.

At last consumption seized her frame,—
(What griofs the poor o'erwhelm!)
They placed her 'neath the churchyard turf,
Beside a stately clin.

And there a blackbird sits and sings Upon its highest sprny, On ev'ry springtide closing eve, And ev'ry dawning day.

The aged paster of the church,
Who laid her down to rest,
With heaving breast and tearful eyes
His people thus addressed:—

"Full many flowers of fairest form Rough blasts have crush'd and hurt, We might restore, if we would stoop, And raise them from the dut. "In ev'ry soul there is some good Lies latent in the dark, If men would only take the pains To fan the vital spark."

Oh! orring sisters, come away
From haunts of death and sin,
For still heaven's gate is open wate.
And you may enter in.

In heaven's glades, so rich and fair,
There are not tich not poor,
But all who come to God through Christ
Shall find an open door.

Unton St. Leon wils. H. Y. J. TAYLOR.



EX-PRESIDENT JEFFERSON AND THE COOPERS SHOP.

THE following was related by one of the parties, the late Charles Shoumaker, a well-known Friend of Abington, near Philadelphia:—

During the presidential term of Thomas efferson, two young men from Pennsylvania took a lease from him of his merchant mill at Monticello, one of the stipulations of which was within a given period, a cooper's shop. time for meeting of Congress soon arriving, the President had to repair to Washington to attend to his official duties, where he remained a long time absorbed in national concerns; and the building of the cooper's shop was entirely for-gotten by him. Not so with his tenants, whose daily wants constantly reminded them of the provisions contained in the lease; and finally they determined to erect it themselves, and charge the cost of it to their landlord. On the return of the President to his mansion, the parties met of the President to his manison, the parties ince to settle a long account current, which had been running during his absence. The items were gone over and scrutinized one by one, and all were found satisfactory but the charge for huiding the cooper's shop, to which he objected, alleging that he could have erected it with his own worknien. Several attempts were made to effect a settlement, but they always failed when they came to the cooper's shop. The young men became warm and zealous in the affair; and the parties instead of getting nearer together, found themselves at every interview wider apart.

In this state of affairs, the father of the young

In the state of affairs, the father of the young ment, who was mild, aff.bbe, contilising gentle and the man, ponsewing some knowledge of the world and its ways, arrived on a visit to his some, who informed him of their difficulty with their land-lose riving that he thought he could effect an amendale settlement in the case. This course was accordingly necessed to, and in due time he wasted on the President with the account. It was scanned and agreed to, except the charge for his little product, or the count of the country of

anlijed, very gravely remneked:—
"Well, frend Afferman, thas always been my practice through life, toyield rather than to contend." Immediately on this remn't being made, the President's chin fell on his breast for an instant, when, raining his head in an over the opsiron, he observed in a very emphatic manner, "a very good principle, Mr. Shoemaker, and I can extry it as you can; let the account for the scoper, and the remnitories continued their friendly regard for each other titl death separated them. And the cultrication of a similar disposition, the follow practice that men," would terminate thousands of difficulties, add much to the happiness of individuals, and tend to promote the general harmony and order of society.— Evernet's Coloiner.

POSTAL NOTICE.

A COTTAGE SCENE.

The beauty of a jewel may be enhanced by the setting. In that noble diary of royalty, "Leaves from my Journal," we read with high delight of how a queen went among the poorest and humlists of her subjects, dwithing the maked, feeding the hungry, and speaking words of combolition to the sick and the monuming, string ever, as we should all strive, to lighten each other's hundens by offices of the company.

by omes of love.

As we road the diary our thoughts were carried back to the queens of bygone days;—to Maud, surmand "The Good," daughter of Malcolm Canmuse, King of Scotland, and wife of Henry the First, who was so affable, jrous, and humble that she condenended to relieve the poor with her own hands, and tend such of those as were sick. On being reminded on one occusion for so deing, as being unbecoming her royal dignity, she replied, "I fellow the example of my blissed Saviour, and the precepts of the Gaspol. The brightest jewel in the Crown of Majestry is affablity and contexts."

my hierard extends, and was provided in the Crown of Gespol. The highest jeed in the Crown of We past from good Queen Mand to the good, but unfortunated, Anne Euleyn, Me pro ided beneaft each day with a pure, the contents of which were distributed entirely among the poor, when also happened to meet with proper objects, thinking no week, well passed which did not afford her pleasure in the retrospect. Impressed with this standard was the contraction of the property in the pr

The picture of Queen Anne Boleyn, seated among her pions ladies, fades out, and in its place comes a far different scene.

among ac possis andes, taccs out, and in its presence of the fulfirent scene.

This scene is not recorded in the "Leaves," having happened long after the date of their gathering. Yet it is all the more beautiful for having occurred in the cutly days of her widowhood.

It is an humble cottege, standing at whose door you may look down on the blue waves of the English Channel as they break and gurgle along the shores of the Jule of Wight. Raise the letch and tread softly. Enter the little apartment. An old man, won and wasted with sickness, lies on his bed. A faint nummer fills the roomyou look round to see whence the sound protead of the second of the second protained winds and on the table before her lies an open Buble. She is reading with a kushed voice to the sufface, and ever and anon she raises her eyes from the book to make some comment, or to inquine into the state of the sick man. The lady is planily attired. There is no flashing jeael, no ernament, nothing to indicate her rank, and yet she is the queen of the which was the standard of the state of the vivit, one of namy, to the sitch-chandher is ended and, blessing and being blessed, she passes seed from the cottage, and through sunshine and shadow tetums to be replace at Osbone.

Sphendid is the spectacle of the coroning of a monard, thrilling is the story of pilother as it excluses and tree-bose unit make the story of pilother as it exclusions a special control of the cathedral, proper has been offered up, and the coron in placed upon the royal boon, the beest, in the intensity of its emotion, almost causes (other). But all oveler and still grander sight in that of a queen passing unitated of from the place to the but of sickness and poverty to speak kind words and do kind details.

"She hath a tear for pity, and a hand Open as day for making charity,"

and in the blessing of the poor she is blessed for evenmore.

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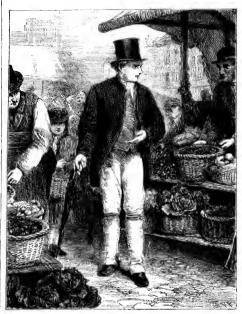
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"Nay, friend, then hast decised me ener, and now, although them mayst speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee."

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A QUAKER, passing through a market, stopped at a stall, and inquired the price of some fruit. "I have none, I fear, sir," said the honest countryman, "that will suit you; my fruit is

countryman, "that will suit you; my fruit is not first-rate this morning." "Thank thee, friend, for thy honesty; I will

go to the next stand."
"Hast then good fruit to-day?" said he to
the second dealer.

"Yes, sir, here are some of the finest of my garden. They are small, but rich of their kind." The man was nutrathful; he knew that they were not such as he could honestly recommend.

"Then, thou can recommend them?"
"Certainly, sir," replied the dealer.

"Certainly, sir," replied the dealer.
"Very well, I will take some."

He carried them home, and they proved not only unsound, but miserably tasteless.

The next morning the Quaker went again to

The next morning the Quaker went again to the same place. The man who had sold him the fruit, claimed him as his customer, and asked him if he would buy some more."

"Nay, friend, thou hast deceived me once, and now, although thou mayst speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee. Thy neighbour chose

to deal uprightly with me, and from henceforth I shall be his patron. Thou wouldst do well to remember this, and learn by experience that a lie is a base thing in the hegianing, and a very unpufitable one in the rad."



SPEAK THE TRUTH!

Is the body of man one member will not lie to another: the HAND will not lie in telling what it toucheth, the rONDUE will not lie in telling what it toucheth, the rYE will not lie in telling what it seeth, but every member is a true witness to his neighbour. And thus it should be in the body politic of Government and Society, in the mysti-



cal body of the Church and Christianty. Seeing' that we are members one with another, everyone should apeak the treft to his neighbour; and such should be the care, of those especially as profess Christianty, as to lose their breath rather than to use their breath in speaking any watruth.—JEMEN.

I over asked a deaf and dumb boy, "What is trath?" He replied by thrusting his fanger forward in a straight line. I then asked line, "What is fidehood?" when he made a zigzag with his finger. Try to remember this; let whoever will take a zigzag path, go 900 on in your course as straight as an arrow to its mark, and abrink back from folia-hood as you would from a viner—Harkan in the contraction.

Truthfulness is a corner-stone in character; and if it is not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

When Aristotle was asked what a man could gain by telling a fuls-hood, he replied, "Never to be credited when he speaks the truth!"

It is good in a fever, much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth.

A MODEL MILL-OWNER

ASSITON-UNDEL-EVEN is one of the many large towns in Lancashire which owe their importance to manufacturing industry, and whose inhabitants are nearly all subjects of "King Cotton." Strangers, who visit the place, are impressed by the spaciousness of its highways and approaches, and the air of comfort and presperity pervaling it. Unhappingly the public-house and the gir. Unhappingly the public-house and the gir. Unhappingly the public-house and the native for the second short of th

Many mill-owners in the manufacturing districts are happily alive to the importance of providing good cottogos for the hands and their families. Ashton is highly favoured in this respect. In the neighbourhood of the large cotton factory of Mr. Hugh Misson, to whose munificance and energy the new Albion schools may be called "Oxford." Here we find street so arranged as to give the greatest possible amount of air and "throng currents," bordered on either side with wide causeways flagged with stone; also neathy-familiated bare developed and the side with wide causeways flagged with atone; also neathy-familiated bared developes and the side with wide causeways flagged with a tone; also neathy-familiated bared developes and milliance and the side with the side with wide causeways flagged with a tone; also neathy-familiated bared developes and milliance and millia



adapted to the wants of the people; each consisting of a living-room, a kitchen, and conveniences for coals, &c., on the ground-floor; two bedrooms on the floor above, and a third budroom on an upper floor. In the basement is a

room on myper floor. In the basement is a mainl but well-resultated keeping cellar.

The outside walls are built holious, on as to exclude damp, and the partition-walls between the cottages are 9 inches thick, so as to provent sound passing through. All chimmey-flues are lined with glazed pipes which render the sweeping of them unnecessary! Water is haid on from the town mains to the kitchen and yard; gas is provided in each room; and every convenience which experience has shown to be necessary or destrible has been provided. To such tenants as desire it, a piece of garden-ground is alluted at a small additional rental. Doubtless the large-hearted and benevolent owly in a counse of receive ago of return for his order to the control of the control of the same as usually paid in the district; but in the improved health, habits, and morals of his work-people, he must have a tich reward.

A few years ago Mr. Mason gave proof of his care for the metral as well as the physical welfare of the inhabitants of "Oxford." He rected and furnished a reading-room and lecture-room for the fror use of his operatives. These were so thoroughly appreciated, that he determined to creel larger premises, and to add thereto a complete Bathing Establishment. This structure is now completed, and is to be opened on Easter Monday in this mouth. He setternal appearance may be judged from our sugraving. Internally it contains a well lighted reading-room, 30 feet by 22 feet; a theoroughly ventilated conversation-capable of sealing about 400 adults; a strain mig-bath, 30 feet by 20 feet; nine aballow haths, and a residence for the currator. Hot and cold water are supplied to each bath, and overy spartment is warmed by steam-pipes.

apartment is warned by steam-pipes. The building stands in a square to be surrounded by similar cottages to those already named, and is within a few yards of the factory cutrance. Its advantages will be for the factory hands, to whom the baths, and all other privileges are nown few delayers.

hands, to whom the basis, saw as a second property are open free of charge! We hope that, the good example of Mr. Mason will be followed by many other large capitalists and employers of labour. Those who promote the erection of decent homes for the people deserve to be ranked among England's truets patriots.



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COLUMBUS EXPLAINING HIS DISCOVERY OF AMERICA TO KING FERDINAND AND QUEEN ISABELLA. DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.

THE STORY OF COLUMBIS

their generation. It matters not how far distant may be the age in which they lived, or how different from our ears the manners of the people rent from our own the manners of the people amongst whom they grew up, there is a perpetual beauty, freshness and pathos about their lives of which we never weary. We sympathize with them in all their struggles and discouragements we fight their battles over again; we share their now assailed his idea; he was not, however, to enthusiasm as we watch them in lonely grandeur he daunted, and he determined to try to get sup-fulfilling their comes, and we shout in triamph plort seleswhere. Taking with him his motherless then at last we see them standing upon the top most peak of their ambition.

Such are our feelings, as we turn once more to of many a boy, and the model of many a laborious, determined man. We know but little of the early lifeof the great navigator who added the knowledge of a new hemisphere to our globe ; but that little is extremely interesting. He is supposed to have been horn at Genoa about the year 1436. The been norn at Genoa about the year 1436. The discoverer of America, and the most illustrious example perhaps on record of what may be achieved by a settled purpose in life, could not boast of wealthy parentage. Like many other boast of washthy parentage. Like many other men of genius he was born poor, and grew up in the men of genius he was born poor, and grew up in the received but for who was educational advantages from his father, who was a woolcomber, working hard for his daily bread. a woolcomber, working hard for his dady bread.
At an early age, however, Christopher revealed
proofs that he had been endowed with mental
gifts of no common order. He could very soon
read and write, and while quite c child showed
considerable skill in drawing, painting, and arithmotic. As he grew up and attended the great
shool of learning in Pavia, his love for these
shool of learning in Pavia, his love for these studies increased, and he also took a decided interest in geometry and astronomy. In his case, as in that of many others, the child was father to the man; his early life giving no insignifi prophecy of what would be achieved in mature-

When he had learnt all that he could in the school at Pavia,—and the humblest school of the present day would be a paragon of excellence when compared with that in which he was taught— Christopher bad to look around him and ana Christopher had to look around him and answer the question what are you going to he? By what means do you intend to earn your bread?" He made answer by going to sea, when he was little more than fourteen years of age. Living in the midst of a maritime population, and possessed of a courageous disposition which caused him to yearn after a life of adventure, it was only netural that his thoughts should often tend toward a sailor's life. In his case, "going to sas," so often such a thoughtless and wanton act with boys, was fraught with the hest and most valuable purposes.

We cannot follow him as he sailed from port to port in the Mediterranean, in a craft in which no man in his senses would now like to reliture. We have hints that his early life was passed in the midst of dangers and difficulties which would not be without their compensating brightness and pleasure to a youth of daring spirit. But we are told that he was not overcome by circumstances, and that he contended successfully against being degraded and drawn down by the british, and withal superstitions, mariners of the fifteenth contum Naturally gifted with a high tone of thought and feeling, and an ardent imagination, he found means for mental culture and the somewhat harsh and uninviting surroundings of a sailor-life. He was diligent, , sober, hopeful, hardworking, and much given to observation. He devoted all his leisure hours to close study and to the acquisition of general knowledge, and thus it was with a tolerably well-furnished mind that he was enabled, by-and-by, to enter upon a work which he never relinquished until he had complished it

At Lisbon, in 1470, we find Christopher Colum bus settled and married, and constructing maps and charts to support his family. Here, he seems first to have conceived the notion, which soon became one of the firmest of convictions, that there was land to the westward. This idea, he was destined, after long years of disheartening effort, to establish as a fact. He was now in the prime of life, tall, muscular, and of commanding aspect. His hair, light in youth, was now turn-ing prematurely grey through care and anxiety at thirty his hair was white He was simple and abstemious in his diet, affable and engaging in his manners, and generally grave in his demeanour. We first find Columbus propounding his settled and cherished conviction before the Court of the King of Portugal. He gave the leading grounds of his belief in the existence of an undu country in the Western Ocean, and asked for the success. country in the Western Ocean, and asked for the Jaccess. At length, in 1492, under the patron-means of ascertaining the truth of it. King age of Ferdinand and Isahella, after these seven John referred the scheme to a number of nautical years of waiting, he was permitted to make trial

and scientific men who all decided against it. We are never itted of reading, or learing the stories of great men who have fathfully served there was something in it, secretly despatched a their generation. It matters not how far distantly served there was something in it, secretly despatched a variety of the secret was something in it, secretly despatched as their generation. It matters not how far distant vessel to examine the route detailed by Cohmittee and the secret was something in it, secretly despatched as the secret was something in it, secretly despatched as the secret was something in it, secretly despatched as the secret was something in it, secretly despatched as the secret was something in it, secretly despatched as the secret was something in it. ous, and to report thereon. The pidots sent out, were too timid to diverge far from the ac-customed track, and they soon returned to Lis-bon only to throw ridicule on the whole project. Had Columbus been a half-hearted man he would are been overwhelmed by the contempt which his way to his native state, Genoa. But with no greater success! He explained his scheme had done before to the Court of Portugal, stated it as his firm conviction that there was land to the westward, and priceless riches for all who would be bold enough to discover this land Is coply the republic laughed at him, and treated his idea as the silly project of a visionary brain. Disappointed, but nothing daunted, he next went Venetians, and from them he received

similar treatment. And now indeed it seemed as if it were no nger any use to persevere, and that it would be better to relinquish the idea of planting his ot upon those shores, which as yet appeared to tist but in his own imagination. He was mspired, however, to make yet one effort more before relinquishing his hope, and this time he and, in the course of two or three days, he, landed on the island of St. Salvador, in the uned his steps towards Spain.

It was a touching sight to see the now grey-eaded, care-worn Columbus as, weary and hungry. he stopped at the gate of the Franciscan Convent La Ravida, in Andalusia, to beg some bread an beg some bread and water for his exhausted little buy This convent incident was to be the beginning of better and brighter days for Columbus. The Prior became catly interested in the conversation of one soon found to be a cultivated man, and nothing daunted, Christopher propounded to him his idea of land to the westward. The Prior his idea of land to the westward. The Prior was struck with the grandeur of the traveller's views, and the result was that he used all his influence to procure him an audience of the King and Queen of Spain.

Columbus first appeared before the minister Mendoza, and shortly after was introduced to the far-famed Fordmand and Isabella. Fordmand, while he appreciated the character of Columbus would not immediately commit himself to his It seemed so visionary; there might scheme. scheme. It seemed so visionary; there might be something in it; if it were so, a conneil of astronomers and geographers would be the most fitting to decide. Well might the heart of Columbus fail him when he found that the astronomers and geographers of that day were to be the men to pronounce upon his project. the appointed time he appeared before them, and the reader may form some idea of the difficulties surrounding the great navigator from the following

description which has been given of his judges.

The council met at Salamanca, "It was entirely composed of friars, priests, and monks, who monopolized all the learning both secular and religi and religious of that age. Some were men of arge and philosophic minds; others, narrow bigots: but all were imbued with the notion that geographical discovery had reached its limits long previously. Before this learned body had Columbus, a simple scaman, strong in nothing Columbus, a simple scaman, strong in nothing save the energy of his convictions and the fire of his enthusiasm, to appear and defend a scheme which to them must have appeared little short of the dream of a madman. Objections of all kinds the dream of a madman. were made to his extraordinary undertaking. Columbus quoted Pliny to show that many of the wisest of the ancients entertained a belief in the existence of a southern antipodes; but a learned monk, in reply, argued in the following terms Is there anyone so foolish as to believe that there are antipodes with their feet opposite to there are antipodes with their lees upwards ours; people who work with their lees upwards and their leads hanging down; that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsyturvy; where the trees grow with their branches downwards, and where it rains, hails, and snows upwards! The idea of the roundness of the carth was the cause of inventing this fable of the antipodes, with their heels in the air, for these philosophers, having once erred, go on in their absurdities, defending one another. Columbus, in reply, patiently argued that the earth was spherical, like a ball : but the council would not receive such a ridiculous notion, and after long consultation broke up without arriving at any

decision Seven long, weary years passed away, seven years of hope deferred, during which Columbus had applied to other courts but with no better voyage of discovery when he was nearly fifty-six old

He had no sooner set sail than he discovered that he was the only man who had any faith in the enterprise. The sailors were sceptical and timid, and, as they sailed over unknown seas, timed, and, as they sales of their fears, and, when these were mavailing, to threaten mutiny. Columbia did his best to quell the discontent of his crew, but to little purpose; and what would have been the result if a less-determined commander had been in his place there needs no words to tell At length, after a voyage of sixty days, the sailors began to look at each other with wonder, and to look at Columbus with mysterious dread! For, strange birds began to mysterious dread! For, strange birds began to settle on the rigging of the ships, and every now and then plants and pieces of draft-wood were seen floating on the sea. These things all be-tokened that they were nearing a country of some kind, and that the dream of Columbus' life was perhaps about to be fulfilled! At last, while every heart was beating with excitement, a sailor who was leaning over the side of the vessel. fished-up a custonsly-carved instrument and blanch of a tree, filled with red berries. Soon Scon after the cry arose "Land! Land!" There was land indeed; Columbus had been no dreamer

Baliamas ! We cannot pause to tell of his triumphan feelings, or to follow him as he proceeded on his voyage of discovery. After discovering several other of the West India Islands, he set sail again for Spain. It was in the month of April again for Spain. It was in the month of April, 1493, we are told, and a fine spring morning, that Columbus entered Excelona. On the city walls and housetops waved clouds of banners and ensigns, and every ship in the harbour was dressed with flags from stem to stern. Columbus marched through the street surrounded by more than royal pomp. Seven Indians, who had been brought from the distant islands of the New World. and had survived the voyage marched in two ranks, decked out in all their trappings, rings of gold on their legs and crowns of feathers on their heads. The Procession at last arrived at the palace, where Ferdinand and Isabella awaited the triumphant voyager. Surrounded by a brilliant growd of Spanish knights the grey-haired Columbus tered. The sovereigns rose up to receive him, and a murmur of appliance burst from the crowd. Columbus bent the knee before the throne, but Isabella bade him rise, and having kissed the hands of their highnesses, he took his seat among hands of their mighnesses, he took his seat among the nobles. He then gave an account of the most important events of his voyage, exhibited his maps, with the gold, the spices, and other productions of the countries he had discovered, and declared that all this was but the harbinger

of still greater marvels. After having been thus triumphantly received Court and people, Columbus, in the of the same year, again set sail on a second expedition, and during this voyage he discovered the Caribee Islands and Jamaica. During a third oyage, he discovered Trinidad and the n ontho of Orinoco, and landed at Paria, on the coast

of South America.

One would like, after thus recounting the plendid services which Columbus had rendered, to see him spending a calm, green, old age.
This however, was not to be, and the old man's This, however, was not to be, last days were embittered by treachery and injustice. He died in poverty at Valladolid, May 20, 1506, Biography, it has been well furnishes no parallel to the life Columbus. there have been who have met with disappointment and injustice; but there is perhaps no other instance of a great nan whom disappointment and injustice did not isgust; who had his greatness recognised in his lifetime, and yet was robbed of the emolument it entitled him to, and who, after his death, had the honour he had so hardly on, conferred upon another. His life, never theless, is one eloqueut commentary upon the success which crowns singleness of purpose.

"DIP IT UP THEN!

A sarr was sailing in the southern waters of the Atlantic, when her erew saw another vessel making signals of distress. They bore down toward the distressed ship and hailed them. What is the matter !

"We are dying for water," was the response. "Dip it up, then!" was answered.
are in the mouth of the Amazon River!" There those sailors were thirsting, and suffer-

of his frequently proposed scheme. Three small ing, and fearing, and longing for water, and vessels, only one of which was decked, were supposing that there was nothing but the ocean's placed under his command; with these, and one brine around them, when, in fact, they had hundred and twenty men, he set out on his sailed unconsciously into the broad mouth of the mightiest river on the globe and did not know it And though to them it seemed that they must perish with thirst, yet there was a hundred miles of fresh water all around them, and they had

perais with thirst, yet there was a hundred miles of fresh water all around them, and they had nothing to do but to "dip it up!" Jesus Christ says: "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink," "And the Spirit and the Britle say, Come, and whose we will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely." Thirsten and the freely." Thirsting soul, the flood is all around you; "dip it up, then!" and druk, and thirst Thirsting soul, the flood is all around

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

I am on the bright side of seventy," said an aged man of God; "the bright side, been nearer to everlasting glory." said another, "but I am happy" "My work is done," said the Countess of Huntingdon when said another, said the Countess of Huntingdon wave eighty-four years old; "I have nothing to do but to not Father." To a humble Christian of the counter of eighty-four years old; "I have nothing to the but to go to my Father." To a humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world." "Fear it, sir!" he replied; "I another world," "Fear it, sir!" he replied; "I know I am; but, blessed he the Lord! I do not fear it, I hope it."

NO STINDAY WORK

Ar the second annual meeting of the Society for Promoting the due Observance of the Lord's Day, the Rev. Hugh Stowell stated that at a large meeting which was held at Manchester, to petition the legislature on the better observance of the Sabbath, a leading spinner came forward, said, "that there was nothing more common than said, "that there was nothing more common than to hear from his brother spinners and master manufacturers this assertion, 'If you stop the null altogether on Sunday, you must frequently stop it on Monday also; because if the gets out of order, or any other necessary repair be required, it must be done on the Sunday, or the mill cannot proceed on the Monday.' 'Now all this seems mighty plausible, said the good man,
but I can prove it to be false; for in my mill I suffered a stroke to be struck on the Sabbath. On one occasion my boiler had suffered a misfortune on a Saturday, and I feared the mill must stop on the Monday, but determined mill must stop on the Monday, but determined to try what could be done. I sent for a leading engineer, and said to him, 'Can you have the mill ready to work on Monday morning?' 'Yes, certaully I can.' 'But then,' said I, 'do you mean to work on Sunday!' 'Of course, sur.' But, and I, you shall not do in it my mill. But I cannot mend the boiler, if I d said he. I said, 'I do not care, you shall not work in my mall on Sunday. I would rather that my mill stood the whole of Monday, than that the Sabbath should be violated ! man said, 'You are different from all other masters.' I said 'My Bible, not the conduct of masters. I said '319 Bible, not the conduct of others, is my rule; and you must do it without working ou Sunday, or I will try to get some-body else.' This had the desired effect: they set to work, and worked till twelve o'clock on th Saturday night, and began again at twelve o'clock on the Sunday night; and the repairs were finished and the null was in full work, at the usual hour on Monday morning."

BUFFON, AND POOR JOSEPH.

BUFFON rose always with the sun, and he used often to tell by what means he had accustomed himself to get out of bed so early. "In my youth," he said, "I was very fond of sleep; it obbed me of a great deal of my time; but my servant Joseph was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he could make me get up The next morning he did not fail to awake and torment me; but he received The day after he did the same, with no better euccess; and I was obliged at noon to that he did not know how to manage his business; that he ought to think of my promise, and not mind my threats. The day following he cm ployed force; I begged for indulgence—I bid him begone—I stormed—but Joseph persisted. I'm segone—I stormed—out Joseph Persisted.
I was, therefore, obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day, for the abuse which he suffered et the moment when I awoke, by thanks, accompanied by a crown, which he re-ceived about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my work."

The Volume of the "Children's Friend" for 1867. Price 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d.

EVILS OF THE CREDIT SYSTEM. Addressed to the Working Classes

BY UNCLE DAVID,

Author of Good Servants, Good Waves, & Happy Homes

My intercourse with the world causes me mingle with all sorts of people, and often leads me into the shops of dealers of various kinds. One day, while conversing with a general dealer se customers are chiefly of the working class, I observed that scarcely any who came to pur chase during the time I remained, paid for the articles they bought. A little book was presented by each customer, in which the purch were entered, and then a corresponding entry was made in the book of the shopkeeper. "This is a very troublesome way of doing business," I

Yes," said the shopkeeper, "but the credit system has undappily become so general that there is no carrying on husiness without it."

your shop, I conclude you mus smount of debts in your books." I conclude you must have a large

surprised, perhaps, to learn Yes, you will be that debts, good and bad, reach at this time the sum of £800, all owing by working men, in varying amounts from £5 to £20 each, and for which I should be very glad to receive onehalf.

"This seems to be a most calamitous state ment, both as regards yourself and your custom

"Yes, to myself it is a source of daily annoy-ance and vexation, and to my customers the occasion of endless evils."

"But how can you carry on business while subject to such heavy losses

"I am obliged to put an extra profit on the articles I sell, or else keep inferior goods; and put an extra profit on the when both these means are employed I often

fail to cover the losses I sustain. But whence arises this wretched system of

buying on trust i Generally from the improvidence of my customers, whose expenditure is almost always of their wages, and who consequently are constantly in arrears. The evil is also promoted by the custom adopted by many master. of paying their men fortnightly; or of keeping a running account with them, and balancing once a month.

"But how easily might this state of things be remedied by the working classes were they to exercise a little economy and foresight.

"Undoubtedly it might; and it might naturally be supposed that a regard for their own welfare and happiness would induce this. For besides the per-centage they are obliged to pay for credit, and which, whatever may be said against the tradesman for charging it, is indispensable for his own preservation, they often subject themselves to heavy law expenses; and they are tempted besides to all kinds of falsehood, deceit, and dishonesty, either for the purpose of running deeper into debt, or of evading payment altogether. But, alas! in numberless instances, intemperance, thoughtlessness, and domestic mismanagement, with an utter disregard of the like some fatal infetuation, by which they are kept poor and wretched. with the present abundance of employ, and the high rate of wages."

"The evils of such a system must be very great.

"To you, as the well-known friend of the working man, 1 will speak candidly. 1 reckon that persons who adopt the trust system in the that persons who adopt the trass system is the way we have been speaking of, pay from 10 to 15 per cent. extra for all they buy; for in addi-tion to extra profit, inferior articles, and law exis the habit of pawning which penses, there is the habit of pawning which almost invariably follows; and when all these are put together it will be found that for the sake of the working man sacrifices three shillings of every pound he earns, which, if you reckon his wages at twenty-five shillings a week, amounts to wages at twenty-tree similings a year; well may families be poor when this is the case. Surely the man who has to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow ought to be wiser than this! Yet I am sorry to say that though these consequences of the credit system are so obvious, and must be productive of so much misery to the working man, it is becoming more and more prevalent. Indeed there are many who seem to make debt their very element. They live in it; they regard it as a necessary evil; they scarcely wish— at least; they never energetically strive—to get

debt is eminently a demoralizing system. The man who indulges it, loses by degrees the power man wao indulges it, loses by degrees the power to keep a shilling in his pocket; he soon forfeits that self-respect which hes at the foundation of character. By giving up the exercise of refleccaaracter. By giving up the exercise of reflec-tion and forethought, a ruinous recklessness of all consequences follows; the power of self-denial is destroyed, and the reins are thrown on the neck of self-indulgence, regardless of whatever may ensue either to himself or others."

This conversation, which was somewhat ex-tended, caused me to leave the shop reflecting on the evils of a system which is evidently spring, and sapping the foundations of social comfort and prosperity. It occurred to me that within the limits of a short walk there were two mechanics employed in the same works who "Judging by what I have seen since I entered lived with their families contiguous to each other, and whose opposite habits would give increasing effect to the impression I had received, so I resolved to pay a visit to cach. I may here state that for m one house, the husband and wife in company may be seen on the Saturday evening issuing forth to make their weekly markets, w money in hand, prepared to purchase at the best market, and to the greatest advantage; from th other the wife may be observed, from time to time, stealing out with flurried step, and at untunely hours, to obtain by credit, as best she an, the various articles which the urgency of the occasion may require in a family which hves from hand to mouth, without order or contriv-By both families the same amount of wages is received, and the same degree of com might be enjoyed.

On entering the house of the former, after the mal salutations, I said "Mrs. Foresight, I have just been impressed with the evil of working just been impressed with the cvil of working people habitually buying on credit, and as I know your maxim is 'to owe no man anything,' I shall be glad to learn how you carry this principle out.

Foresight replied, "O, sir, it is very easily done. The difference between a workman who pays with ready-money for all he buys, and another who lives on credit, is in one view very small, but in another it is very great. A very small sum saved or squandered, and a very slight effort made or refused, makes all the difference between a life of control and a life of future misery. A little makes the difference, but that difference is very great! If you look round my But t dwelling you will see that it presents as much comfort as a working family can expect; now it is the result of little savings, and little acts of self-denial. My husband and I commenced life with a determination to submit to any privation rather than run in debt. He often says that the habit of getting into debt is morally wrong, and economically the most foolish of blunders that if he were to include in it he should acrifice his independence, his peace of mind, and subject himself to a bondage which would ecasion constant trouble and fear Our object therefore, has been always to have somet and, and something in store. We cannot save much at a time, but the Scotch proverb says,

Mony a little maks a mickle," and by a steady uniform accumulation of httle savings, we not only keep ahead of our expenses, but have much in the Savings' Bank as will enable us shortly to have a house of our own The consequence is, with cash in hand, whatever shop we enter, we are always welcome, we can at the cheapest market, and make the best

of every penny we expend."
Scarcely had she ended, when our attention as arrested by a violent altercation at the next door. Mrs. Foresight looked out from window to see the occasion of it. With evi With evident agitation she exclaimed, "Oh! it is sad, very sad on know Mrs. Random, at the next door; she buys everything on trust, and now there is Sh hawker, and a bailiff going to mark the goods in the house. Whatever will become of the family? I have often warned her against of the family ? I have often warned not against that man, but she wouldn't listen to advice. He goes about prowling from one neighbourhood to another at times when idle wives are gossiping and their husbands at work ; he carries with him a lot of showy goods got up for sale, but which have no wear in them ; these he offers as a wonderful bargain, dirt cheap; then, when he has hooked his fish, he says, 'If you've no money, it's of no consequence ; you can have the article at least; they never energetically strive—to get | st of no consequence; you can have the article | little twing tuning to waten orse and two. **Constitution of the stripe of their stores, **Constitution of the stripe of the s

or he becomes so habituated to it that he ceases paymbroker; then something or other comes filled with joy. They were very beautiful to feel the pressure of the eval."

"I have long seen and lamented it as one of the small debt's court follows as a matter of and rose-colour and there was a delicited salvery the most serious evils that affect seciety."

"You are right; this habit of running into a family becomes throwlved in want and minery for was delicious. Among examined them more weeks and months. Perhaps the husband than he ever did flowers before; and ne knows nothing of the debt until the summons is flowers look so beautiful to him as these. knows nothing of the debt until the summons is discreted upon him. In this way poor Mary has given token in; and now I fear all the goods will be from all harm. He made a framework out of such tips, as a he could get, so that it should not such things as he could get, so that it should not in their claims.

"I have understood that she has pursued

ourse just the reverse of your own?" I remarked.
" Unhappily she has," said Mrs. Foresight "and
unfully have her husband and children had to suffer for it. John would have been a different man had he been sintably mated; but his wife has had no management; his wages have been ex-pended he could never tell how; then, by buying everything on credit, at the nearest place, and just when it was wanted, without any regard to the pay-day, she has been continually involving husband in debt, and subjecting him to all kinds of annoyances. The consequence is, that now they seem to have lost all moral principle, all respect for themselves, and all concern for others, not caring whom they plunder provided they can get into their books, and obtain they can get into their books, and obtain present supplies and gratifications, regardless of all that may follow in future.

This, Mrs. Foresight," I said, "is a fearful state of things; one cannot think of it but with ity and censure. It furnishes a striking example of the evd of buying on trust, and of the pernici

influence it exerts."

As I knew that my interposition could avail

thing in remedying the state of things at the adjoining dwelling. I took my leave of Mrs. Fore sight, after congratulating her on account of better course she was pursuing, with my mind more deeply impressed than ever with the importance of the precept, "owe no man anything."
As I returned home musing, I said to myself,
how truly have I been told, that a very small sum of money saved or squandered,
—a very slight personal effort made, or refused. makes all the difference between a life of comfort and one of misery. A week of time, -twenty or twenty-five shillings possessed in edvance, consti-tute all the interval between them. One effort, one sacrifice, the cost of which is scarcely worth mentioning, and instead of a man finding all his week's wages forestalled and absorbed by his debts, and nothing left to supply present or feture wants, he has his money free in his hand, ready to be employed to the greatest advantage. But then, the effort,—the sacrifice must not be one of a single week; it must not be a snow modic effort. but perpetuated with constancy from week to week -from month to month Nov as it is the nature of acts to pass into habits, and habits when good always yield their own reward. this repetition of effort instead of rendering the asier, and increasingly productive of peace, happiness, and prosperity. How important, therefore hat such habits should be early formed,—that children should be taught to economise money, to avoid foolish and self-indulgent expenditure, —to dread debt, to exercise foresight and industry: how necessary to remove from them all temptations to possess themselves of the goods of others by fraudulent or deceptive means, and to keep far from their minds all inducement to falseod, hypocrisy, and extravagance. But on om do these duties devolve? Certainly on parents, and it is because so many parents are defective in this duty that there is so much carelessness, extravagance, misery, and dishonesty in the world. As the twig is bent so the tree inclines.

THE PRISONER AND THE FLOWER.

THERE is a benutiful story in French of a prisoner who became exceedingly attached to a llower. He was put in prison by Napoleon, because he was susposed to be an enemy of the Government. One day, as Charney (for that was his name) was walking in the yard adjoining his cell, he saw a plent pushing up from joining his cell, he saw a plent pushing up from between the stones. How it came there he could not tell. Perhaps some one carelessly dropped the seed, or perhaps the seed was blown over the wall by the wind. He knew not what plant it was, but he felt e great interest in it. Shut up within those walls, away from all his friends, not permitted to interest himself with either reading or writing, he was glad to have this little living thing to watch over and love. Every

family becomes involved in want and misery for was delicious. Charney examined them more weeks and months. Perhaps the husband than he ever did flowers before; and never did

be broke down by some careless foot, or by the wind. One day there was a hailstorm, and, to keep the tender plant from the pelting of the hail, he stood bending over it as long as the storm lasted

The plant was something more than a pleasure and a comfort to the prisoner. It taught him such things that he never knew before though he was a very learned man. When he went into the prison be was an infidel. He did mot believe there was a God; and among his ecribbings on the prison-wall he had written, "All things come by chance." But, as he watched his loved flower, its opening beauties told him that there is a God. He felt that none but He could make that flower; end be said that flower had taught him more than he had ever arned from the wise men of the earth.

The cherished and guarded plant proved of great service to the prisoner. It was the means of his being set free! There was another prisoner, an Italian, whose daughter came to visit him. She was much interested by the tender care which Charney took of his plant. one time it seemed as if it would shortly die, and Charney felt very sad. He wished thet he could take up the stones around it; but he could not without permission. The Itelian managed to see the Empress Josephine, and to tell her about it, and permission was given to Charney to do with his plant as he desired. The stones were taken up, and the earth was loosened, and the flower was soon as bright as

New the Empress thought much of flowers. Now the Empress thought much of flowers. It is said that she admired "the purple of her cactus more than the imperial purple of her robe, and that the perfume of her magnolias was pleasanter to her than the flattery of her attendants." She, too, had a cheriahed flower,—the sweet justaine,—that she had bright from the home of her youth, a far-off bright from the home of her youth, a far-off she had been supply from the home of her youth, a far-off she had been supply from the home of her youth, a far-off she was the same of the s prompt from the home of her youth, a far-oil island of the West Indies. This had been planted and reared by her own hand; and, though its simple beauty would scarcely have excited the attention of a stranger, it was dearer to her than all the rare and brilliant flowers that filled her hot-houses. She thought much of the prisoner that took such care of his one flower. She inquired about him ; and, after a little time, persuaded the Emperor to give bim his freedom. And when Charney left the prison, he took the plant with him to his home; for he could not bear to part with this sweet companion that had cheered him in his lonely prison-life, taught him such lessons of wisdom, and was at last the means setting hun free.

Some, perhaps, would say that the seed of this flower got into the prison-yard, and took root in the earth between the stones by chance. and that this was all very lucky for the prisoner. But this is not so. Nothing comes by chance. God sent that seed there, and made it lodge in the right place for it to grow. He sent it to be the means of good to the poor prisoner. Little first pushing up from between the stones, that by it God would free him from prison, and, what was better, deliver him from his infidelity.

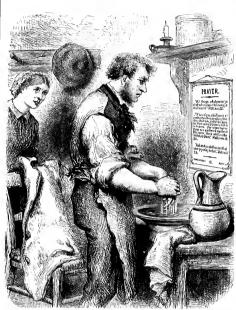
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POSTAL NOTICE



"You see, sir, my husband cannot come here to wish himself without seeing the words of God."

A THOUGHTPUL WIFE

I WENT into a room the other day in the East of London to inquire after the family of a working-man. The husband was from home, but the wife manifested by her conversation the deep interest which she felt in the spiritual welfare of her huswhich she felt in the spritual welfare of her hus-band. While speaking she took a candle from the table and conducted me to the side of the room, and there shewed me where she had dis-played some texts of Scripture over a wash-stand. She then said with much earnestness:—

"You see, sir, my husband cannot come here to wash himself without seeing the words of God." REV. W. TYLER.

* These "Silent Monitors"—with texts for every day of the month, issued by the Religious Tract Society, and the Dublin Tract Repository, &c.—may be had through any

"HOW TO ADORN YOUR COTTAGE."

Derive the past trying winter, I called one day to see a poor family who had recently been in a great deal of trouble. The husband and father was a coal-heaver, and had constant work when in health, for he was a sober, steady man, industrious out, and good to his wife and family at home. I had lost sight of them for nearly at home. I had lost sight of them for nearly two years; but lately the wife celled upon me, to tell me of her present abode, and of her winter's troubles. Her lumband had met with one the winter's troubles. Her lumband had met with one

accident, and been laid up for some time : the consequence was that they had been brought to the verge of utter destitution. The poor wife seemed so spent with want and trouble, that she had scarcely strength to tell me her sad tale. had scarcely strength to tell me her sad tale. I at once went to see their condition at home. The husband was now able to be at work signir; and the wife was sanguine that they would be "all right in the spring." In their "best room" which was poor, but clean, I noficed properties a number of gay pictures in galt frames, Some of them were Scripture subjects; and come or them were Scripture subjects; and though they were all of a cheap kind, they made the little room look very pretty and bright. "How did you manage to get such an array of pictures t" I asked.

"Oh, John managed to get 'em, ma'am, when he was in regular work ; he saved up his odd pence instead of spending e'm in beer and to-bacco. Some of 'em he framed himself. He's

bacco. Some of 'em ne transcu massen. Les so fond of pictures, and so proud o' these."

"That's right," said I. "How much better it is to spend 'odd pence' in making home pretty and comfortable, than in spending them on uscless and hurtful things !



one separately, while she made remarks and explanations. Among them the British Workman Adminish had a place. It was prettify "got up," with a coloured border round it, and looked as it for the answer was the her humber priceurs." In D. Brown's work on the Restruction, there is a heavital parable from Hulley.

The story is of a servari, who, receiving a salver the answer was that her humber must be fair fruit of saved penines. Am there not thousands of homes have of decorations, and even of common combors, simply because useful pence are squandered at the pubble-house I N. R.

THE SWEARER'S WAGES.

It is very sad to hear men swear. It is sadder still to hear little boys. There was once a man stul to hear little boys. There was once a man in a coach who swore very much. Some one in the ceach at length said, "My good Sir, you will much please the company if you all only swear in Hebrete!" The man felt at once that he was

In Hebrice!" The man left at once that he was doing wrong, and ceased to swear altogether.

But I wish now to tell you of another case.

A young man was using very bad words. A kind good man came up to him and said:

A.—What ways does Satan allow you for

swearing, young man ?
B.—What do you mean ?

A .- I mean what I say. Do you have high or low wages ?

B.—I don't get any wages.

A.—From the manner in which you pour out aths, your wages must be very high. B.—Well, they are not.

A .- So I see, and allow me to tell you that you work cheap, very cheap, cheaper than any person I ever heard of. I never knew anyone having such miserable wages for so much work.

R. -There is something in what you say, and A.—Yes—yes— there — something -

A.—1 es—yes — there — something — cheap work, cheap york, I tell you. Just look—you lay aside the character of a well-bred man and gentleman; you niqure the feelings of your best friends, and in fact cause pain to all civil people who hear you swear; you dishonour the name of your Maker; and run the risk of being your priceless soul, and all for nothing. Young man, I tell you, you work for a hard master—and you work cheap —very cheap indeed.

The young man was rebuked, and expressed his thanks I hope he ceased to swear after that.



that its recovery is impossible, till the master comes on the scene and infusessalt-water, which precipitates the solution, and

then, by melting and hammering the metal, he

restores to its original shape.

With this incident, a sceptic—one of whose great stumbling-blocks was the resurrection so struck that he ultimately renounced his op-position to the Gospel, and became a partaker of the Christian hope of immortality.

THE OLD HORSE'S APPEAL.

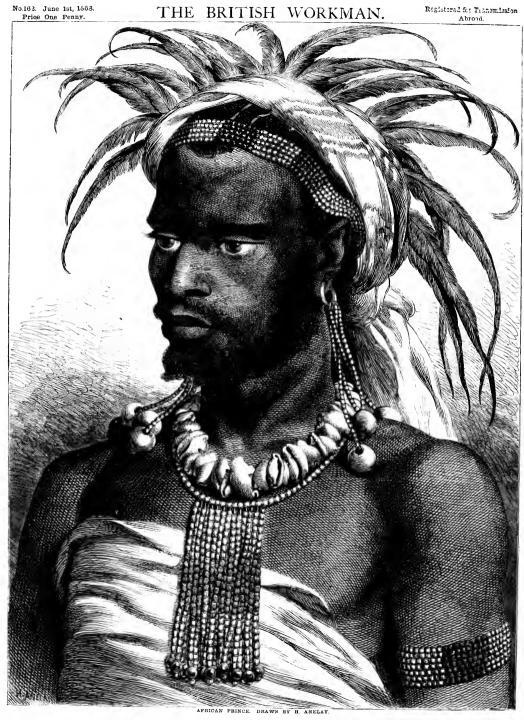
"ONCE upon a time, a king who wished justice to "Oxer upon a time, a king who wished justice to be done to all his people had a bell put up, so that any one who was mirred by another might ring it, when the king assembled the wise men, that justice might be done. From long use, the lower end of the rope was worn away, and a piece of wild vine was fastened on to lengthen it. "It so happened that a Knight had a noble

horse, which had served him long and well, but having grown old and useless, was meanly and cruelly turned out on the common to take care crueity turned out on the common to take care of himself. Driven by hunger, the horse began biting at the vine, when the bell rung out loud and clear; and, lo! the wise men assembled, and finding that it was a poor half-starved horse that was sounding the call, and thus asking for justice, though he knew it not, examined into his case, and decreed that the Knight, whom he had served in his youth, should feed and care for him in his old age!

"And the king confirmed the decree, adding to it a heavy fine if the Knight neglected his duty to the faithful animal."



THE OLD MORSE'S APPEAL. From Mary Howitt's Illustrated book "Our Four-footed Friends."



CELEBRATED AFRICANS.

THERE can be no doubt but that in Africa ther have from time to time arisen men who describe celebrity, but of whom no record has been pre served—great commanders and statesmen, whose sorved—great commanders and statesmen, whose vames, had they lived in more civilised regions, would have filled a large space on the historic page. Of these "chiefs," who have passed away "unhonoured and unsung," we may form some conception from what we know of

SEBITUANE, CHIEF OF THE MAKOLOLO.

of whom, but for the energetic determination of Dr. Livingstope, we should probably never have heard more than the name. This man, who at his death was one of the most powerful chiefs in South Africa, was for many years the leader of a small band of fugitives, who had been driven from their native land by powerful enemies.

Wherever they went they found every man's hand turned against them Surviving an assaults, they became, as it were, consolidated by them into a rock on which their foes dashed to their own destruction. Their leader had a genius for war which has caused those Europeans who are most familiar with his exploits to compare him even to Casar and Napolcon. Unlike them, however, he never displayed any ambition for foreign ever, he never displayed any ambition for foving comparest. Almost ceaselessly engaged in hostilities, he always acted strictly on the defensive, and its tensely longed for peace. For this end he made several attempts to open up communications with the English, m the hope of obtaining from them such firearms as would discourage his enemies from attacking him. At length the desire of hisbeat was granted: in 1851, when Subitame was about forty-five years of age, Livingstone reached him. Sad, however, to relate, he died in a few works after the dream of his whole life had been realised, and intercourse with the white man had been opened up. But although he is goon, his works live after him, for it was by enemies from attacking him. At length the desire he old system which prevented trade and civilisation from penetrating into the great central valley of Africa was broken up. Dr. Livingstone says that he was "unquestionably the greatest man in all that country," and thus describes his personal appearance: "Sebt can was about forty-five years of age, of a tall and wiry form, of an olive, or coffee-and-sailk colour. and slightly bald, in manner cool and collected, and more frank in his answers than any other chief I ever met. He was the greatest warrior ever heard of beyond the colony,

Nearly all the African races have be a distinguished for courage, and some of the

AFRICAN SOLDIERS

have stood in the very first rank of the military profession. Hannibal, the great Carthaginian general, the most formidable for with whom the Romans ever had to contend, and whom it required all their power to crush, was of course an African.

A nameaske of his, in the reign of Peter the
Great, became in Russia lieutenant-general and director of actillery, and on account of his dis-tinguished services, was decreated with the red riband of the order of St. Alexander Neuski. His son rose, in 1784, to the same rank.

Geoffrey L'Istet, a mulatto, and an officer of

artillary in the French atmustaco, and an officer of artillary in the French atmy, was likewise eminent for his scientific co-prirements. Although he never visited Burope, and had very few facilities for obtaining knowledge, he was well versed in botany, natural philosophy, geology, and astronomy. He was the founder of a scientific society in the Isla of France. In 1786 he was named a correspondent of the French Academy of Sciences, to which learned body he regularly transmitted meteo rical observatious, and sometimes hydrographical journals. His maps of the Isle of France, delineated according to astronomical observations, were published, with other plans, in 1791, by the order of the Minister of Marine.

But the greatest of modern African soldiers and, indeed, one of the greatest soldiers and statesmen of modern times, was Tousmint L'Ouwriere. Toussaint was born in the Island of St. Domingo in 1743 or 1745. His parents were African slaves, and he himself continued in were Arrican stayes, and no memori continues in boundage until he was nearly fifty years of age. As a slave his lot was unusually happy. From various sources he had contrived to obtain consivarious sources he had centrived to obtain consi. Dote derable information, and his intelligence and Witten integrity fitted him for various positions of trust his to which he was successively advanced. The same qualities, combined with his modesty, piety, the same qualities, combined with his modesty, piety, and betweenene, own for him the exteem below of slave's and slave-owners. When the insurrec-tion of the blacks took where is Amoust 1970. tion of the blacks took place in August 1791,

to his care and ingenuity that his master and his family were saved from massacre, and ultimately enabled to escape to the United States. Then he joined his countrymen in their struggle for freedom, and at once assumed a leading rank among them. In less than five years he was nominally commander-in-chief of the French forces in St. Domingo, but really the independent ruler of a free people. Under his govern-ment the island was restored to more than its

former prosperity.

But Napoleon Bonaparte had conceived an But Napoleon Bonaparte had conceived an emity against him—some affirm through envy of his superior military and administrative genius. He therefore resolved upon his destruction, and the more readily as he foresaw that in the struggle with the negro commander, many of his former republican friends, whose presence had become irksome, and, perhaps, even dangerous to the ambitious first consul, would perish. A force of 25,000 men, the flower of the French troops 25,960 men, the flower of the french troops, was despatched to St. Domingo. After a valuent struggle, in which more than 30,000 persons perished, Toussaint was compelled, by the deperished, Toussaint was compelled, by the ue-sertion of some of his chief officers, to submit, though on the most honourable terms. Indeed the terms of the treaty were that Toussaint should continue to govern St. Domingo as before, Leclere, the French general, acting only in the capacity of French deputy, and that all the officers in Toussaint's army should be allowed to retain their respective ranks. But this solemn engagement was broken, and Toussaint treacher isly conveyed a prisoner to France. There he onsy conveyed a prisoner to France. There he was confined in an Alpine dungoon, deside more than the common necessaries of life, and after an imprisonment of ten mouths he was found dead in his dungoon on the 27th of April, 1803.

Toussaint L'Ouverture is simply the best

known of the

AFRICAN STATESMEN,

but by no means the only negro who can claim this lofty designation. Desattives, Christophy, Peton, and Boger, his successors in Hayti, were all men of colour, and rulers of more than ordinary ability. The Honourable Benjamia Roberts, President of the Republic of Liberia, who was already and the property of the president of the respectively. who was a slave until middle life; the Honour able Richard Hill, the Honourable Edward Jordan, the Honourable Peter Monerief, all negroes and all schators of Jamaica.

The late King Theodore, of Abyssinia of whom

we are not, perhaps, disposed to take the most favourable view, was a ruler of no ordinary tavourable view, was a ruler of no ordinary addity. After his accession to power, he began to inaugurate a series of reforms, which, it has been said, "had he lived in another country, or had suitable advisers at his side, would have had sutable advisers at his side, would have gained him a repretation equal to that of Peter, or Frederick, the Great." A description of him may not be unser; stable to our reader,—here is one penned by one of the late captives in Magalai: "Theodorns is about forty-eight years of age, darker than many of his countrymen; his black eyes are slightly depressed, the nose straight, the month large, the lips small; he is well-knit, a splendid horseman, excels in the use of the spear, and on foot will tire his hardiest followers. When in good humour the expres-sion of his countenance is pleasing, his smile attractive, his manuers courteous, really kingly; but when in anger, his aspect is frightful, his black face acquires an ashy hue, his eyes, bloods shot and fierce, seem to shed fire, his thin lips, compressed, leave but a whitish margin round the month his attractive, his manners courteous, re mouth, his very hair seems to stand erect, and his whole deportment is that of a savage and

ungovernable fury."

To some men, believers in the "natural in feriority " of the negro race, it will seem suffi-ciently Indicrous to speak as we have done of what will they say, then, "African statesmen;" what wi when we go on to speak also of

AFRICAN SCHOLARS & PHILOSOPHERS Yet, in spite of the adverse circumstances with which they have had to contend, such perwith which tucy have nad to contone, such per-sons have appeared even in modern tunes. Euclid, the father of geometry, is not the only great mathematician which Africa has produced.

In 1734, Anthony William Amo, an African from the coast of Guinea, took the degree of Doctor in Philosophy at the University Wittemburg. According to Blumenbach, two of his dissertations exhibit much woll-digested knowledge of the best physiological works of the time. He was well versed in astronomy, and spoke the Latin, Hebrew, Greek, French, Dutch, and German languages. In an account of his life, published by the academic council of the tion of the blacks took place in August 1721, the proteined by the candenuc consent of the great exertions were made by the insurgents to University, his integrity, blacks, industry, and induce a negro of his respectability and reputs-tion to join them in their first outbreak, but he Berlin conferred upon bin the title of Coun-teredilly refused. On the contrary, it was owing

Benjamin Bonneker was been bear the village
of Ellicott's Mills, in Beltimors, county Maryland, in the year 1732. His falter ran born in
Mrica, and his mother's parents were both ratives of Mirics. When he was approaching
namhood, he went, in the intervals of told, to an
obscure and remote country school, where he
acquired a knowledge of rending and ariting, and
a little arithmetic. From this point he was entirely self taught. In his thrustell year he
astaumded his nicibboury be contracting a obes, astounded his neighbours by constructing a clock, with no other help than a sight of a watch, a clock he had never seen. That which he con-structed was probably the first of which every

portion was made in America. In the year 1787 he received from a friend a present of Ferguson's "Astronomy," Mayer's "Table..." Leadbetter's Lunar Tubles," and some astronomical instru-ients. From this time astronomy became the ments. From this time astronomy became the great object of his life, and in its study he almost disappeared from the sight of his neigh-He had still to labour for his livis hours. but he so simplified his wants as to be enabled to devote the greater portion of his time to astronomical studies. He slept much during the day, that he might the more devotedly observe at might the heavenly bodies, whose laws he slowly but surely mastering. Very soon after receiving the books already mentioned, he determined to compile an almanae, that heing the information he had acquired. This was a task of very different magnitude and difficulty than it would be now, when there is an abundance of accurate tables and rules; but without the least assistance from any person or books, beside the three volumes mentioned, he accomplished his self-appointed labour, and in 1792 published his first almanae, exhibiting the varying as-pects of the planets, a table of the motions

of the sun and muon, their risings and set tings, and the courses of the bedies of the planetary system. These calculations were so thorough and exact as to win the approbation of Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, and other eminent men ad one of his almanacs was produced in the and one of his almanacs was produced in the House of Commons as an argument in favour of the education of the coloured people, and of their liberation from their wretched thraldom. In 1804, Banneker died, beloved and respected by all who knew him. Though no monument marks the spot where he was born, and lived a true and noble life, yet history must record that one of the most original scientific intellects of which the Southern States of America can boast was that of the pure African, Benjamin Ban-

The story of Capitien, the scholar and divine the author of Latin works in both prese and the author of Latin works in both prose and verse; of Thomas Fuller, a marvel of arithmetical ability; of Thomas Jenkins, whose successful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties awoke admiration in all who knew him; of Jomes Derham, who, though born a slave, b distinguished physicians in N. Otleans of Dr. James McClue Smith, who, when he took his degree of medicine at the University of Glasgow, bore away the first prize from five hun Glasgow, over away the first prize from five mun-dred students; of any of the present generation of African scholars, such as Bishop Payne, the Principal of the Wilberforce University for the Freedmen in America, we have not space to tell. Nor can we do more than name the

APRICAN POPES

Casur, of North Carolina; Sunna, the Kath-chief; Placido, the unfortunate Cuban patriot o, the correspondent of Sterne and Francis Williams, a protegé of the Duke of Montague, whose Latin verses won the commendation of competent English scholars. But from the works of Phillis Wheatley we must cull a few lines:-

"As reason's powers by day our God discl So may we trace Him in the night's repose. Say, what is sleep? and dreams, how passing strang en action ceases and ideas range Licentions and unbounded o'er the plains Where fancy's queen in giddy trimuph reign Hear in soft strains the dreaming lover righ To a kind fair, and rave in jestoney; On pleasure now, and now on vengtance bent, The labouring passions structle for a vent What power, O man! thy reason ther So long suspended in northernal hours What secret hand restores the most ditrain And gives improved thine active powers again? From thee, O man! what gratitude should rise! And when from balmy sleep thou op'st thine eyes, Let thy first thoughts be praises to the skies."

These lines are taken from a long poem on the "Providence of God," which if it were repro-duced by us would nearly fill two of our columns: will it be believed that they were written by an

is born near the village African slave-garl, at the age of sixteen or eighteen !

At the present time, in the American Southern At the present tune, in the American Southern States, the eagerness of the Freedmen in learn-ing to read and write is most extraordinary, as the various reports of the Freedmens Aid Societies pleasingly testify. A few years will doubtless see many of these emancipated slaves taking a high stand in the schools of learning. The noble army of

AFRICAN PHILANTHROPISTS

aust pass by altegether unnoticed. But in we must pass by a targetner unnoticed. But in that day when even the cup of cold water, given in Christ's name, shall have its reward, not a few of the sons of Ham shall rejonce in the smile and the approbation of the Saviour of all them that believe, whether they be black or white, bond or free

Amongst the descendants of Noah's youngest on, that Saviour has had some of his m ful messengers and courageous martyrs. The

AFRICAN PREACHERS AND DIVINES

of the present day, not the least able or successful of those who are now the analassadors of Christ, can boast of a noble ancestry. "Simon, that was called Niger," that is Simon, the Niger, was one of the "prophets and teachers" in the Apostolic Church at Antioch (Acts xin.1). Some Apositive Church at Antioch (Acts xm. I). Some of the most canisent Fathers and writers in the primitive Church—Origon, Testallian, Chanas Alternativas, and Cyril, were Africans. Above all, Angustine, whose influence upon Christian thought and life has been greater than that of any other uninspired writer, was an African.

Nor must we count to mention England's first And must we omit to mention Engand a first black bishop, Dr. Crowther, who was consecuted Bishop of the Niger by the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1864. Adjai's capture on heard a Bishop of the Niger by the Arennismop of Canterbury in 1864. Adjai's capture on heard a slaving vessel in 1822, and the perds he has undergone as a Missionary of the Church Misvicty our readers will find recorded in No. 52 of the Christian Times

No. 52 of the Christian Times.*

The late Bushop Burns, of the American Mothodist Episcopal Cleuch, a man of fine commanding figure, endowed with superior preaching powers and of administrative abilities, was

so a block bishop.

But here we must resolutely arrest our pen. Enough has been said to show that the African is capable of excelling in any human pursuit; and to evince the reasonableness of the hope-yea, of our confident faith—that Christianity will ultimately accomplish for Africa that which it has effected for our own land—that is, transform it from the abode of savages into the dwelling-place of a civilised and ennobled people. If at any time we are tempted to despair of Africa, let us simply call to mind, that when the power and civilisation of Rome were at their zenith, this England of ours was inhabited by a race inferior the Kaffirs. Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."

L. As no have to continue this matter of a Coherented Africane to a future No, we shall be obliged if any of our rea"
ply us with particulars of any coloured men of note

*The Christian Times for Sept. 27th, 1847, contains a life-portrait of this able and beloved negro Bishop. It may still had through any bookseller. Palee One Penny.

THE SABBATH IN PARIS.

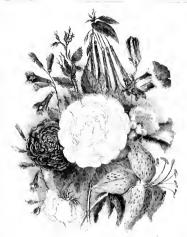
THE Roy. Dr. Tyng gives a painful report of one of his visits to Paris. Some of his words deserve o be pondered by English working men. After speaking of the utter ignoring of the Sabbath by tradespeople and verking men who are occupied as on ony other days, Dr. T. adds:— "When our Sabbath was closing, I thought it

wise to let my boys see for themselves how Paris keeps the Sabbath, that they might judge of the comparative worth of its observance and neglect.

I walked with them through the Champs Elysee, where was every conceivable variety of human annuscment and riot, high and low, from the most gorgeous display of singing women on stages, sur-rounded by immeuse plate glass, except in front, down to the lowest and vilest of the mounte-Every species of gambling seemed to be collected there. Here was what the Euglish Sunday League has endeavoured to accomplish in England. These youths shrank back with amazement and horror. Well they might. We returned with a grateful feeling for our Sabbaths at home, acknowledging to each other that there was no happier way to pass the Sabbath than God's own way; and the nearer we could come to that, the happier the day would be."

The Volume of the "Friendly Visitor" for 1867. Price 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d.

This volume, with its large type, has been much prized by it ages. The Chaptain of the Lendon Hospital writes "I wish ye could have seen how jegful it made a poor old woman of seventy



" ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE, O

SILENT TEACHERS. "They don't eat nor drink bless 'one and it

"WHAT! another flower, Tom; is not your windowsill full already 1'

does me and my wife good to look at 'em." It was but a passing but of conversation that I heard was but a passing but of conversation that I heard, and yet it set me thinking. The man with the flower-pot in his arm was a rough—no, I shall not say "rough"—he was a stundy son of tonl, and I was amused to hear his fervent blessing on the flowers. His acquaintance, who had expressed surmise at another flower in Tom's possession, bad pulled a short pape out of his mouth when he spoke; and no doubt his hove of tobacco cost him much more than Tom's love of flowers. Then as to the gain. The smoker would gain a dry, hot mouth, a foul breath, yellow teeth, sallow skin, dull eyes, drowsmess and headache—that's what his pipe him, even if he old not drink. I would do for But Tom with the flower would refresh his eyes with its bloom. and his smell with its sweetness, and he would adorn his window with its beauty, and gladden his wife and his children by bringing them such a pretty gift. What innocent delight would then all feel in looking at it! And more than all that they would learn something from the flower. It would tell them of the wisdom and love of God ; how He sent these beautiful flowers into the world to please the eye of man-

' 4 To comfort enan, to whisper hope Whene'er his faith prows die or who so eareth for the flowers Will much more care for him."

I think flowers teach neatness and order. The wife and children like to have a clean room, so that the flower, in its purity and grace, may not shame them. And then, too, a poor man likes to feel that he has an ornament in his dwelling similar to that which a rich man chooses as the best embellishment of his drawing-room. cottage and the mansion differ very much in structure and in farmiture; not one article of farmiture may at all resemble the other, but a pretty flower, carefully watered and tended.

I know a litle bit of a cottage outside a town, It stands in a nook by the roadside, and has no view but that of a yard where carts are kept ; but in the window of that humble dwelling there are ome fuchsias. They make a pretty screen, that hats out all ugly sights, and shuts into the some measure. They make a pretty serven, that shuts out all ngly sights, and shuts into the room graceful drooping blooms, langing like jewels among the green leaves. The floor of the cot is of red brick, and so are the steps outside the door; but I notice as I pass how clean are those bricks, and what a glow of neatness and comfort they present! And the wooden chairs are bright, and so are the brass candlesticks over the

brought their own and careless. They know that rough handling or neglect will injure and kill their tlower; so their hands icss and roughness of them something to take care of and attend to, and you have put them in the way of being diligent and nacful.

on so fast that I said. with some concern, as Gibbs, is anything the matter that you are in

Nothing please: but I'm buying the front of our house painted down, and I forgot to tell the man not to hunt our bit of ivy."

course I did not detain her by any further remark; but two days afterwards I walked past her house, and looked with some interest at the removated front : and there was the tendral of ivy safe, and Mrs. Gibbs was cleaning her par-loni-window, on the sill of which was a box of mignonette. "So the workman did not injure the ivy, Mrs. Gibbs," I said.

dear, if he had, I should have been sorry, for my husband brought that root of iry from the side of the church where we were married. We've had some trouble to take care of it to make it grow in this street, but it's safe

Ah! the ivy branch told to the husband and wie the story of their wedded love. In its ever-green foliage it gave them a symbol of what true love should be—clinging and unfuling; it was to them both a teacher and a memorial.

And so, when a husband or father brings hom little plant, if it is but a halfpenny daisy-root, he careful of it. His hand, that so tenderly curried the little flower, will have a tender touch for the human tlowers in his dwelling. His eye that sees and feels the beauty of God's silen that sees and feels the beauty of works, will be sure to dwell lovingly on the little prattlers that chuab his knee. He will be careful and kind; for none but the careful and gentle car

Do come and see, mother !

Yes, this is the greeting; these are the innocent juys that may be had in the British workman's home, and of which flowers are the sibint but sweet teachers

RELIGIOUS BOOKS AMONG THE PEOPLE.

"IF," said the great Daniel Webster to a friend. "to ligious books are not widely circulated among the masses in the United States, and the result do not become religious, I do not know what is to become of us as a nation." And the thought is one to cause solemn reflection on the part of every patriot and Christian. If buth be not diffused, error will be; if God and his Word are not known and received, the devil and his works willgain the ascendancy; if the evangelical volume does not reach every hamlet, the pages of a corrupt and licentious literature will; if the power of the Gospel is not felt through the length and orgot, and so are the brase candicates over the profession and hecutrons interature will; it the power manticlaided. That clear window, with its breefy of the Goopel is not feel through the length and breadth of the land, anarchy and missule, degraphy, has given the dueller in that cottage an honest pride in their dwelling; the flowers have will regin without mitigation or end.

GOOD ADVICE.

of their own given them, I think they and careless. They can dearest be destructive and careless. They over the them, I think they will overtake you; and many times before night cases to be destructive and careless. They over the the side of your Father to shield and careless. you. Go to Hun, and ask His commset to guide you, His power to uphold you, His presence to cheer you, His spirit to sanctify you. Then will you have done what is equivalent to half the duties of the day, when you have thus engaged learn gentleness of His care and assistance. And when the vening touch, and they grow watchful over the the tay, the body is wearief, and the unind favourite. Once conjusted, when the world is short out by the short when the third part the thoughtest of night, when the world is short out by the shades of paids, when the world is short out by the shades of the configurations of the configurations of the configuration of the co of night, when you come to look back and re view the day, when you see how many defiagarl or boy by giving cioncies have marked it, how many imperfections still cluster around you, how many sing state you in the face, how little you have done for yourself or for others, or for God, the day past, then is the hour of prayer. It will be sweet to feel that you have One to whom you can go, and who will hear you; One who will forgive you, if I remember one you are penitent, and ask in the name of Jesus evening meeting, in the Harrow-road, a tice, and give you strength for the morrow, and the Harrow-rood, a loc, ans give you strength for the morrow, and was girl you will His rightcoanness. This hour, if I knew. She had her baby in her a may will His rightcoanness. This hour, if gifty improved, will be like the cheering combaby in her a may be a made to the control of a most beloved friend. Take care as high bundle beade; that nothing comes between you and these hours and the was hoursying devoted to God. "That, of Daniel, prime minister of Persia, with the affairs of one hundred and twenty provinces resting on his mind, yet finding time to go 'into his chamber, three times a day, that he might pray and give thanks to God.' Think of Alfred, with the cares of monarchy; of Lather, buffeted by the storms of P.pal wrath; of Thornton, encompassed with a rapa wrath; of Thornton, encompassed with a thousand mercautile engagements, yet never allowing the hurry of business to intrude on his regular hours of devotion."—From Tabl's Student's Guide.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

THE RECUE

A SPELL of love passed o'er him, -he anoke, Not as the babe awaketh with the kiss Of his fond mother ;-he had borne the yoke, The grievous voke of Sin ;-his early bliscared like some broken um, yet fragrant still, Though marred and stained with over

spell of love bath found him ;-though afac In descrit countries he had wandered long, Until had wanted and set his guiding star,

And Satan's bands resistless Yet hath a dream of gentle busine broke

Through the dull sleep of sin ;—and he anoke He communed with the love of early years; He talked with memories all seared and pake i, 'twas a spell of love! no boding fears,

But thoughts all fitted for the poor and have over him, and graciously recall His Father's house" to the lost Prodigal

'His Father's house " of tenderness and love ; His Father's board, of bountful simply : There are his hirelings cared for, -whilst I rove, A son,— yet groaning in my penury .
I will arise and seck my Father's face. And the poor sumer rose—a child of grace !

God of all grace '-still winning be the spell Which draws the sinner from the paths of death :

coan; Opening in descrt Linds a gushing well of holy memories, in hving faith, O call each Pradigal, where'er he tove, With thoughts of home and of his Father's love J. Corrdson.

LORD METCALFE'S TESTIMONY If I no really the happy man you suppose me to be, I will tell you, as far as I know myself, the secret of my happiness. I live in a state of fervent and incessant gratitude to God for the levens and message which I have experienced own. The two course, cours it. It leads to constant devotion and firm con-tent; and though I am not free from those vexations and disturbances to which the weak temper of man is subject, I am guarded by that temper of man is subject, I am guarded by that feeling against my lasting depression,—Lord Metcaffe (Life by Kaye).



LOUDON, THE GREAT GARDENER

LOTDON, the landscape gardener, was a man pos-sessed of an extraordinary working power. The son of a farmer near Edinburgh, he was early innred to work. His skill in drawing plans and making sketches of scenery induced his father to train him for a landscape gardener. During his apprenticeship, he sat up two whole nights every apprenticesing, ne sat up two whole nights every week to study; yet he worked hander during the day than any fellow-labourer. During his studious hours he learnt French, and before he was eighteen translated a life of Abelard for an Encyclopiedia. He was so eager to make progress in life, that when only twenty, while working as a gardener in England, he wrot whiting as a gardener in England, he wrote down in his note-book—"I am now thenty years of age, and perhaps a third part of my life has passed away, and yet what have I done to benefit passettanty, and yet want may 1 done to bunefit my fellow-men?" an unusual reflection for a yenth of only twenty. From French he proceeded to learn German, and rapidlymastered that language. He now took a large faum for the purpose of introducing Scotch improvements, in the art of agriculture, and soon succeeded in realising a considerable income. The Continent being thrown open on the constition of the war, he preceded to travel for the purpose of observation, making sketches of the system of gardening in all coun tries which he afterwards introduced in the his torical part of his laborious "Encyclopædia of Gardening." He twice repeated his journeys He twice repeated his journeys abroad for a similar purpose, the results of which appeared in his Encyclopedias; perhaps amongs the most remarkable works of their kind, and distinguished for the immense mass of useful matter which they contain, all collected by dint of persevering industry and labour, such as has rarely been equalled.—From "Smiles's Self-help."

SAFES

NAMES have become so common where there is much exposure to danger from fires, that few business men are to be found without them. But the best and most-to-be-approved safe we have read of is that which is referred to the following anecdote from Zimmerman :-When Demetries had captured the city of "When Demetrius had captured the city of Megara, and the property of the inhabitants had been untirely pillaged by the soldiers, he recol-lected that Stilpo, a philosopher of great reputa-tion, who sought only the retirement and tranquillity of a studious life, was among the number. Having sent for him, Demetrius asker him if he had lost anything during the pillage Having sent for him, Demetrius asked No, replied the philosopher, 'my property is safe, for devids only meny mind."

OLD HUMPHREY'S ORATE

We went yesterday to see Old Humphrey's grave, in The back of the tombstone is scribbled all over in a characteristically English is scribbled an over in a characteristically English fashion, but unfortunately for the fame of the 'autographs,' though perhaps fortunately for the sake of cleanliness, the rain has nearly obliterated most of them. Some have subjoined a few lines of pactry to their names, the most distinct of which I copied.

" Marrier but and he blocks their Nor let thy death be mine alone; May I, upheld by sovereign grace. Thy holy life and footsteps trace, Till, called like theo to realms above. I join to make redeeming love."

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"Will, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?"

CHIEF-JUSTICE MARSHALL

GENTLEMAN was once travelling in Virginia. and, about the close of the day, stopped at a wayside inn to obtain refreshments and spend the night. He had been there but a short time before a plain old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow guest. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomany of the United States, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the inn. It was about the same time that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number, some, if not all of them, members of the legal profession.

As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter on an eloquent harangue that had that day been delivered at the bar. It was replied by another that he had heard, the same day, a degree of eloquence no doubt equal to it, but it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the elemence of the pulpit, and an able and warm altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion came the subject of discussion. From o'clock until cleven, the young champion wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability everything that could be said are or con. During this protracted period, the old gentlemen sat with all the meckness and modesty

of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stock of his own mind; or, perhaps, he was observing, with a philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are revolved by repeated action; or, perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation upon whom these future desti-nies must devolve; or, most probably, with a mes must theroby; or, most probably, with a sentument of moral and religious feeling, be was collecting an argument which (characteristic of himself) no art would be "able to check, and no force to resist." On one of the young men remarking that it was impossible to combat with ong established prejudices, he whitled around, and, with some familiarity, exclaimed,—
"Well, my old gentleman, what think y

these things !

said the traveller, "a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room the amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed."

The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made, for nearly an hour, by the old gentle-man, that he ever beard. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles, was, if possible, more perfectly asswered than it had already been done



by Campbell And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered. summery, that not another word was uttered.
"An attempt to describe it," said the tra-reller, "would be an attempt to paint the sun-heams." It was now a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was. The tra-veller concluded that it was the proacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard—but no, it was the celebrated Chief-J : :: Marshall!

LIFTINO UP A TESTIMONY.

In the busy hannts of men amid the noise of traffic and the excitement of barter, there is often an entire forgetfulness of Christian duty and neglect of Christian precept. Yet it is in the times when people congregate, even for trade, that we should remember, as Christians, not only to avail ourselves of an opportunity to lift up a testimony for the Lord, but to obey a command. We are told in the Holy Scriptures, not only that the words of God's commands shall be in our hearts (Deut. vi. 6), but that we are to be constant, in private and in public, in teaching them.

"Thou shalt diligently teach them to thy
children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the risest up. And then shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write th upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates And thou shalt write them

Nothing can be more direct, minute, or com-prehensive than these directions. The pions Israelite, under the old dispensation, doubtless obeyed the injunction; his children, servants, friends, and the stranger within his gates, were rirends, and the stranger within its gates, were thus all instructed and encouraged in the ways of godliness. If under the law there was this faithfulness of testimony and teaching, what ought not to be our diligence under the Ge We who have the sweet lessons of a Saviour's love to unfold, how earnest should we be to "sow beside all waters!" Under this sweet constraint of pity for fellow-sinners, it was thought right Smith, the Secretary of the Leeds Young Men's Christian Association, to set up in it would check many a harsh sentiment. The the Vicar's-croft, in that populous town, tree that obscures a part of our beautiful view, and



"YOUR POINT OF VIEW, AND MINE" "It is with much regret that we feel obliged to oppose your wishes, but I have little doubt that were you living in this house. "" would oppose your wisnes, but I have fitted doubt that, were you living in this house, you would agree in our conclusions." These words were ad-dressed by a lady to her neighbour in the adjoin-ing house, who had requested the removal of a tree that hid a very pretty view from her drawing-room window. The tree stood in the corner of the lady's garden; behind it, on the opposite side of the valley, rose a picturesque range of Chalk Downs; and between the Downs lay a Coomb or narrow valley, which would have formed a very pretty view, but was quite hid from the drawingroom window when the tree was in leaf. lady who desired the removal of the tree, asked her neighbour to come and see how much it interfered with her view. She did so, and candid owned that for the mhabitants of that house She did so and candidly would be better if the tree were not there : and she promised to consult her husband about it, which she accordingly did. The following day she wrote to her neighbour to say, after due con-sideration, and with every wish to be kind and neighbourly, they yet found they could not part with the tree; for it concealed from their view n ugly brack building, and a formal railway eman ugry price buntung, and a formal railway em-bankment; and concluded her note with the sentence above quoted.

This little incident made me think whether

it would not be well if we all tried to look at thingsmore from the same house as our neighbour; it would check many a harsh sentiment.



Stall of the Young Men's Christian Association, Vicar's-croft Market, Leeds,

a stall where God's holy Word, and books, that we long to remove, is a delight and comfort to tracts, and periodicals, in harmony with the our neighbou spirit of the teachings of that Word, might be ing object. The place is used as a market, and the time when the greatest concourse assem-bles is the Saturday evening, and then, from six to eight o'clock the stall is open, so that amid the clamour of buying and selling, and all the hurry of busy humble life; like a fountain in the desert. there is a place where refreshment for the soul may be obtained, where the weary eye may rest on blessed texts able, through grace, to make the be-

writing means the Lord works in arresting sinners, do his errors proceed from ignorance and want of will look with hallowed expectation for a blessing judgment, rather than from a wilful desire to do will look with hallowed expectation for a blessing on this effort to spread the knowledge of His truth. wan now wrin nanowes expectation for a deesing juignest, refrict that from a winn search to do not his effort to apread the knowledge off his truth. At all events, if those under the Moase dispensation were enjoined to lift up a testimony at all times, and in all places, the Christian must not be less dispent; "for a greater than Moses is here." principles of the control of the

our neighbour, in hiding from him some unpleas-ing object. We see it from one point of view, he ang object. We see it from one point of trees, sees it from another. What we continually forget is to look at it from our neighbour's point of tiew. If we would go to his house, we should see the use it was to him, and if he would cone to ours, he would see the hindrance it was to us. And thus many a time, if no actual to us. And thus many a time, if no actual to us. change can be made, harsh judgments might be avoided, and kindher feelings entertained for one another. How ready we are to condemn another for the opinions he utters, or the things

holder wise unto salvation.

It was a good thought, and it has been well he does; and yet if we were in his place we might in was a good thought, and it has been well bedoes; and yet five were in his place we might carried out, and, so far, successful. It is a hint suggestive to others, and may, we believe, be a judged according to the true standard of right and means of great good. Those who know by what wrong, we cannot but see that he errs. How often judged according to the true standard of right and wrong, we cannot but see that he errs. How often

THE LATE LORD BROUGHAM

THE LATE LORD BROUGHAM.

On Thursday, May 7th, at his scat at Canner the south of France, this true friend of the British workman, after a long, a laborious, and eminently useful life passed from this world so quietly, so painlessly, that the deepening of the shadow, sleep, into the reality of death, left no trace of suffering on his venerable countenance. The daily and weekly newspapers have furnished elaborate accounts of his career. How he was born at Edinburgh on the 19th of September, 1779, and distinguished himself at its university
how, while still in his teens, he toublished scientific papers, that aftended the attention and won the admiration of learned men throughout Europe; how, in 1800, he was admitted an Associate of the Edinburgh Society of Advocates, and was one of the originators of, and for many years one of the most frequent and able writers is, the famous Edinburgh Review; how he re-moved to England and became one of the most eminent barristers in what is called the North Circuit; how, in this capacity, it fell to his lot to he engaged in some causes of the greatest national interest, especially that of Queen Caroline, the unfortunate wife of the dissolute and infamous mnortunate wife of the dissolute and infanons George IV., and how, by his speeches in connec-tion with these trials, he became identified in the popular mind with all that is generous, liberal, and progressive; how he entered Parlament in 1810, sitting successively for Camelford, Winchelses, Knarcsborough, and the County of York; how throughout the whole of his career, he was singularly regardless of "party" thes; how, by what almost seems an instinct, but really by what almost seems an instinct, but really from far-seeing statesmanship, he generally attached himself to measures that, after a long course of unpopularity, ultimately became law, and how in the advocacy of them he displayed au eloquence that reminded old men of the best days of Pitt, Fox, and Burke; how, in 1824, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of days of rive, and was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow by the casting vote of Sir James Macintosh, his opponent being no other than the great tosh, his opponent being no other than the great tosh, his opponent being no other than the great tosh, his opponent being no other than the great tosh, his opponent being no other than the great tosh, his opponent being no other than the great tosh, his opponent to the control of the University of the casting the control of the University of the casting the casting the casting the casting the casting that the casting th novelist, Sr. Walter Scott; how, in 1830, he became Lord Chancellor of England, and was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Brougham and Yaux; with what unprecedented efficiency he discharged the legal duties of his bigli office, and how greatly he contributed to the passing of the celebrated Reform Bill of 1832; how his resistance to extreme measures of Reform alienated from him many of his former friends ; how, from being the most nopular. he became for a time the most unpopular man in the country; how unfortunate defects of temper impaired his usefulness, and for a time deprived him of his just meed of honour, and how, on quitting the stormy arena of party politic quitting the stormy arena of party points, ne devoted himself afresh to those plulanthropic labours, for which he was so eminently qualified,—has been already told, at a length of which our columns do not admit. It is neither as the successful student of science, nor as the brilliant writer, nor as the learned lawyer, nor as the eloquent orator, nor as the impetuous politician, but as the friend of the British workus that we propose to speak of Henry Lord Brougham.

We trust that it will not require any lengths ed argument to convince our readers that the en argument to convince our readers that the enemy of slavery is necessarily the friend of the workman. Slavery is the degradation of labour. Wherever it exists, the workman is despised, irrespective of his nationality or colour. Thus, in the Southern States of America, before the recent war, the white men who laboured for recent war, the ward men who haboured for their daily bread were significantly termed "mean whites." From the outset to the close of his career Lord Brougham's hatred of slavery was manifest. So early as the year I803 he published a work, in two volumes, entitled "An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers," in which he strongly condemned it. In the following year he made a lengthened tour in Prussia and Holland for the purpose of collecting information upon the foreign slave-trade.

The year 1807 is ever memorable for the passing of the Act that made the Slave-trade (i.e., n slerers in our colonies, but the importation into them of additional negroes from Africa) illegal.
As forfeiture and penalties of a pecuniary kind were, however, the only consequences of vio-lating the law, the temptation of high profits induced many persons to defy its enactments. Mr. Brougham, therefore, immediately after his entrance into Parliament, carried through Houses a Bill declaring Slave-trading a Felony, and punishing it with transportation for four-teen years. In 1824 it was made a capital offence, and continued so until 1837, when the penalty was reduced to transportation for life. In the long struggle that terminated in 1833 in the abolition of storry itself throughout the British Empire. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the Empire, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the honoured parliamentary leader of the movement, had in Mr. Brougham one of his ablest and most enthusiastic supporters. Some of his speeches on this question deserve to be ranked mongst the finest specimens of modern oratory.

Tell me not of rights," he said on one occasion. Tell me not of rights, "he said on one occasion," talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I dony the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in robellion against it. Be the annual made to the understanding or the the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a

im! There is a law above all the enactments human codes—the same throughout all the world, the same in all times—such as it was before the daring genus of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources light of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth and knowledge, to another all unitterable woes; such it is at this day, it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the icild and guilty plantasy, that man an hold memertu m man

feeling of humanity which made hun the eloquent advocate of the slave, led him also to denounce a practice which has only this year neen aboushed—flogging in the army in time of seace. In view of the decision to which Parment has at length arrived, it is interesting to remember that fifty-seven years ago Mr. Brougham called the attention of the House of Commons to this subject, as well as to the

cruelties that were then practised in the navy. By a kindred instruct he was led in the same ear (1811) to plead for an amount of liberty or the press that was then deemed perilous; but which has been long since conceded, and is one of the strongest bulwarks of all our other liberties. and is one of A free press means a free people. Before a ...tion can be effectually bound, it must be carelly aggrest

poor is especially interested in peace. War means lessened work, diminished dearer bread, bad trade and big taxes. that in proportion to his income the poor man is not more not more severely taxed than the millionaire : at there is a certain point after which every diminution of income is felt with rapidly augmenting severity. No doubt it is thought a hardship when war taxes commel the merchant to forego by fruit after dinner, but the hardship is far greater when the workman is compelled for the same reason to forego dinner as well as dessert. It is the poor man also who is especially interested in the poor man also who is especially interested in cheap government. Every one knows that a shopkeeper who pays a high rent cannot afford to sell as cheaply as another who pays a low rent, and also that, in the long run, the man who sells at the cheapest rate will be sure to do the most trade. What is true of a shopkeeper is true of a nation. The taxes we pay we must put on the price of the goods we sell, and thus, it our taxes are high, our goods will be dear, and thus, it our taxes are high, our goods will be dear, and foreign nations will be discouraged from trading with us. Thus the great evil of excessive governmental expenditure, is not so much what it actually takes from us, as what it hinders us from ver receiving. As the earnest and con-sistent advocate of peas and refreschement, the memory of Lord Brougham should, therefore, be gratefully cherished by working men. Another blessing that Lord Brougham cou-

antly strove to secure for his countrymen is one. the desirableness of which may not be at one apparent, but which it would, nevertheless, bu apparent, our which it would, nevertheless, or difficult to overrate, namely, cherp law. As a law-reformer he has had few rivals, and perhaps no superior. In 1826 he delivered in the House of Commons a speech on this question that lasted six hours, and yet was listened to with the profoundest interest even by those not previously acquainted with the subject. He pointed out no fewer than sixty-five capital defects in the administration of justice, the whole of which have since been remedied. In the speech to which we have referred, he truly said that all other Governmental reforms "shrink into nothing, when compared with the pure, and prompt, and cheap administration of justice throughout the community." By the man with a long purse, this may perhaps not be once perceived, but by the poor man who is so easily worried, however just may be his cause, by pro tracted litigation, it will not be questioned.

Aware that the best laws can be of little ervice to a demoralised and degraded people, service to a demoransed and degraded people, states, Lord Brougham was indefatigable in his endeatous to promote the moral and social elevation land of the working-classes. In 1818 he inaugurated the movement in Lavour of education, by obtain-vail.*

ing a parliamentary committee for inquiry into abuses connected with the administration of the various sums bequeathed for educational purposes various sums boqueathed for chreational purposes | send directive, O Cond."—Pl. 345, I. in Green Britans. In 1820 be brought in a Bill As in the days of the Royal Pealmist, so now, for the permution of national education, the first very introduced, in which some of the features under the same of the sentence of the constant of the pear of t coolinearly, though in vair, for what many then
esteemed the ridicious project of establishing
Infant Schools in crowded cities as a "most
simple and efficacious preventive of crime."

While thus seeking to establish a Government

system of education, he also gave powerful en-couragement and invaluable counsels to the more couragement and invaluable counsels to the more matching the members of the working-classes in their efforts after self-education. Dr. Birkbeck, the great promoter of Mechanics' Institutions, found in him a willing and efficient ally. In 1827 he mangurated the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of which he was also the Useful Knowledge, of which he was also the first president. Its first publication was his disfirst president. Its first publication was his dis-course—"On the Objects, Pleasures, and Advan-tages of Science." How much Henry Brougham effected for the creation of a cheap and pure literature for the working-class, and so for their intellectual and moral elevation, can be estimated only by those who have read Mr Charles Knight's only by those who have read an Charles Angutz a most interacting antibiography. As President for several years of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, he continued these plulanthrophic labours almost to the close of his

his life.

The eloquent tongue, listened to with delight The eloquent tongue, Intenen to warn uconga-by two generations of men, is silent at last; the active brain, so prolific of great and benevolent projects, is at rest. It is the earnest hope of those who knew hum best and admired him most, that he has fallen "asleep in Christ." His death who knew him best and admired him most, that he has fallen "asleep in Christ." His death was indeed so unexpected and sudden as to pre-lude any personal declaration as to his feelings in immediate view of the eternal world. But in immediate view of the eternal world. But there is much that is assuring in the fact that, in his later years, he found confort and delight in some of the hymns that set forth angelical truth most simply. hymn of which a portion was sung at his funeral—the 42nd of the Scotch Paraphrases—was inserted in the Hyum Book in use at the Church at Cannes by his particular request. Here it is-a simple strain which the Christian workman as well as the Christian statesman may sing :

to Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts Be troubled or dismayed; But trust in Providence divine, And trust my gracious aid.

I to my Father's house return; There numerous mansions star And glory manifold abounds 'Through all the happy land."

SIR R NAPIER

M. Louis Blanc, recently writing in the Temp on the Abysiniau expedition, says:—"There is but one opinion as to the ability shown by Sir Robert Napier—on his consummate prudence, his cool, judicious delay, and the rapidity of his movements, when, all his measure taken, it becomes necessary to strike the decisive blow. I have had occasion to make the ac-quaintance of Sir Robert Napier, to converse with him, and to observe him closely. The idea he at first gives you of him is that of calm power. The first time I ever saw him, what power. The first time I ever saw him, what struck me in his person was the gentle expression of his features, the gentleness of his manners sion of his features, the gentioness of his manners, and the softness of his voice. I remember hear-ing him say that he had always an aversion to sporting, from a repugnance to killing poor defendeds animals. I know nothing more ad-mirable than the love of humanity in an energetic nature. One is not the less a soldier for being a man, and Sir Robert is an instance of it. Most assuredly he is not the person who would ver have allowed these words to escape him :-In a battle minutes are all—men nothing. What was particularly and most justly remarked in his conduct of the Abyssimian expedition, was his carefulaces of the large of the soldiers entrusted to him, the care which he took of their comfort and his foresight, proved by this fact-that the army after the fall of Magdala had provi-sions for three months. But that prudence did not hinder him from displaying singular vigour; and the firmness which he required in circum-stances where he differed in opinion from those around him, and where it was fortunate for England that his authority as Commander-in-chief caused the superiority of his judgment to pre-

THE PANTING HART

"As the Last pasteth after the water soul after thee, O God."-Ps. xlii, 1.

as called his soiling pit, or "soiling pool." Frequently these pits are found in and near the deep coverts, and are rather mid baths than water baths. No doubt, by wallowing in the mud the deer cools himself more effectually than by taking a bath " pure and simple," and prevents the attack of the flies, his constant and unceasing tormentors during the heats of summer and autumn. . . . The invigorating effect of a plunge in the water upon a deer when pursued and fatigued, is almost incredible. have frequently seen a stag, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and his nostrils opened hanging out of his mouth, and his nostrits opened, wide, apparently scarce able to drag one leg after another, rise from the rippling pools of a fresh mountain stream, active and fresh, as if had just left his lair.—The chase of the Wild Red Deer in Devon and Somerset, by C. P. Collyns.

> THE SIXIH COMMANDMENT Our hands may not be red with blood. Yet we may murderers be For every canseless, angry thought Is murder, Lord, with Thee.

There's many a deed of murder done, Where blood has ne'er been spdt; For angry thoughts and words are one With deeds of crimson guit.

And think the deed unknown;
Forgetting that each secret thought
Is spoken at Thy throne.

Great God! we cannot fully tell How such a thing can be; We only feel how much of sin Within us Thou must see,

Oh! then to Christ the living stream We'll come without delay,
And in the fountain of His blood. Wash all our guilt away.

THE HARIND SON DEDUKED THERE was once a man who had an only son, to

There was once a man who had an only son, to whom he was very kind, and gave every thing that he had. When his son grew up and got a house he was very unkind to his poor father, whom he refused to support, and turned out of the house The old man said to his grandson, "Go fetch the covering from my bed, that I may sit by the

wayside and beg."

The child hurst into tears, and ran for the overing. He met his father, to whom he said, I am going to fetch the rug from my grandfather's bed, that he may wrap it round him and

go a-begging Tommy went for the rug, and brought it to his father, and said to him, "Please, father, cut it in two; the half of it will be large enough for grandfather, and perhaps you may want the other half when I grow to be a man and turn out of doors

The words of the child struck the man so forcibly, that he immediately ran to his father and asked his forgiveness, and was very kind to hm till he died.

FUNERAL OF A BEE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Glasgow Herald transmits the following: "On Sunday morning last I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony, which I desire to record for the benefit of your readers. While walking near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing with them the defunct body of a comrade, with which they flew for a distance of twelve yards. We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convement hole at the side of the gravel walk-the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downwards, to the earth—and the solicitude with which they afterwards pushed against it two little stones, doubtless in memoriam. task being ended, they paused for about a moment, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, and then they flow away to their hive."



WORKING-MEN'S HOMES. Is it the fault of the WOMEN that many become

and sluttish? I trove not; then whose untida fault is it?

I IMAGINE that no one can look upon a neat and comfortable cottage, tastefully adorned, having a pretty garden-plot in front, a clump of evergreens in the centre, with beds of variegated flowers around, and the walls, doorway, and windows decorated with climbing roses, honeysuckles and the like, without forming a favourable opinion of its inhabitants. You naturally conclude that things are going well in that house, and you look at it with pleasurable feelings, from a persussion that it must be the abode of cheerfulness and comfort. As it is next to certain that every-thing within will correspond with what is seen without, you are led to form a very favourable without, you are led to form a very favourable opinion of the "gude wife," and you feel assured that she must be a tidy, respectable personage, who understands, as every woman, whether rich or poor, ought to do, what good housewifery is, and is endeavouring to fulfil her appropriate
duties by ministering to the comfort and welfare of her household, Should the door of the cottage be opened, you cannot repress a notion that you shall see issue from it, a neat, if not a pretty-faced woman, in a tidy dress, with a beautifully clean cap and apron, and the smile of content and hammess on her countenance; if children are nappness on nor councenance; it charten are thought of, you have no apprehension of seeing a parcel of dirty, ragged urchins. Such anticipa-tions are seldom disappointed. The Latin poet wrote "Nulla front fides" (I have no fuith in the front of a man), but I have considerable faith the front of a man), but I have considerable faith in the frontal aspect of a house, especially if it be a cottage house; and when I meet with one like what has been referred to, I am led to conclude that order, peace, and comfort, reside within; for general experience teaches, that the one is indicative of the other, and strongly influenced by it. Give a working-man a decent nuenced by it. Give a working-man a decem-and respectable cottage, and he feels stimulated to make everything look neat and attractive around it, and, in doing so, his taste becomes refined, he studies the beautiful, he is drawn away from debasing pursuits, while his wife is in pelled to make everything within correspond in tidiness, cleanliness, and taste with what is dise everything within correspond in played without. It has been remarked, "the love payed totals. It has been remarked, the love of order and neatness, and the capacity of enjoy-ing them, are latent in all human hearts." A man who has lived for years in a log-house, in the backwoods of Canada, if placed in a pretty attractive cottage at home, will astonish you by the spirit of tidiness he will exhibit, and his wife will astonish you no less. They feel they have some inducement to appear decent and respec-table, and they put forth their energies accord-

We complain of the degraded character of a large portion of our working population, but on prime cause of the debasement that exists is too generally overlooked.—it is the wretched characters of the dwellings provided for them. Place before your mind's eye one of those miserable hibitations, unhapply so numerous in our manual. enerally overlooked-it is the wretched character facturing towns, erected at the smallest possible expense, by some needy or avaricious extertioner, expense, by some nearly or avarantous experience, with the view of screwing from the occupier the largest amount of profit, in some cases amounting to 12 per cent. upon the outlay, built without any regard to the requirements of confort, or even deceacy, destitute of ventilation, and drainage, and odorous with filth of every description. As you look at it, you doem it much fitter to b receptacle for pigs, than a dwelling for human beings; you feel pity for its innates, you naturally expect to find in the man one who is disorderly and a frequenter of the public-house; in dery and a frequenter of the public-house; in his wife a woman who is sluttish, dirty, and un-happy; and in the children, urchins ride, ragged, and disorderly; and this because it is the tendency of such dwellings to produce all these ewile

Place a woman, naturally tidy, in a cottage of folly of obtaining a bird before they have pro-thus description, and let her be compelled by valued a cage to put it in,—in other words they force of curematanes to abole there, and what in mary before they have provided either house or is the result! She loses all heart; the love of furnature. The girl, it is true, is foolish, execu-natines and order is crushed within her rate sixely foolish, how is an such hate as to narry stat down in despair of ever being able to under these circumstances; but the nam is numitant decency in a place the that; abe imports as will as foolish, who induces her to neathess and order is crushed within her; she stst down in despan of ever being able to maintain decency in a place like that; she knows not how to set about the hopeless task; probably she loses health as well as heart, and comes the victim of gloom, despondency, discontent, until at length, her head gradually sinks under water, and the woman who at the ontset of life was healthy cheerful, and tidy hecomes sickly, prevish, careless, and disorderly.

It is easy to foresee what the consenuences will be. In the labourer's dwelling every thing de-pends upon the wife. If she lose the energy necespends upon the leys. It also use the energy neces-sury to keep all things right, every thing will necessarily go wrong; the house will get into disorder,—the children will be neglected,—the children will become dirty and ragged,—the husband will get out of temper; perhaps he will com-plain; mutual recriminations will follow, and the comfort he can no longer realize in his own dwelling he seeks at the public-house, where he becomes initiated in intemperance and vice. In this way wives innumerable have been crushed, paralysed, and made miserable, and women, who under happier circumstances would have been render happier erremistances would have been re-pectable and happy, have become victims to the ebasing influence of a wretched, unhealthy welling. It is probable that few things have meetable dwalling ontributed more to degrade the cha racter and habits of our working population than the large and rapid increase of such habitations.

If, therefore, our mill-owners and landed proprietors wish to have around them a decent thriving contented population, let them raise dwellings for their workpeople and labourers, both convenient and healthy, possessing a taste-ful and pleasing aspect; dwellings that will inspire a comfortable home-feeling, in which the tenant may take delight, which will improve his character and his habits, and at the same time give his wife spirit and heart in her endeavour to keep all within neat, orderly, and respectable. to keep all within next, orderly, and respectable.

A tidy, cleanly, well-arranged house, exercises over its inmates not only a physical but a moral influence, and has a direct tendency to inspire self-respect, and to make the members of the family orderly, peaceable, and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other. I never nter a neat little cottage, although its walls be built of mud, and look at its well-eleaned floor point of mind, and look at its well-cleaned floor, its furniture bright with constant rubbing, the thriving plants, and snow-white curtain in the window, the snug arm-chair by the fireside, "the clock that gently clicks behind the door," with that there is a peculiar charm about it. I see at once why it has so often inspired the poet's song, and furnished a subject for the painter's pencil but the charm must be much ore strongly felt by the inmates themselves. To them it has an attraction which renders Chamsweet home!" the dearest and most delightful of all places. Such a dwelling has higher adntages; it leads to a more intelligent delight in the works of the great Creator, and by a proleads a man to cherish a more kindly and syn pathetic feeling for his fellow-men; it induces habits of respect for property, for the laws in general, and even for those higher duties and bligations, the observance of which no lowe can nforce. By the erection of such cottages, there fore, our mill-owners, and landed proprietors are in fact serving their own interests, by are in fact serving their one interest, by promoting the comfort, improving the character, and raising the condition of their work-people; and unless they wish by a system of extotion, unjustly to wreach from the poor man, under the name of rent, an undue portion of the wages he receives for his weekly tol, it may be done, not only without loss, but so as to ecure an equitable percentage on the outlay But if a loss were actually sustained, an abun dant recompense would be had in the improhuracter and habits of the workpeople and their

mnes. But it is for workmen generally this pape intended. With many the remedy fe vil referred to is in their own hands. It wish of the writer that every British workman should, as far as possible, be his own landlord, s own freehold, should have it should dwell in 1 built and arranged with a view to health and nation. comfort, and so that he may occupy that re spectable position in society, which, with industry and good management, is now within the reach of the majority of artisans. Many, however,

major as well as foolish, who induces her to marry when he has no proper home to take her to; no house, no furniture, nothing prepared to meet the requirements of married life. The con-sequences of such conduct are always disastrous. The thoughtless couple must, of necessity, go into lodgings: the wife has to submit to numberless inconveniences and annoyances; she com-inences life under circumstances alike unpleasing and disadvantageous; she has no stimulus to exertion, nothing to call forth the landable pride of good housewifery; and for want of this she yi to liabits that tend to small her for future life. When an increase of family renders it necessary they should have a dwelling for themselves, it is too often the case that they are obliged to take one of the humblest kind: the furniture is also scanty and inferior, and perhaps half of it is obtained on credit. Under these circumstances, what encouragement has the wife to maintain acatness, cleanliness, and good management? She is over-powered by a feeling of helplessness and discomfort, she becomes carcless and disorderly, a slut, a gossip; and her husband, for want of home attractions and enjoyments, a

reveller and a drunkard. Vetter and a drunkard.

Let the young man who thinks of marriage. take warm g by the sad example of the multitudes who have thus been made miserable for life;— let him follow the direction, "first sit down and count the cost;" and make the necessary preparation. If the object of your attentions be worth; of your preference and regard, then she is deserv ing of the best accommodation you can provide for her, and if your affection be of the right kind. the very love you feel will cause you to put : restraint upon your wishes until you can obtain for her a comfortable dwelling, and furnished, too, in such a manner as will afford ber a fair opportunity of displaying her wife-like propertie advantage, and inspire an ambition to render your habitation all that home ought to be. By doing this you will furnish a proof of regard which she will feel and value, and this concern for her welfare will induce a reciprocal concern to for her wenter with mutule a reciprocal concern to render you comfortable and happy. Industry and economy, combined with a prindent exercise of self-denial for a season, will thus enable you to entermon the marriage state in a manner calculated to render your future days respectable and prosperous, and you will be preserved from the vexations, degradation, and misery, which constitute the portion of the nuwise and improvident. It may not be in the power of every working man to obtain a house of his own before marriage; but he may and ought to commence a regular system of weekly saving and appropriation for that purpose; and unless some unforescen calamity occurs, a few years of economy and right conduct will ensure him a comfortable dwelling which he may call his own, and which, with a due which he may call his own, and which, with a due acknowledgment of God's mercy, he may regard as the produce of his own labour. Great will be the satisfaction it will inspire. What pleasure he will have in rendering it comfortable and tasteful; his little garden and its adornments will furnish reercation and amusement for his leisure hours, nd all his home-enjoyments will acquire an ad ditional relish from the consideration that his cottage is his castle, with which no one has a What a happy influence will right to interfere. it also have upon his wife! She will be induced to regulate her household affairs with strict attention to carefulness and good management; the prospect of having a habitation of her own, will inspire the desire of independence and respect will mayre the desire of independence and respect-ability, with love of cleanliness, neatness, and order; and these will strongly regulate her conduct in the training of her children. The children will also largely share the benefit. Accustomed to a neat and confortable home, trained up in labits of decency and order, these labits they will re-tain in future life, for, "train up a child in the

tain in future life, for, "train i way he should go, and when he not depart from it." The remen is old he will The remembrance of homefor the not depart from it." The remembrance of home—
It is the the loved home of their youth—will be a constant stimulus to perpetuate its comforts; and thus will tise up a population decent and respectable that will constitute the strength and bulwark of the nation.

UNCLE DAVID.

KIND WORDS.

Tury never blister the tongue nor lips. to the majority of artisans. Many, however, Unry never blister the tongue nor lips. And we faithful through earlier than the by beginning have never heard of any mental trouble arising that the wrong end. They marry thoughtlessly from this quarter. Though they do not cost of the front merican to any price of the properties of the front merican to any price of the properties of the front merican to any price of

soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flames of wrath, and make it blaze more fercely.

Kind words make other people good-natured.

Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and men, and outer words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words is our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image in men's soula And a heautiful image it is. They and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feel-We have not yet begun to use kind words ings. in such abundance as they ought to he used.

PASCAL

WE COURSE AND HIS MOTURE SPIRIT

In one of his touching addresses, in Exeter Hall, Mr. Gough said : "After a speech in Boston, a Mr. Gongli said: "After a speech in Beston, a short time ago, a lady came to me, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Choules, and said, 'My father is dead, but he was always collecting curiesi-ties, and he has happened to light on your mother's Bible in Bristol.' I had resided there twenty-five years ago, and pleased was I to bear the Bible was found. I had it sent to me by express-train. There were the names, 'Jane Gilbert,' that was my mother's name before marriage, born August 12th, 1776; 4 John Gough, a present from his mother, on his leaving England for America; 'John Gongh, born August 22, 1817.' I held my Bible in my hand. I remember how I had seen that mother with her lips white with hunger, and I recollected how she ook her iron-rimmed spectacles from her eyes to took her iron-rimmed spectacles from her eyes to wipe away the tears as she turned page after page. I saw her marks—When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tengue faileth for thirst, then 1 the Lord will help them, Israel will not forsake them; with hundreds of passages more like that, all blessed promises, marked in that book. That mother's Bible brought her history before me. There remains no token to mark her last restingplace no hearse and mourners followed her to he grave, she was followed by myself and sister alone, and without a prayer she was consigned to the dust. But she left her children the legacy of a mother's prayers, and the Lord God Almighty s the executor of her last will and testament; and though that man little body of a schoolmistress has gone before, and her spirit has taken its flight to its eternal home, I stand before you to-night to clare that if I have ever accomplished anything in the world, if I have ever done aught of good, what I am and what I have done, by the grace of God, has been through the influence of that little

WHAT MAKES A MAN?

What is it that makes a man? Can you tell? We can tell you what does not. Good clothes do not; money does not; a handsome face does not; learning does not. You must have something else to make a man of. We have seen a very good description of a man which reads thus:

> "A beautiful soul, a loving mind, Full of affection for its kind; A helper of the human race, A soul of beauty and of grace That truly speaks of God within And never makes a league with sin."

This is the kind of man worth something in the world. We want a great many more such men than we now have. Will you not strive to be such men ?

#CP It or Progression Bible Jewels with Illustrations. By Rey. Dr. Newton, author of "Giants and how to fight them." Price 1s 6d. This book will, we believe, prove a treasure in many families. It is one of the hest yet issued from the pen of one of the best American writers. To Sunday School teachers it will he invaluable.

€ THE Gin-shop. With 12 Illustrations by George Cruikshank. May be lad either as a Broadsheet, or in a Truet form. One penny each. The Broadsheet will be found an attractive paper for the walls of workshops, schools, &c.

POSTAL NOTICE



HOS CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

HON. C. F. ADAMS

His excellency, the Honourable Charles Francis

importance raging in his own country, and amidst unusual misunderstandings, excitements, monetary and political crises in ours, both countries have found in Mr. Adams a Minister with mental and moral resources equal to every emergency. His grandfather, John Adams, the first United States Minister to this country, performed his duties here with great dignity and fidelity; and his illustrious father, John Quincy Adams, ever memorable as the powerful and inflinching advocate of the abolition of slavery, was also Minister here between 1815 and 1817; and both became eminent Presidents of the

United States.

It is not too much say that, under God, the Honourable Charles Francis Adams (a worthy descendant of such dlustrious ancestors), has, by his great prudence unwearied patience, and dignified courtesy, carned for bimself the blessing of "the peacemaker" between the two countries, and through them to the whole civilised world; with results rarely accorded to an individual statesman, philanthropist,

Whilst deeply regretting the departure of this estcomed American Am bassador from our shores, we indulge the ardent hope that his future influential career in bis own great country will barrely tend to cement still more firmly, the two great nations, in the bonds of peace and brotherbood.

or Christian.

THE WISE MAN. THE wise man governs himself by the reason of his case, and because what be does is best, in a moral and prudent, not a sinister, sense.

He proposes just ends, and employs the fairest and most probable means and methods to attain them. - William Penn.

A NOBLE GIFT His sociliency, the Honourable Charles Frantis, Adams, has just retured from the past of Almo, has just retured from the past of American Minister to Great Britan, which has been held by Jun munterruptedly since 1801.

Pask by the Netropolitan Demking Fountains been held by Jun munterruptedly since 1801.

and Cattle-Trough Association, at the cost of his Highness the Maharaph of Vizianagram, a bar of moveralleled magnitude and THE Drinking Fountam represented by the ac It was opened land for deeds of benevolence. on the 30th of last April by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in the presence of a most distinguished company who had assembled to do honour to the summicence of the kindto do nonour to the manneenee or the sind-hearted stranger. There are, perhaps, not many persons who are in a position to follow the Rajah's noble example by the erection of such costly and elegant structures as this; but can we not all do

Fountains and 99 Troughs, but the committee are entirely dependent upon new contributions for power to extend their benevolent uporations. We hope that many of our readers will endeavour to help this good cause. Contributions should be addressed to John Lee, Esq., Metropohtan Drinking Fountains' Association, No. 1, Shorter's Court, Throgmorton Street, London, E. C.

WILLIAM WOOD.

THE FOOR LITTLE CLIMBING BOYS' FRIEND THIS aged and much-beloved Christian philan-

through ended los carthly pilgrimage on the 5th of March last, aged 85 years. His untiring efforts on behalf of the down-trodden little climbing boys have render-ed the name of "Wil-ham Wood" worthy of lasting rememyears the good man laboured to induce the master sweeps to aban don the barbarous use of climbing boys, and in her of them to use the "machine" for cleaning chimneys Chiefly through the Chiefly through the bury (then Lord Ashley), Robert Steven, Esq., of the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Office, and Mr. Wood, Acts of Parlinment were obtained to suppress the employ-ment of clumburg boxs. But great hostility however, was generally evinced by various Acts of Parhament.

Now commenced Mr. Wood's most arduous labours on behalf of his young clients. For ten years

olis ! The Association have now erected 117 moral and physical debasement caused by the system. The boys were universally brought up in subject to diseases peculiar to their calling, and were occasionally sufficient or burnt to death.

After years of unwearied toil and perse-erance, Mr. Wood obtained considerable After years of unweared tool and perso-verance, Mr. Wood obtained considerable suffuence among the master-sweeps. They at length cane to appreciate his benevolent mo-tives, and gratefully recognised his efforts to do thom good. Under his kindly assistance they formed societies for mutual unprove-ment. Well does the writer recollect being pre-sent in a room full of these men who now styled



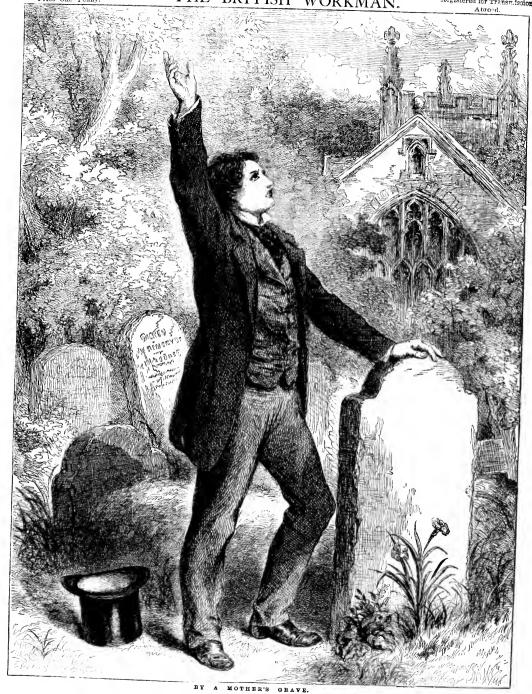
THE LATE WILLIAM WOOD, THE CLIMBING BOYS' FRIEND.

already commenced the business of the evening with prayer, one of them proposed that before anything further was done they should have special prayer on behalf of their old and much load old and much loved friend Mr. Wood, who was laid aside by sickness. This was done in a very feeling manner by a mas ter-sucep. Many of the men acknowledged him as the instrument in God's hands of their conversion.

Six aweeps, from five different towns performed the last offices of respect to his memory, which they did, with many tears, as dul, with many tears, as they gazed upon his re-mains, and then carried them to their resting-place in the Bowdon Churchyard.

Upon whom will Mr. Wood's mantle fall? The cause of the defenceless, down-trodden climbing boy must not be deserted. Alas ' many a poor child is still so employed,—despite the law. In the very week that Mr Wood died, a man named Martin, was convicted at Maidstone, and sentenced to stone, and sentenced to twenty years' imprison-ment, for causing, by cruel ill-treatment, the death of "Little George," a boy whom he employed to clumb up chimneys!





BY A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

To my mind there is not to be found a better place for quict, uninterrupted meditation than a country churchyard; our grand town cemeteries ere too public, there is something cold and dreary about them, and we do not often visit them for pleasure. But here it is different. Amidst the bustle and feverish haste of everyday life, with struggles, its sufferings, its disappointments, its longings, it has often been a refreshment and relief to me to steal away for a quiet hour amongst the tombs. The very grass growing over them, the very trees which cast their long shadows across them, seem to me more peaceful than those I pass on the dusty reads. Strongly and clearly is the memory of one of these visits impressed upon my mind, though more than twenty years have now passed since it took place.

I had spent an anxious bustling week in our great metropolis, and went down on Saturday to enjoy a quiet Sunday in my native village, many many miles from London. On Sunday evening winter's long dreary days—I went as usual alone to the churchyard. I have been in spots the world thinks far more lovely; I have climbed Oh! how she loved me! the snow-clad Alps, and gazed down from their and interest: that I me dizzy heights on a landscape of more than earthly beauty; I have stood by the shores of the beau-tiful Italian lakes, hemmed in on every side by my heart been so drawn out to nature's God, my heart been so urawn out to natures seed, never has evening seemed to me so lovely, and earth so fair, as whilst roaming amongst the grassy graves in the churchyard of this English grassy graves in the chirrchyard of this English village. Here lie those dear ones who have gone before, and here, after "file's fiful fever," I hope to lie. I remained longer than usual on the evening of which I am speaking; solemn but not sad thoughts crowded on my mind, suggested by the time and the place, and I thought till I althe time and the place, and I thought, till I al-most realized it, of that coming day when the multitudes sleeping so peacefully heneath my feet should awake at the trump of the archangel. I was looking up into the calm, deep evening aky, half expecting that even now that distant id would be heard—for it is at moments like this that the veil between the present world and in the grass made me aware that I was no longer alone, and recalled me to the present time.

Looking round, I perceived a young man standing a few yards from me by a grave. A simple stone was at its head, telling, in few words. that beneath, in sure and joyful hope of glorious resurrection, rested one of the best of mothers. I drew near and we soon got into onversation : there are times when the conventionalities of society seem out of place.

' "Ah, my friend," I said, for he had told me

that he was the son of her of whom the stone spoke; "you know now what a good mother she was ; we often feel the value of our dear ones most keenly when we stand by their grave-sides.

"Sir!" answered the young man, with a atrength of emotion I was not prepared for, "I thank my God every day I live that such was y case; I knew her value when she was Oh, how well! or I could not stand here not my now. Sir, God knows I say it with all humility, never, from the earliest time I can remember, caused my mother to shed a tear, or spoke a word to her that now I could wish musaid. And oh! it is such a comfort to feel that now!"

Happy indeed is the child who at the gravede of a mother can utter words like these How many amongst us can say, in all truth, as much? Oh young man! have you lost a good and loving mother? Do you ever visit her grave, and what kind of thoughts are yours at those times?

Are they those of remorse, of vain regrets? Do
you say, "Oh! if I had only the time back again
how differently would I act?" If any such are how differently would I act ?" If any such are reading this page I know not what comfort to give them. Rather would I entreat those to whom God still spares a precious mother, to treat her kindly, to love her, and to value her.

But let me tell you of another visit which I made to this, my favourite spet, in which an incident occurred similar, yet very different, to the one which I have related. I was roaming one one which I have related. I was reaming one evening amongst the lime-trees, when I was surprised to hear the sound of weeping, and then to see n man with outstretched arm towards heaven. His distress was apparently so deep and overwhelming that I could not refrain from

"Oh! it is not that grieve for," interrupted the stranger in a vehement tone, "Did you ever feel, Sir, the ageny of remove?" Do you know what it is to wake up after a life of wekedness, and find it is too late? That is my case! That is why you see me now, strong man that I am, weeping like a woman!" I have the control of the con-lar that it is not that it is not considerable to the con-trol of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the "Oh! it is not that I grieve for," interrupted the

I said what I could to console him, and after little more conversation we sat down on a bench under the old yew-tree, and he gave me the fol-

lowing details:

"Listen, Sir," he began, "and when you nave heard my tale, though God knows I fear it is a I believe, ever had such a mother; her face was many miles from London. On Sanday evenings one of those still, warm, balmy Sanday evenings which come now and then in the summer, and are a sweet refreshing remembrance through within the summer, and the summer, and the summer, and the summer, and with its pure sweet hrow, and carnest loving blue eyes, and her hright hair which I used to love to twine round my little fingers. My father was dead, and I was her only son—her only child.
Oh! how she loved me! I was her one thought and interest; that I might not be stinted she
would go days with little or no food, for we were very poor then; many a time she would go shivering in some old thin garment, whilst I ran titui Italiani nates, nemmed in on every sade by shivering in some old thin garment, whilst I ran the everlasting billis, and have looked down into about as warnly and confortably clad as if we have the with deep admiration the glories of a but had been rich. But I grew up selfait, heartless, we whethed with deep admiration the glories of a and disobesticest. I was idle too; and when I Greeina sunset, and have delighted in the wild grew up and left school I got into my head that have I so felt the beauties of nature, never has I more thank I not felt the beauties of nature, never has I more and the school I got into my head that the part years and the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the school I got into my head that the part years are the part of the part fumed at the very gentle restraint she put upon me, and looked upon her only as an obstacle to my pleasures; for I loved to spend all my time with a set of idle, drinking and smoking companions, as bad or worse than myself."—Here the stranger paused suddenly, as if the rush of the stranger paused suddenly, as it the rish of painful memories were becoming too much for him, hut presently he resumed—"Well, about this time I had a very dangerous illness, which brought me to the very gates of death; my mother nursed me only as a mother can, and never can I forget that most unselfish love and untiring otion which thought no sacrifice too great, no effort too painful to make for me. I can feel now the cool touch of her soft hand upon my hrow, which seemed to do me more good than hrow, which seemed to do me more good than all the doctor's medicine. I was—for the time this that the veil between the present world and the future one grows thin—when a slight rustling lutions I made my mother. I begged her for-Intions I made my mother. I begged her tor-giveness with tears, and her face grew happier and less careworn, and I used to hear her thank-ing God 'or the change in me. But alse, danger and the prospect of death had only frightened me! No sooner had I recovered my full strength than I returned to my old wicked, God-forgetting habits and life. Encouraged by my friends, as I called them, I learnt to drink, and many an hour was spent by me in the public-house. The grief this was to my poor mother no words can tell; I think it fairly broke her heart. The bright bloom faded quite out of her cheeks, the kind bloom faded quite ont of her eneems, the eyes grew dim with weeping, and her pretty hair arealed with white. The neighbecame rapidly streaked with white. The neigh-bours would often remark to me, in reproachful tones, how ill my mother looked, how changed

she was : I told them angrily not to croak. "At length, one night in the summer (I had come home drunk the previous evening), I was preparing to go out as usual when my mother called me back, and begged me to stay at home

with her this one evening.

"I have something in the oven that you will like,' she said with a smile; but I was in one

of my diabolical tempers; I was determined to go to the public-house that night, where I, and some companions, had arranged to meet and have a 'spree.' When she saw how little weight her

a 'spree.' When she saw how little weight her words had, she said, with tears in her cyces, "' Harry, my boy, I don't feel as if I should he here much longer, and this may be the last request I shall ever make of you!' Oil; the terrible power of the drink-field which I then Satan himself surely led me captive, or I must have listened, I must have fallen upon or I must have instence, I must have lauren upon my mother's neck in tenderness and penitonee. But God had n bitter punishment in store for me! As I was about to leave the house my poor mother put herself between me and the door, and

mother put hersell between me and une door, and laying her thin hand restrainingly on my arm, she said, 'Nay then, Harry, you must stay!'
'In a violent rage at thus being thwarted by my gentle mother, I disengaged myself from her viith a heavy blove, and walked coolly away, with

overwhelming that I could not refrain from troubled with any uncomfortable twinges of com-that from the peaking a few words of comfort to him, and I science at the 'Lion,' and the noisy laughter least.'

then sought to remind him of the Christian's and jests of my companions, the flaring gas and hope of meeting those whom he had loved on the drink soon drowned for the time all uneasy earth, and who have died in the Lord, in a happier world above. there two or three hours when, in the midst of the loud merriment which followed a foolish song, I felt myself quickly touched, and turning round, saw a neighbour, who lived next door to our saw a neighbors, both of the translation of the same should be said to the same should be said to the shiptest recollection of anything that passed in the place after this; I remember feeling every pulse in my holy stand still, and I the same should be said to the think I must have lost consciousness. A men a came to myself I was being led by the clergy-man of our village to my mother's room, and then the full, awful knowledge of what had been a more or under the full and the money of the constant heard my tale, though God knows I fear it is a happened rushed upon me! In muntterable common one, you will no longer wonder at the agony I hung over her, fearing every breath grief you found me in. I need not tell you," should be the last; I called upon her, I besonght and he laid his hand on the cold stone, "that it her forgiveness, I power forth my whole soul in is my mother who is hurted here. And few men, prayer—it was too late. Never more in this world was I to hear her voice! Suddenly they who watched by the hed saw a change come over her she opened her eyes and fixed them on me, with a look of sorrowful, yearning love which I never can forcet. Oh, how that look has haunted m though all the long upward years! though all the long upward years! It was but for an instant; the next moment the unmis-takable presence of death came over her, the sweet eyes closed for the last time, and she had passed beyond the reach of earthly sorrow or of

arthly joy.

"After this I remember nothing distinctly.

knew but that my mother was dead, and that I had killed her! The blow which I had struck her in my anger had finished what my wicked her in my anger had finished what my wicked undutiful conduct had begun. For many weeks I lay hetween life and death. But for the cer-tainty of judgment to come, death would have been welcome indeed, for I should then have escaped the useless regrets, the agonising remorse, the too-late repentance which have embittered my whole life. Yet in my most maddening moments, I owned that this most fearful punish Yet in my most maddening moments, I owned that this most fearful punishment was just. On my mether's grave I promised the Lord that, by His help, I would never again touch the drink which had been my curse. I hung my mother's picture at my hed's head I hung my mother's picture at my bed's head, I treasured every shred and trifle that had been hers in a way that men seldom cherish gold. I paid that reverence and love to her memory which I had so cruelly neglected to pay to her when living; but, oh, how empty it all was! I left my home, for I could not hear to live in the left my home, for I could not near to nee in one place where she had died; I have now been abroad for many years, but this visit recalls my early life to me with fearful vividness; and, thor gh I have now a good wife and aweet children to comfort me, though my sin has been as I humbly trust, washed out in my Saviour's blood, I shall carry this pain to the last hour of blood, I shall carry this pain to the last hour of my life. God has been good to me far above what I deserve; I have much that the world values above all else; yet, I tell you, sir, I would give all that I possess to have back again one single hour of my mother's life! Oh! Sir, I don' now who or what you are ; but if you have any influence with the young, tell they on have any influence with the young, tell them what I have now told you. If they wish that it should be well with them, if they value peace of mind and a conscience at rest, oh pray them to keep from the drink, from evil companions, and to be very careful how they treat God's most sacred earthly gift—a mother. There are many things He gives us twice, but never THAT."

A DYING MOTHER'S LAST REQUEST

A SOLDIER, who had been expelled from a Sunday-school when a boy, went to serve in India, leaving behind him a pions and affectionate mother Some time after, a pious sergeant, who was about to join the regiment to which this youth belonged, waited on the old woman, and found her the subject of heavy affliction, and confined to her He stated the object of his visit, and the old woman said she had only one boon to bestow

and only one request to make to her rebellions The boon was a Bible : the request, that son. for the sake of his poor dying mother, he would read at least one verse each day. When the sergeant arrived in India, he made known to him

his mother's request, -and said, "I am the bearer of the last gift and the last rish of your poor mother."
"What!" said he, "is she dead then?

"She was not," replied the sergeant, "when I left England, but I think there cannot be any doubt that she is dead before this,

"Here," said he, " is a Bible" (giving it to him) out once looking behind.
"I was too hardened, and too brutal, to be only one request to make of you, and that is, that for her sake, you will read one verse a-day at

"Oh," said he, "if it is only one verse, here goes." He opened the Bible—he looked—he paused: "Well," said he, "this is a remarkable circumstance, that the first verse that caught my eve was the only one I ever learnt while at the eye was the only one I ever learnt while at the Sunday-school! It is, 'Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" He began to inquire who "me" was, and the picus sergeant, like Philip of old, spake to him of Jesus. From this period a manifest after the regiment was engaged in battle : when the conflict was over, the sorgeant went over the field of blood, and discovered his late pupil lying dead under a tree! The Bible was opened at the passage before quoted, on which he had re-posed his dying head, and its sacred pages were soaked through with his blood. W. S. G.

CLING TO THY MOTHER

Cling to thy mother! for she was the first To know thy being, and to feel thy life; The hope of thee, through many a pang, she

And when, 'midst anguish like the parting strife, The babe was in her arms, the agony

Was all forgot for bliss of loving th

Be gentle to thy mother! long she bore Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth; Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er Thy cradle played, and taught thy lisping

Yes, sho is old ; yet on thy manny oro-She looks, and claims thee as her child o'en

Uphold thy mother! close to her warm heart She carried, fed thee, lull'd thee to thy rest:

Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art Exulting in the fledgling from her nest;

And now her steps are feeble, he her stay Whose strength was thine in thy most feeblo

Cherish thy mother ! brief, perchance, the May be that she will claim the care she

gave; ast are her hopes of youth, her harvest prime Of joy on earth; her friends are in the

grave; But for her children, she could lay her head Gladly to rest among the precious dead.

Be tender with thy mother! words unkind, Or light neglect from thee would give a

To that fond hosom, where thou art enshrined

In love unutterable, more than fang
Of venom'd serpent. Wound not her strong trnst, As thou would'st hope for peace when she is

dust

Oh! mother mine!-God grant I ne'er for-

get,
Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,
The untreasured, unextinguishable debt
I owe thy leve; but find my sweet employ, Ever through thy remaining days to be To thee as faithful as thou wert to me.

REORETS FOR A LOST LIFE.

A YOUNG man was converted during an illness which proved fatal, though this was not apprehended when he gave his heart to Christ. his physician announced an unfavourable change in his condition, he expressed entire resignation, and requested his friends to sing a hymn expres-

and requested his triends to sing a hymn expres-sive of that feeling.

An hour or two after, in the silence of the room, he was heard to say, "Lost! lost!"

This surprised the mother, and caused the immediate inquiry, " My son, is your faith in Christ feeble?

"No, mother ; but O, my lost lifetime ! I am twenty-four : and, until a few weeks ago, nothing has been done for Christ, and everything for my-self and my pleasures. O that I could live to show my sincerity, and to redeem my lost, lost,

"What an enthusiast you are," exclaimed a person to an carnest American Temperance Advocate.

"Ah, my friend," was the reply, robbed me of a beloved brother, and on his grave I promised God to devote my life to battle with the curse of my home and my country."



THE INNER LIFE OF ROYALTY.

Boyerry has its outward and its inner life. The former in its pomp and splendour, its equipage and etiquette, its public acts and addresses, is open, more or less, to general view and observation: but princes cannot always live in state. the pageantry and formalities of royalty cannot be constantly maintained. These displays are limited to special occasions. Were it otherwise, the burden would be too heavy to be endured : life would become a sickening exhibition. though the gap which separates princes from sometimes appears so wide that we are almost led to regard them as beings of a superior order, and, as a consequence, expect to find in them a freedom from human fradities: yet, in fact, they possess the same nature as ou own, the like passions, affections, and sympathics, and, in these respects, are precisely on our own level. Hence the desire is often felt to ascertain how persons so lightly elevated by their external condition above the rest of mankind. speak, and feel, and act, in private life—in their speak, and feel, and act, in private lite—in their hours of relaxation, and seclusion from the pub-lic gaze, in the domestic circle, and when left to follow the spontaneous feelings of their nature. Reliable information on these subjects is difficult to obtain. It is fitting it should be so. No one willingly submits to have his privacy invaded by inquisitive intruders. It would be an act of intolerable injustice were the private habits and pursuits of royalty to be subjected to the prying gaze of the curious, or the evil-disposed. Times bave been, when the less that was known of the private life of princes the better; when the served to give wider scope to vicious passions, and to foster habits alike degrading and injuri-Happily the times in these respects changed. Britons may well be proud of the eovereignty of their own land, as furnishing examples of piety, of demestic affection, of temperance and economy, of condescension and liberality, of regard for the welfare of the people, and of sympathy with the suffering, which justly merit our highest admiration. At the present time we have a Queen, who has not only maintained for thirty one years a snotless reputation, but, who in the integrity and guilolessness of her heart, and with acendescension without apprecedent, has given her subjects access to some of her private recordsmade with ne view to publication, made with a simplicity and artlessness that admit of no disguise, or misconception-thereby revealing her guise, or insconception—thereby revealing her thoughts, feelings, and acts, at certain times of seclusion and relaxation from public cares and duties. And what do we learn? That Britain is blessed with a sovereign whose conduct in private life wdl not merely bear scrutiny, but which presents an example in her conjugal, maternal, and social relations, deserving the study and imitation of all her female subjects.

British workmen have generally been distin-guished for their loyalty and attachment to the throne, and it has occurred to the writer that it would afford them gratification to have presented to them a series of facts illustrative of the private excellences of two or three of the more recent sovereigns of these realms, as calculated to in-crease their veneration and devotion for the reigning family, and as affording a glimpse of the inner life of the royalty of our own happy land. The facts we propose to present will be arranged according to the virtues they are intended to illustrato

Pietv.

GEORGE THE THIRD .- Habitual piety was

during the whole of her illness, being asked whether the interviews and conversations held between her and the King were of a religious between her and the King were of a religious tendency, replied, "Yes, decidedly so, and the religion is exactly the sort which you, as a serious Christian, would approve. His Majesty speaks to his daughter of the only hope of a uner being in the blood and rightcourness of Jesus Christ He examines her as to the strength and integrity of that hope in her own soul. Princess listens with commess and delight to the conversations of her venerable parent, and replies to his questions in a manner equally serious and affectionate. If you were present at one of these interviews, you would acknowledge with joy that the Gospel is preached in a palace, and that under circumstances the most affecting. Nothing can be more touching than the sight of the King, aged, and nearly blind, bending over the couch on which the Princess lies, and speak ing to her about salvation through Christ Jesus as a matter far more interesting to them both royalty.

Scarcely less affecting is the following incident One day while engaged in hunting, the King got One day white engaged mainting, the King got separated from his attendants. He was pursu-ing his way alone through a wood, expecting speedily to join them, when he was accosted by a gipsy-gil, who, with tearful eyes, asked him if he could direct her to some clergyman, stating that her mother was in the wood in a dying state, and wanted some minister to pray with her. "Conduct me to your mother," replied the monarch. After a short time they reached a retired spot where lay the gipsy-woman on a bed of straw, slightly covered with an old blanket, apparently in a dying state. The King saw there was no time to lose. Dismounting from his orse, placing bimself at her side, and bending over her, with accents of kindness, he proceeded to point out her sinfulness and danger, and her need of a Saviour; on discovering she had some knowledge of these truths, he began to direct her to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, and whilst in the act of portraying to the dying penitent the ability willingness of Christ to save the vdest to save the vilest and the worst, and urging her to trust entirely in Him, he was discovered by his retinue. affecting the spectacle! What a scene for the pen eil of the artist, and for the pen of the historian!
Never perhaps did George the Third appear
more noble than on this occasion. It is needless to add, that the King directed some of his attendants to procure the services of the nearest clergyman, and every needful assistance for the dying weman.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE,-A clergyman in London having applied to the Princess to save the life of a criminal under sentence of death, waited upon her shortly afterwards to inquire if she had succeeded. After answering the inquiry, she thus addressed him. "Sir, I understand you are a clergyman?

" Yes, Madam." "Of the Church of England?"

"Yes."

"Permit me to ask your opinion, sir, on a subject of importance. What is it that can make a death-bed easy?"

Mr. W. was startled at so serious a ques-tion, especially from a young and blooming lady of so high a rank, and modestly expressed his surprise that she should consult him when she had access to many who were much better qualified to answer the inquiry. She replied, that she had proposed it to many, and wished to ellect various opinions on this momentous subject. Mr. W. then felt it is duty to be explicit; and affectionately recommended to her the study of the Scriptures, which, as he stated, uniformly represent faith in the Lord Christ as the only means to make a death-bed happy. "Ah!" said she, bursting into tears, "that is what my grandfather often told me; but then he used to add, that besides reading the deeper in a limb.—Initial prey was always a prominent feature in the character of Bibb, I must pray for the Holy Spirit to teach Spirit to teach it is exemplary mounted. Believing in the doc true meaning. Her Royal Highness the service, and electrified all present by a most trines and dutes contained in Divine Revelation, then related the pains taken to instruct her in admirable and bench hich lasted he reverneed the Salbath; and his public devotions on that day were so scrious and devout, to Lody Bigin for making her acquainted with riveled. The text was engaged in Dr. Watt's Divine Songs, all of which she had of Romans, and the eleventh verse: 'Not them His highest them the the reverted the rest is such as the results of the rest of the results them. His withdrawing from the royal family committed to memory. In concluding this in-for private devotion, and his reading to them on teresting conversation, the Princess carnestly rethe Lord's-day evening some of the best English quested Mr. W. to remember her in his prayers authors on doctrinal, experimental, and practical Mr. W. replied, he had been accustomed to do

WILLIAM IV .- Whatever were the indiscr ous of the Prince during the earlier periods of his life, no repetitions of them defaced his reign, or rendered questionable the religious profession of his latter days. During the excruciating fulness often excited the astonishment and admiration of his attendants. When he experienced any alleviation of his sufferings, his gratitude to the Almighty was expressed in the most truce to the Annualty was expressed in the most fervent manner. One morning he observed to the Queen, "I have had some quiet sleep; come, and pray with me, and thank God for it." On the following Sunday morning, the King desired the attendance of one of the preachers of the Chapel Royal, On his arrival, he was directed to read all the prayers until he came to the one for the Church militant, the monarch thus expressing his wish that the communion service should be included, and all the other parts used in the celebration of public worship. The scene was most impressive. The manner of the King indicated than the highest privileges and honours of the most devout humility. He fervently dwelt, as was apparent from the intonstions of his voice, on every passage that bore any applica-tion to his own circumstances. His mind seemed quite absorbed in the duty, and to rise for a time superior to his bodily sufferings.

The manner in which the last rites of the Church were received, has thus been described by an eye-witness. "The King was scated, as usual, in his casy-chair, the Queen affectionately kneeling by his side, making the responses, and assisting him to turn over the leaves of the large prayer-book before him. His Majesty's demeanour was characterized by the true spirit of devotion. Though unable to join audibly in the responses, yet when the archbishop read the Apostles' Creed, the King, in the fulness of his faith, and collecting all the energies of sinking nature, enunciated with distinct and solemn em-'All this I steadfastly believe.' phasis. the whole service, His Majesty retained hold of the Queen's hand, and in the absence of physical strength to give utterance to his feelings, signified by his fervent pressure of it, not only his humble acquiescence in the doctrines of our holy faith, but his grateful acknowledgment of those promises of grace and succour which so many passages of the liturgy hold out to the dying Christian, and which the King so thankfully appreciated in this hour of need.

precised in this hour of need."
When, on a later occasion, the archbishop took his final leave of the King, then at the point of death, the latter said, with feeble, but distinct utterance, "Believe me, I am a religious man."

OUREN VICTORIA -The observance of public ordinances is a very uncertain evidence of genuine devotion, yet there are circumstances of manner, attention, and remark, which may, nevertheless, serve as a guide to the real feelings of the heart The two following extracts from the Queen's

The two following extracts from the Queen's Journal will firmush their own comment:—
October 29th, 1854.—"We went to Kirk, as usual, at twelve o'cleck. The service was performed by the Rev. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow, sen of Dr. Macleod, and any thing finer I never heard. The sermon, catirely extempore was quite admirable; so simple, and yet so clowas quite admirable; so supple, and yet so cro-quent, and so beautifully argued and put. The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night, St. John, chap-ter iii. Mr. Macleod showed in the sermon how we all tried to please self, and to live for that, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show how we were The second prayer was very touching ; to live. his allusions to us were simple, saying after his mention of us, 'bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat, as also when he prayed for 'the dying, the wounded, the widow and the orphans. Every one came back delighted; and how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such feelings! The servants and

church with such feelings! The servants and the Highlanders—all were equally delighted." October 14th, 1855.—"To Kirk at twelve velock. The Rev. J. Caird, one of the most colebrated preachers in Scottand, performed the service, and electrified all present by a most admirable and beautiful sermen, which lasted whether the service of th slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.' He explained in the most beautiful He explained in the most beautiful and simple manner, what real religion is; how it ought to pervade every action of our lives; not religion, proved his love to that sacred day, so from a sense of duty, but now he should be a thing only for surface at the world; not less than the religious views were evangelical, no less prompted by inclination; and such as majored his own minds with therefore rely on an interest in his poor prayers, petul morphing over good books, but he had a such as majored his own minds with therefore rely on an interest in his poor prayers.

firmness and serenity, the following fact will "Call them not poor," rejoined her Royal Highserve to show:—

A gendleman who was in the liabit of close in all prayer of a righteous man availed much?"

A gendleman who was in the Princess Amelia

PRINCE ALBERT .- " Nothing mean or frivolous uld exist in the atmosphere that surrounded could exist in the atmosphere that surrounded him; the conversation could not be trifling if he were in the room. Spring was his favourite time of the year. The opening leaves, the early flowers, sh green, were such a delight to him; and he so loved to point out their beautics to his children, that it will be terrible to see them without him. The children kept his table supplied with primroses, which he especially loved. The Sunday he passed on earth was a very blessed one for the Princess Alice to look back upon. He was very ill and very weak, and she spent tho afternoon with him, while the others were in church. He hegged to have his sofa drawn to the window, that he might see the sky, and the clouds sailing past. He then asked her to play to him, and she went through several of his vourite hymns and chorals. After playing some time, she looked round and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer and his eyes shut, Presently he looked up and smiled.

Were you asleep, dear papa?

Oh, have such sweet thoughts.

During his Oh no only I During his illness his hands were often folded in prayer; and when he did not speak, his serene face showed that the

happy thoughts were with him to the end."

"The fortitude of the Princess Alice has amazed us all. She saw from the first, that both her father and mother's fortitude depended on ber firmness, and she set herself to the duty. He loved to speak openly of his own condition, and had many wishes to express. He loved to hear hymns and prayers. He could not speak to the Queen of himself, for her feelings overpowered her, nor did she seem as if she could realize the extremity of his danger. Her daughter saw that she must act differently, and she never let her voice falter, or shed a single tear in his presence. She sat by him, listened to all he said, read to him, and when she could bear it no longer, would walk calmly to the door, then hasten to her room to give vent to her pent-up feelings, returning soon with the same calm pale face, without any appearance of the agitation she had gone through.

appearance of the agreements are had gone inrough.

'Since the Prince's death, I have had several
conversations with the Queen. On one occasion
she said 'How strange it seems, when I look
back, to see how much for the last six months the Prince's mind had dwelt upon death and a future state : their conversation had often turued upon these subjects, and they had read together a book called 'Heaven our home,' which had in-terested him very much. He once said to her, We do not know in what state we shall meet gain; but that we shall recognise each other, and be together in eternity I am certaio.' It seemed be together in eternity I am certaio. It seemed as if it had been intended to prepare her mind and comfort her, though, of course, it did not strike her then. She added, 'She was a wonder to herself, and sho was sure it was in answer to the prayers of her people that she was so sustained." This statement was written by a

gentleman occupying a confidential position in the Queen's honsehold, (To be continued in our next.)

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SOLDIERS AND THEIR DOGS.

THE pages of ancient and modern history abound with instances of the attachment existing between

with instances of the attachment existing between soldiers and their dogs. These shiftful annuals have accompanied their masters through weary marches, have endured the fategoes of companies the form of the soldiers of their soldiers of their soldiers of their soldiers. That soldiers of their soldie the soldiers, and in performing their evolutions, each man had to pass before the king. The dog lay quiet for some time, but when the assassins of lay quiet for some time, but when the assessins of his late master passed by, he flew upon them with great fury, barking, and tearing their garments, and frequently turning about to the king. The conduct of the dog excited the suspicion of the

which was taken from the grave of its master, a French officer, who was slam at the battle of Salamanca, and was buried on the spot. The do had remained by the grave until he had nearly The doe perished of hunger, and even then he was only removed with much difficulty. There is another story of a poodle, equally au-

There is another story of a proude, elpany an-thentie with the foregoing. It accompanied its master, also a French officer, to the wars. The offi-cer was killed at the battle of Castella, in Valencia, when his contrades endeavoured to carry the dog with them in their retreat; but the faithful animal would not desert the body of his master, and consequently was left behind. A Spanish soldier, seeing the cross of the Leon of Honour on the dead officer's breast, attempted to snatch it away, but the poodle instantly seized him by the throat, and would have choked him had not a comrade in crime come to his rescue.

During the wars of St. Bartholemew, an officer named St. Leger, who was imprisoned in the castle of Vincennes, about four miles distant from Paris,

regaining his freedom, St. Leger died. The greyhound would no longer remain in the house; but on the day after the funeral, returned to the prison of Vincennes, attracted there by a sense or motive of gratitude. A juiler of the outer court had always shown great kindness to the dog. Contrary to the general harshuess and rude manners of people of that class, he had been so struck by her attachment and beauty, that he fa cilitated her interviews with her master, and also insured her a safe retreat. As if out of kind ness for these services, the greyhound took up her abode with the kind-hearted jailer. The affectionate animal never forgot its former master. She used frequently to repair to the tower where he had been imprisoned, and would sit gazing for hours at the barred and gloomy window from which her masterhad so often smiled down upon her,

until the stroke of a cannon ball lamed him for life. As the troops entered Madrid he limped at the head of his battalion, gaily decorated with flowers and crowned with laurel, the emblem of flowers and crowned with laurel, the emblem of victory. The battalion had appointed Palonoo an honorary corporal, and on his breast he wore the insignia of his rank.

Bob, the dog of the Fusileers, distinguished himself greatly during the Crimean war. At

the charge of Alma he gaily trotted up the height, the charge of Alma ne gany trotted up the neight, occasionally turning aside to chase the spent shot as they rolled down the hill. Throughout the fierce struggle at Inkermann he stood by his regiment, and, when the fight was over, he visited his wounded companions Poor Bob fell a victum to his fidelity. In the return to Balaklava be was fatally injured by the wheel of an artillery carriage. General Doyle wrote and published some verses to his memory.

whichher master had so often breakfasted together.

After the decisive charge at Waterloo, as the Duke of Wellington, accompanied by his staff was riding over the lattle-field, where role of the received have a decisive charge at Waterloo, as the Duke of Wellington, accompanied by his staff was riding over the lattle-field, where role of the received have been decisived by the content of the received have been decisived by the content of the received have been decisived by the content of the received have been decisived by the content of the received have been decisived by the content of the received have been decisived by the content of the received have been decisived by the received have been decisived Our engraving illustrates an episode in the Crimean war. On the night of the 1st of May,



THE PAITHFUL PRIPED ENGRAVED, BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. GOUFIL AND CO., FROM THE PAINTING BY JANET LANGE

king and of all who stood beside him. The men were apprehended, and though the evidence against them was very slight, they confessed the

crime, and were punished accordingly.

At the battle of Aughrum an Irish officer was acompanied by his wolf-hound. This gentleman was companied by mis worst-normal. This generous an was studied, and his body was stripped on the field of Vincennes, and began to bark under the battle, but the dog remained day and night by the side of his lead master. During the night he used was confined. St. Leger booked through to go to the adjacent villages for food. This he did from the 12th of July, the day on which the battle was fought, until the snows of January lay deep on the brow of Kilcommoden hill; when a soldier being quartered near, and happening to go that way, the dog, fearing he came to disturb his master's hones, thew upon the soldier, who, surprised at the sudden attack which had thrown

soil piace at the sanden Marker Which had thrown bin on his back, unstrung his earbine, and un-happily shot the loving and faithful animal. The Marquis of Worcester, afterwards Duke of Beaufort, who served throughout the Pennghout the Penin-

wished to retain, as the companion of his soli-tude, a greyhound that he had brought up, and that was desperately fond of him; but this in-dulgence was refused by his jailers, and the greyhound was sent to St. Leger's house in Paris. The following day the greyhound returned alone to Vincennes, and began to bark under the windows St. Leaver looked through the hars and was delighted to see his faithful hound again, who began to play a thousand gambols to testify her joy. St. Leger threw a piece of bread to the her joy. St. Leger threw a piece of bread to the dog, who ate with great goodwill, as did St. Leger, his portion of the coarse prison fare; so, which have defined them. in spite of the immense wall which parted them, they breakfasted together like two friends. doned by his relations, who supposed him dead, St. Leger, during his four years' confinement, was visited only by his affectionate greyhound. Nο

matter how boisterous or inclement the weather might be, in spite of wind and rain and snow. sular war, brought home to England a poodle the dag paid her daily visit. Six months after He took part in all the fights and shimishes, thee a crown of life."

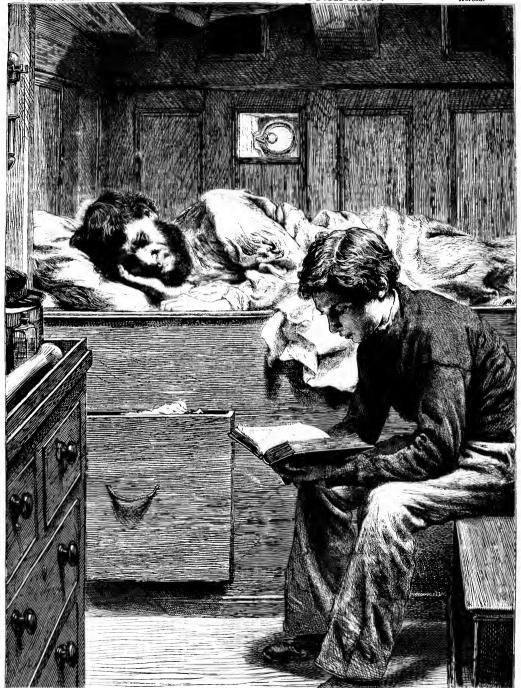
and horse were "in one red burial blent," he came to the corpse of a French corporal, beside which a dog kept up a continued barking, and grew very savage if anyone attempted to approach the body. Some one proposed that the dog should be shot. "Nay," said the duke, "let its life be preserved, and let it be well taken care of, for it has

taught us all a lesson of devotion and humanity." At the close of the late war in Morocco when the victorious Spaniards made their triumphal entry into Madrid, a dog named Palomo (Columbus) shared in the honours received by the commander of the troops. Palonio belonged to the fourth hattalion. At the outbreak of the war when the battalion marched to Algesiras to em-bark, the dog was left behind; but just as the soldiers were about to sail, he made his arnear-On the troops leaving Algesias, Palomo ance. was once more left behind, but shortly after their arrival in Africa, he joined his battahon. How he had crossed the sea was a mystery.

approaches of the enemy in front of Schastopol. Three battalions of Voltigeurs of the Garde were successively engaged, and the struggle lasted tell daybreak. In the morning, two other battalions of Voltmeurs were called to the battle-ground,

some to fight, and some to carry off the killed and wounded. Far from the other dead they way, single-handed, through the Russian ranks. By his side conched to on their approach, and whined pitifully, as if assistance for its master, who mploring beyond all earthly aid.

Many more anecdotes of soldiers and their any more anectors of somers and then dogs might be related, but the foregoing suther-ently show the strong attachment of the dog for its master, and should unpress upon us all the duty of faithfulness in every station of hie; Creator, who holds out to all the promised reward, " Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give



BOB, THE CABIN BOY.

BOR THE CABIN BOY.

As tout a craft was the Nancy, And a goodly sight were her sails of white,
As she ewept the winds before.

And as gallant a crew she had on board As over sailed the sea But the Captain of the Nancy, Oh. a gudless man was be.

An oath on his bearded lip, And he was loved by never a Of all who sailed that ship.

And, let the wind blow high or low, The night be foul or fair, The voice of the wicked Captain Was never raised in prayer.

Not long had the Nancy been to sca, When the Captain, he fell ill; God laid His hand on the sinful man, And the wicked tongue was still.

The fever burned on his achine brow. And gnawed at his heart within;
Yet never a prayer to his God above
Did he pray—that man of sin.

But be groaned aloud in his agony, And he smote his guilty breast,
And he wearily tossed from side to side,
But he found no calm nor rest.

In his hammock below, a wreck he lay, Had lain for a week or more And never a man of the Nancy's crew Had entered his cabin door.

Not a man had stooped, with a kindly word, To pillow his aching head ; ot a man had moistened his feverish lips, Or brought him a crumb of bread

But God looked down from His home on high Looked down on the dying man, He had bided His time and chosen His hour To work out His own wise plan.

Yet He sent no voice from the yawning deep, No angel-form from above : The meanest of all on hoard that ship He chose for His work of love.

Twas watch below on a Sunday night,

And the winds were whispering s Along the face of the mighty deep, And up in the shrouds aloft

When a soft step paused at the cabin-door, When a soft step paused at the cabin-door
Where the wicked Captain lay:—
And "Are you better, my master dear?"
A gentle voice did say.

The Captain he raised his weary head, And he glared with blood-shot eye, But his heart was hard; oh, his heart was hard, For a curse was his reply

But again, at the dawning of the day, Came that step to the cabin-door; And "Are you better, my master dear?"

Said the gentle voice once mor Now the Captain, of all who sailed that ship, Was the wickedest man by far.

For he had spent the prime of his youth On board of a man-of-war.

But the gentle voice of his cabin-boy It knocked at his stubborn heart, And it hade the misspent years to rise. And the bring tear to start.

And it trickled adown his swarthy check-Down his cheek, so brown and tanned, And he groaned as be looked in the boy's blue

And hid his face in his hand

"Oh, Boh, my lad, I am very bad, Ill, ill as I well can be :

No sleep last night for the strange, strange thoughts, And the mouning of the sea

"No rost no rost for the winds and waves

Hark! hark, how they cry and sob! I am lost, I am lost, no help for me, No hope for your Captain, Bob."

"The Lord is kind," replied the boy, "He knows what poor sailors are; And He'll hear you, master, though high His homo,

Above sun, moon, or star.

And with many a tender word he strove, While the Captain meaned in pain, To comfort the heart of the dying man, Ere he hurried on deck again.

One morning, the Captain said in haste,
While the tear stood in his eye,
"I've been thinking all night of the Bible, Bob, I want you to find one-

"Go forward and look in some chest, my lad, 'Tis no use your looking here, haven't had one in my cabin, alas ! This many a long, long year.

"For God's sake find me a Bible, do; Go forward and look, my boy." Soon the Captain beheld the lad return— Beheld him with tears of joy.

Ah, that will do," he said, with a smile, When he saw Boh's cheerful look;
"Now sit on my chest and read to me From out of that blessed Book

Pick out some place about sinners, Bob; Some bit that will suit me now, And I seen shall know whether such as i Can be saved, my lad, and how."

With the eager car of a dving man He listened to every word. s, with tearful eyes, and tremulous voice, Bob read of our blessed Lord.

Next morning, the Captain said, with a sigh, "Oh! Bob, I shall never get whole; You'll soon have to cast me overboard, But what will become of my soul ?

"Oh! what will become of my soid, dear lad? God sees, and He can't forget; am lost! I am lost!"—" No, master, no, I think you'll be saved vet

"Oh, Captain, remember the many fine things I read to you yesterday:"
The Captain, he groaned, but he asked, ere long,
"My good lad, can you pray?"

No, master, I never have prayed in my life, Save the one prayer taught to me, Which I said of a night, when, a little lad, I knelt at my mother's knee."

Oh! pray for me, Bob, for your Captain, Bob, Go down on your hended knees, And cry to the Lord for mercy, Bob, For my soul is ill at ea

Then Bob knelt down at his master's side, And folded his hands in prayer, And sore he besought the Lord to take The dying man in His care.

Still weaker and weaker the Captain grow, Yet none heard him complain His hope was in God and his Holy Word-Bob prayed with him oft again.

For Rob had a true and a tender heart And tended him day and night : And the Captain scarce could let bim to be A moment out of his sight.

orn he said, while he took Bob's hand. What a glorious night I've had When I went to rest my mind was full Of what you had read me, lad.

"I lay some time in a sort of doze, Still thinking of what you'd read, When all of a sudden I thought I saw A shadow beside my bed.

"I thought I saw in the corner there. As plain as I see you now, Christ hanging upon the cross; yes, Bob,

With the thorns around His brow i arose and crawled to the place, so faint, I could hear my poor heart beat; Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!"

I cried, and fell at His feet. "At length, I thought that He looked on me. On your wicked Captain-ay;

And, oh, such a look it was, my lad, I'll think of it till I die. "The blood rushed back on my heart and brain, And my soul was thrilled the while,

As, waiting in awe to hear Him speak, My child, I saw Him smile! I saw Him smile, and I heard Him say,

Yes, I heard Him say to me, Be of good cheer—thy sins are great. But all are forgiven thee.

What joy, what joy did my heart feel then, No word could my dumb lips say, But I gazed on His face, and I saw Him smile As He passed from my sight away.

"Pm now not afraid to die : ao. Bob. My sins are forgiven, I know;
want no more this side of the grave: I am ready, my boy, to go

"Don't cry for me-I'll be happy soon ; God bless you, my dear, dear boy,
And keep you from all the crimes that were mine
And send you eternal joy.

Tell my crew to forgive me, as I forgive; f'll pray for them all—don't weep;
God will bless you, I know; now read me a verse,
Ere I try to fall asleep."

Next morning at break of day Rob rose And came to his master's door; The Captain had risen, and all alone He knelt on the cabin floor.

ands were clasped, and his head was bowed, And he seemed as if in prayer. Bob paused, lest the sound of his step should fall On the solemn silence there.

But a strange fear crept around his heart "Oh, master!" at length he cried,
"Oh! Captain, oh, master dear, speak, speak;
But no voice to his rephed.

He laid his hand on the Captain's arm, And laid it upon his head;
And tenderly called him by name again,
But the Captain, he was dead.

With a prayer on his line a prayer to God. With a prayer on his np, a prayer to the His spirit had passed away;

Let us hope, to dwell with the Saviour dear,

In realms of eternal day.

M. B.

A NOBLE REVENOE

MARTIN FROBISHER, although holding the humble position of skipper of a coasting schooner, claimed to be descended from Sir Martin Frobisher, the gallant sailor of the days of Queen Elizabeth, who was the first Englishman to attempt to dis cover a north-west passage to China; who accom-panied Drake on his West Indian expedition; and who, for his gallant conduct in the repulse of the Armada, received the honour of knighthood. Skipper Martin, in virtue of his real or supposed descent, claimed, among other privileges of the grattemen of the time, that of appealing to the duel as a just and honourable method of deciding hetween right and wrong. In one of these en-counters he was slain. His death broke the counters he was slain. His death broke the heart of his wife. Shortly before she died, she alled her only child, Charles, to her bedside, and with dving line besought him never to resort to the duel for the settlement of any wrong or in-sult. Her request was unnecessary, for the young nan had long ago made a firm resolve never to

Through influence with the secretary of the Admiralty, Martin, a few years previous to his death, had got his son entered as midshipman on board the "Sibyl" sloop of war, where he so conducted himself, that he obtained a heutenancy. The conclusion of the war with France left him

without either ship or pay.

His good conduct as an officer, and skill as scaman, soon procured for him the appointment of first-mate of the harque "Mendip," trading be-tween London and the West Indies. During his first voyage, on her return, the captain indulged to such a fearful extent in strong drink, that Frobisher took command of the ship, and, disabled as she was, through the carelessness of her captain, brought her safely to the Nore, and, for so

doing, was appointed commander by the owners.

When the Mendip was fitting out for its next
run, Frobisher went down to the Isle of Wight to visit his parents, and while there his father came to his untimely end.

When the Mendip was ready for sea, he took farewell of the grassy mound, that marked the resting-place of his parents, in the churchyard of St. Lawrence.

The Mendip was lying off Gravesend, waiting for the arrival from London of the principal passenger, an attaché of the British Embassy at the Portuguese Court

Among the cargo, were several barrels of gunnowder

While the ship waited for this personage, some of the cabin passengers, among whom were four multary officers, went on shore, and remained there till the hour of sailing was announced, which was done by the captain in person. Ho entered the Falcon Hotel, and found the foun ers engaged in drinking and gambling. officers engaged in drinking and gambling. One for the problems of them, Licutenant Brown, inflamed by his related to them, Licutenant Brown, inflamed by his related to fine the Brown Brown is a wallowed, called noses, and the winto he had awallowed, called officers of the Brown, resourcast, for the part of the Brown, and the Brown Br

"Drink, my boy, till your brains are on a blaze

I have not come to drink : a blazing brain is not for one like me, upon whom depends, under God's providence, the lives of so many. I have come to tell you that in an hour we shall weigh

anchor."
"Not drink!" shricked the wine-made mad-"Not drink!" shricked the wine-made mad-nan, "if you will not swallow the liquor, you shall take it somehow," and he flung the wine-filled glass at Frobisher, whom it happily missed, "A challenge! A challenge!" shouted the companions of Brown. "Surely, Captain Fro-bisher will not tamely suffer such an insult!"

"Nothing shall provoke me to fight Licutenant Brown," replied Frobisher, "I pity, and I pardon nt. The officers laughed loudly and scornfully.

"In an hour, gentlemen, we sail,"
Frobisher withdrew.

The "Mendip" was cleaving her the channel. It was the hour of dinner, and Frobisher, in his capacity of captain, presided. The gambling officers and their wives, by many misimutations, implied that "somebody" was a coward and poltroon. After dinner was ended, and while the passengers walked the quarter-deck, which the Captain also was pacing, Lieutenant brown and the attack, with a mock courage, created by drink, spoke lond sneering words against Frobisher, to his face, and turned laughingly to the others for their approval. In an instant, the strong arm of Frobisher laid a heavy hand on the shoulder of Brown, "Hark'ee, Lieutenant Brown, I am captain of this sbip, and if you persist any longer in trying to upset my authority, I shall place you in irons till we reach Lisbou." The insolence was never repeated.

The "Mendip" was in the Bay of Biscay. A storm had been raging for three days, during which, the bravery of the captain was extolled by every one on board, except Lieutenaut Brown and the attaché. The ship's boats were swept away, all but two, and these would harely con away, all but two, and these would harely contain the passengers and crew, should it be requisite to abandon the ship. On the fourth day, the alarm of if was a raised. The hold was in flancs. In a few minutes more the flance would reach the magazine. The tine was midnight. The captain was on deck, and gave his orders with calm self-composure.

"Lower the boats. Let the women and

"Lower the boats. Let the women and children go first; then every man according to

Ay! ay!"replied his bravemen. The wives of "Ay! ay "replaced his bravemen. The wives of the officers, and the steerage passengers, and the children, were safely lowered into the boats. "Now for as many as the hoats have room to spare," shouted Frohisher.

The attaché sprang forward. "Back," said Frobisher, "years before position; Lieutenant Brown, it is your turn first."

"Heaven bless you!" cried Brown, bursting into tears. " we are friends at last

Frobisher shook him by the hand, exclaiming,

"In the presence of death, why should we not be so! I have never quarrelled with you." The hoats were full, almost too full. A preliminary explosion announced the coming catas-trophe. "Cast off, and pull for your lives," cried Frobisher, as he stood by the gangway.

We must, and shall save you! was the crv

that came back from the dark waves.

"Away! away!" was the reply. Then came a low rambling sound, then a great flash, and a clap like thunder, and the splantered spars and masts of the ship "Mendip" were floating on the waste of waters. The hrave captain was no

The crews of the boats reached land in safety.

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POSTAL NOTICE.

THE INNER LIFE OF ROYALTY.

(Continued from page 175.)

OUEEN ADELAIDE.-From earliest childhood this excellent and most accomplished woman was remarkable for her sedate disposition, and rather reserved habits. The greater portion of her time was devoted to her studies, and though perfectly cheerful with her intimate companions, she took little pleasure in the gaicies and frivolties of fashion. Even when she arrived at more mature years, she manifested a strong dislike to that laxity of morals, and contemut for which is the shear of the shea ing which had resulted from the French Revolution, and infected almost all the Courts in Germany. That of Meiningen, by its seclusion, and prudent management of the Dowager Regent escaped like an oasis in the arid desert. Thus favoured by Providence, this little court was distinguished by the purity of its principles and habits. ness Adelaide and her sister were objects of admiration from their exemplary conduct. chief delight was in establishing and superintending schools for the education of the lower classes. in providing food and raiment for the aged, beluless, and destitute; the Princess Adelaide in particular was the life of every institution that had for its object the happiness of her fellowone to object the nappiness of her fellow-ereatures. Her union with the Duke of Clarence was of the happiest kind. Seldom do we find two personages of similar station in whom the virtues of domestic life were more pleasingly exemplified With such excellent qualities of mind and heart as were so eminently possessed by the royal Duchess, it is not surprising that she should have won, and retained the high esteem and tender affection of her illustrious consort, or that his conduct towards her should have evinced the most delicate and uniform attentions.

It will not be uninteresting to the reader if we subjoin a little incident connected with a visit paid by her Royal Highness to her native land, as showing the strong affection entertained for her by her own country people. It had been concluded to celebrate her birthday at Altenatein. and concluding the day at Liehenstein. On alighting at the villa at the latter place, the Duchess was met by a procession of lovely peasant girls bearing beautiful garlands of flowers ith which they proceeded to decorate her person. This delicate expression of their attachment was received with the most cordial affability, and with such words of kindness as touched every heart. was accompanied by a melody, in which all the villagers united. We give translation of two of the verses :-

tion of two of the verses:—

'0h! let our junleg garland bind thee
Flowerest from thy nation tree,
Though ruste hands the piedge have twined thee,
'I is our hearts that welcome thee!
This garland to thy heart appealing,
Speaks thy country's cherished feeling,
And the welcome wreaths we twine,
Are forcet flowers of Allenstein,
Allenstein,

Are forced flowers of Arienaeva. Adelaido.

Flowerels upon thy path we scatter

With lowly hand, but strict true;

Then will not despue too latter,

The will not despue too latter,

Thy welcome of the true of the true of the true

Thy welcome all our lps repeating.

Thy welcome all our lps repeating.

To bid thes welcome to thy own.

Adelaide.''

OUREN VICTORIA .- Visits to the cottages of the poor have formed one of the pleasures of the Queen in her visits to the Highlands. The following interesting visit is described in a passage from

the " Ousen's Own Iouenal: "

ady Churchill and Mrs. P. Farquharson walked round with us to some of the cottages, to walked round with us to some of the cottages, to show me where the poor people lived, and to tell them who I was. Before we entered into any we met an old woman, who Mrs. Farquharson said, was very poor, and eighty-three years old. I gave her a warm pettions, and the tears rolled down her old cheeks, and she shook my hands, and prayed God to bless me; it was very touching.
"I went into a small cabin of old Kitty

Kear's, who is eighty-six years old, quite ere and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her also a warm petticont; she said, 'May the Lord ever attend ye petticoat; she said, 'May the Lerd ever attend ye and yours, here and hereafter; and may the Lerd be a guide to ye, and keep ye from all harm." She
was quite surprised at Vicky's (Princess Victoria surprised at Vicky's (Princess Victoria neight; greatinterestistaken in her. We went one day to a cottage (formerly Jean Cordon's) to visit old Widow Symons, who is past four-score, with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double : she was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind to the Prince, said, "Let us be thankful to blessings; 'May the Lord attend yo with mirth Providence for His blessings, and endeayour te

d be called any day; 'and so did Kitty Kear.

We went into three other cottages; to Mrs. Symons' (daughter-in-law to the old widow living next door) who had an 'unwell boy :' ther are now a little burn to another old woman's; and afterwards peeped into Blair's, the fiddler. We drove back, and got out again to visit old Mrs Grant (Grant's mother), who is so tidy and clean and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief and she said. 'von're too kind to me : von're kind to me; ye give me more every year, and I get older every year.' After talking some time with her, she said, 'I am happy to see ye looking so nice. She had tears in her eyes, and speaking of Vicky's going, said, 'I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry hersel'; and having said, she feared she would not see her (the but I meant no harm; I always say just what I think, not what is fut (fit)'. Dear old lady, she

s such a pleasant person.'

Really the affection of these good people, who re so hearty and so happy to see you, taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying.

OUREN CHARLOTTE -Owing to the private economical mode of life early adopted, and constantly pursued in the royal household, a report prevailed that the Queen was extremely parsimonious . Labellers of all sorts made the nost of this c:dumny, and founded upon it numerons tales to her disparagement. Death lowever, made public what the humility of r long life had carefully concealed. After the in-terment of the Queen, it was proved that so far from heing covetous, or uncharitable to the poor. her income was always inadequate to the bou she bestowed on private individuals, and public institutions. Her annual benefactions in pensions and subscription exceeded £5,000, and even that sum fell short of what her Majesty gave away to distressed objects, and in aid of useful designs. To one female institution alone she gave in the course of her life, £25.000.

A female, nuknown to the queen, one day pre-sented a petition at Windsor. The memoral stated that the applicant was the widow of an officer left with twelve children, wholly unprovided for. The Queen made inquiries, and the result being satisfactory, she took all the orphans under her protection.

GEORGE III.—In the severe winter of 1784, his Majesty, regardless of the weather, was taking a solitary walk on foot, when he was met by two boys, the elder not eight years old, who although on foot, when he was met by tw cant it was the King, fell on their knees b fore him, and with piteous accents implored relief.
"The smallest relief," they cried, "for we are "The smallest relief," they cried, "for we are hungry, very hungry, and have nothing to eat.

More they would have said, but for excess of grief. The father of his people raised the weeping boys, and encouraged them to tell him the e of their distress. They did so, and related that their mother had been dead three days, and still They did so, and related that lay unburied; that their father was stretched by lay unturned; that their tather was stretened by her side on a bed of straw, in a sick and hopeless condition; and that they bad neither money, food, nor fitting at home. This artless tale strongly excited the sympathy of the royal bosom; directing the boys to guide him to their home, the King was conducted to a miserable hovel, where he found the woman dead, apparently from want of food, the father ready to perish also, but still encireling with his feeble arms the partner of his woes, as if unwilling to survive her. monarch gazed upon this scene of woo with tearful eyes, when, leaving all the cash he had with him, he hastened back to Windsor, related what had witnessed, and sent an immediate supply of everything necessary for the relief of the wretched family. The old man recovered, and the King, to complete the good work he had begun, educated and provided for the boys.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.-In one of her walk with Prince Leopold, the winter before her death, the Princess, seeing a decent-looking man who was employed as a day-labourer, said to him, 'My friend, it appears to me, you have seen better days ?

"I have, madam," replied the man. "I once ented a good farm, but the chance in the times

has ruined me."

The Princess was much affected, and turning

distribute food daily to those most in need. Princess, instead of frivolous sports, and extra-varant festivities. £200 were expended in supplying the poor with clothing. Such was the star of promise that beamed for a short time above the horizon, and was then removed to enjoy the reward of righteonsness in a better world

PRINCE WILLIAM -On the death of a former keeper of Bushy Park, the Prince appointed his son, a young man, to succeed him, the office having been held by the family for many years. This young man had the misfortune to break one of his legs. The henevolent Prince visited him with consolutions, and found him especially anx-The henevolent Prince visited him ons about the deer

" Well, John," said his Royal Highness, "don't fret about the deer; keep your mind quite casy, and I will pay attention to them daily; I will attend to your duty while you are confined; and mind you do not get out too soon." Soon after his recovery, he gave way to intemperance, when, in order to cure him, the Prince required his attendance every night at eight o'clock, and if he appeared in liquor, reprinanded him on the following morning. The royal kindness was, however, unhappily thrown away, for after a time the man died a martyr to drunkenness

In the earlier part of his life, while yet an officer of inferior rank in the Navy, in passing over London bridge, one sharp day in winter, he observed a squalid-looking figure, with scarcely a him from the inclemency of rag to cover weather. On eyeing him closely, he recognised in this wobegone object, an old shipmate, who had sailed with him in the "Prince George," and had been a sort of favourite. The royal youth stopped and then took him to a Jew's store. stopped, and then took min to a Jews store, where he rigged him from top to toe. The Jew's charge was three pounds fifteen shillings; but, here the Prince found himself in a dilemma. In his haste to perform a good action, he had forgotten he was without cash. He had, however, a valuable gold watch, of which he sold the case the Israelite for five guineas, paid the bill, and gave the surplus to his companion. This man afterwards, by the interest of his Royal Highness, obtained a quarter-master's situation in an East Indiaman, in which service he acquired property enough to retire, and settle for the re-

property enough to rettre, and settle for the re-mainder of his days in Stepney.

The following is one among innumerable in-stances of kind-hearted attention to humble merit, after the Prince's accession to the throne. The curate of a church in the metropolis wrote to his mother in the north of Ireland, desiring her o come to London for the purpose of teaching him the Irish dialect. of which he was ignorant. in order that he neight be the better enabled to instruct the Irishmen in a particular part of London where they are very numerous; his mother unable to meet the expense of so long a journey, yet anxious to comply with her son's wishes solved to appeal to the king's benevolence. wrote was addressed, "To the King, letter she wrote was addressed, "To the L London;" and it reached its destination. majesty made inquiries, and being satisfied of the accuracy of the statement, he forwarded to the mother, through Lord Melbourne, twenty-five guineas

Conjugal Affection and Tenderner

It is not the more prominent, or public actions of life, that furnish the best index to the charac-ter or feelings; little spontaneous acts, or slight ental expressions, often supply the best key by which to arrive at the real sentiments and passions of the heart. This rem importance to some of the brief extracts that follow.

OUEEN CRARLOTTE .- The strong attachment of the Queen to her husband is a well-established fact, and it remained unaltered through all the changes of their long and eventful life to its final "At the time when the Queen's dissomoment. lution was nigh," it is recorded, "though it was evident the expected event could not be far off, the royal patient herself entertained to the last hopes of recovery. Her thoughts were perpetually on the wing for Windsor, and to gratify the strong and restless desire she felt to be where the King was, various expedients were devised, but all without effect." What an impressive example of the ruling passion strong in death. Her great desire was to render those ministrations of love and sympathy which only an affectionate wife can render.

QUEEN ADELAIDE.—The following facts blessings; 'May the Lord attend ye with murth provisces as any message, and visite by; may He ever be with you in this [full the timportant duties required of us, by to the last illness of his Majesty William IV.—world, and when ye lever it.' To Vicky, when 'making our antiering fellow-creatures happy," 'n Nome hunt those who have long lain upon a bot dolf was agoing to be murried, she said, 'May, 'On their return lone, her levoly Highense oalered, of affietion, know how to value the tenderness the Lord, he a guide to ye in the future, and it he steward to obtain a list of all the descriving and assisting of female affection and sympathy in usy every happiness attend yes. She was very objects of chartry in the neighbourhood, with cause of the standards, and when I said, I hoped to see her their particular circumstances and families, after King's illness, the Queen set an example to her and assiduty of female uffection and sympathy in acute healthy suffering. During the whole of the

again, she expressed an expectation that 'she which, the clerk of the kitchen was appointed to sex of patient unwearied attention to her illustrious eed. On Consort, which the women of Eugland will do well nee and to imitate, but may strive in vsin to surpass. For twelve encousive days the Oncen never undressed, or reclined upon her couch for longer than an hour or two at a time.

It was stated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, For three weeks prior to the King's dissolution the Queen sat by his kedside, performing for him every office which a sick man could require, and depriving herself nearly of all rest and refection; she underwent labours which I thought no ordinary woman could endure. No language can de justic to her meckness, and to the calmness which she ught to preserve before the King, while sorre was preving on her heart. Such constancy of affection, I think, was one of the most interesting spectacles that could be presented to the mind deing to be gratified with the eight of human excellence

QUEEN VICTORIA.-The history of the Sovereigns of these realms presents no instance of con-jugal affection, more ardent, tender, or exemplary than that which subsisted between our beloved Queen, and the late universally revered and la-mented Prince Consort. There can be no indelieacy in looking upon scenes in the inner life of her Majesty which she has herself condescended to disclose to the view of her subjects. No one who reads the "Leaves from the Queen's Journal," rather allusive than otherwise, the strong and ardent affection she cherished for him who was the husband of her choice

&c .- Blair Athole, "Leaves," high, but could not get to the top; Albert in such delight; it is a happiness to see him, he is in such spirits."

"Oh what can equal the beauties of nature:

Albert enjoys it so much; he is in ecstasies here. He has inherited this love of nature from his dear father "

" Every year my heart becomes more fixed to this dear paradise (Balmoral), and so much more so now, that all has become my dear Albert's own creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Oshorne; and his great taste, and the invest of his dear hand have been stamped every-He was busy to-day settling and ar

ranging many things for next year."
"I felt very low-spirited at my dearest Albert having to leave at one o'clock for Aberdeen, to at the meeting of the British Association

"I heard by telegram last night that Albert's reception was adulrable, and that all was going off as well as possible. Thank God! I ascended Loch-un-Gar with Alice, Bertie, Ludy Churchill, Colonel Eruce, and our usual attendants, and returned at six o'clock. At ten minutes after seven, arrived my heloved Albert. All had gone off most admirably. He had seen many learned people; all were delighted with his speech. The ception most gratifying."

The foregoing extracts, brief as they are, yet

written in the fulness of a heart sincere, and glowing constantly with the warmth of affection, speak more loudly than any public professions, however eloquent, the strong attachment of the Queen to her beloved Consort.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN INDUSTRIOUS NAVVY. WE were much gratified by the receipt of the following letter, and regret that we have been unable to give it earlier insertion.

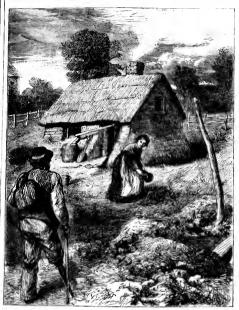
Winscombe, Weston-super-Mare. January 14th, 1868.

I am chaplain to the "Naviga-DEAR SIR.—I am chaplant to the "Naviga-tors," on the Yatton and Wells line now in con-struction, and take in several numbers of the British Workman for the men at the Cocoa-Shed.* They are dreadfully pushed for lodgings, and They are dreadfully pushed for lodgings, and one of them has very ingeniously constructed a cottage of turf close by, where he lives very snugly, rent free, when others are paying some-times as much as 4s. for a single back-room.

times as much as 4s. for a single cask-room.

Our friend got permission to use a few yarde
of ground by the side of one of the shafts of the
tunnel, and he set to work each evening when his regular day's task was over. He unhappily lost one of his legs some years ago by a fall of earth in which a comrade was killed by his side; so that he is in consequence much disabled. Nevertheless he set handily to work, first paring thick slabs of turf, which, laid one on another, constitusaus of till, which, had not a band thick ted the walls, sloping upwards from a yard thick hase like a military earth-work. Next, the roof-tiame was creeted, mostly of rough pieces of waste-wood from the palings which enclose the line. This was then covered with fern and houghs gathered from the hill above, and finally thatched with straw, which was the only paid

. Cocos is supp ied to the men at a haif-punny a pint.



THE INDUSTRIOUS NAVTY RETURNING TO HIS "RENT-FREE " HOME

labour in the construction, thatching not being one of the accomplishments of Mr. Joe Lock, one of the accomplishments of Mr. Die Lock, the enterprising crector of the edifice. Two second-hand windows were picked-up, and fast-ened in the openings. A chimney was masoned with rough stones from the entting and mud for mortar, the bressummer-piece being a fragment of a locomotive rail. A stout door was knocked together, of odd pieces of plank; a deep trench was dug round to keep all dry and comfortable within. A serviceable bedstead, and one or two other articles of furniture were made up by the same ready hand : the inside was white case to the spring of the roof, and curtained to hide the more private domestic arrangements. The dry earthen floor strewn with clean sawdust, and The pot boiling, and Mrs. Joe ready with the tidily-spread table, and the bread-winner coming in with a hearty appetite, as well housed in all essentials, as a man who pays rent and taxes, and himself and wife (they have no little ones) sitting by their hearth, much happier I dare say than many in a mansion more luxuriously built and furnished! To be sure, Mrs Joe wishes sometimes that the chimney were less smoky, but, what would you have? There pesition without some inconvenience, and even Her Majesty herself has occasionally ac thing to disturb her. In my sketch you have the wife draining the water from the potatoes,



and looking up with a hearty welcome when she hears Joe's step. Yours truly, W. Barclay, M.A., Chaplain to the Mission.

. Are there not thousands of working men in England, who

MCNUMENT TO A FAITHFUL DOG THE memories that linger round the gray walls and battlements of the Tower of London are the most part sad and melancholy. Tower Hill recalls scaffolds and savage executions. But leave Tower Hill, and descend to the river by the eastern side of the Tower, and you will, at the edge of the "Pool," behold a monument, erected edge of the "Foot," benote a monoment, to the memory of a dog. It consists of a wooden tablet placed against the outer wall of the Tower, and on it is painted the following epitaph. We copy it verbation:—

IN MEMORY OF EGYPT, A FAITHFUL DOG. RELONGING TO THE IRONGATE WATERMEN.

WATERAGEN,
WHO WAS EILLED ON THE 4TH DAY OF AWGUST,
1841. AGED IG YEARS.

AGED 10 TEARS.

Rev Lies Interred Beneath This Spot
For Hild have been story abouth he be fough.
For Hild Rev by should he be fough.
Care
For Hild Files. 10 stry should he be fough.
Care
Contented with hard-Red and harder Pare
Around the Tower he Dully Used to Roam.
In search of Bits so Sevoury et a Bone
In search of Bits so Sevoury et a Bone
In search of Bits so Sevoury et a Bone
In search of Bits so Sevoury et a Bone
In search of Bits so Sevoury et a Bone
In Search Search Harder Search
Supplied with Cosh which held between his Javs
The Beasen's Plan he had no hands but Revs
The Beasen's Plan he had no hands but Revs
The Beasen's Plan he had no hands but Revs
The Beasen's Plan he had no hands but Revs
The Beasen's Plan he had no hands but Revs
The Beasen's Plan he had no hands but Revs
The Beasen's Plan he had held he More
The Carbo He were the Search
When Dessert in Justice Gay he took his Pipo
And powed the Paper not the Bits'
Thous Infinite Amendment
By tothless Kick Which burded him for me the
By tothless Kick Which burded him for Bolive
Mortelly Finger doos nessinged his Breeth
Thas left has frends who here Record has Death

Alas Poor Egypt,

Thinking over a score of dog stories, I made my way by the Tower to Irongate Stairs, and on

have come to see it

What! old Egypt! this way, sur." And I was conducted by a little crowd to the memorial of a dog's affection and faithfulness. Watermen, as a general rule, are rather rough fellows, but to me, on the occasion 1 speak of,

they were most civil and polite

they indulged in parenthetical remarks—" Egypt was od one, he was. Yes, Bill, he was a good one, he was uncommon," "Undo everything but speak, and I dare say he could have done that if he had had proper schooling."
"Right you are. Bill."

The epitaph having been ranscribed. I made some inquiries about the dog, whose memory the watermen of Irongsto Stairs dolighted, and still delight, to bonour. This was the re--117 · -

Egypt was a retriever but not a nice-looking dog. He was uncommonly shy of strangers, and very suspi-cious of them. Through the greater part of the day he sat on the pier-steps, and watched the ships and hoats, and the cbb and flow of the tide. He was a self-He was a selfclected member of the Royal Humane Society. On several occasions lu plunged into the river, and

brought drowning persons to shore. At night, and to shore. At night, and all through the night, he was most useful to the watermen. The Newcastle sloops and schooners, before the days of the steam colliers, lay off Irongate Stairs. Their crews were a wild and lawless lot. They com-monly remained on shore tall all hours of the night and morning; and came to the Stairs, far gone in intoxication, to be conveyed to their segone in intostaction, to be conveyed to their several vessels. Two of the watermen were detailed for this work, and when they left their little lodge, to row a party to their vessel, "Egypt" remained behind, and kept faithful watch over

a dozen of watermen and their helpers crowded their precarious hame, would not grudge him a round me. "Not to-day," I replact. "You have got a moniment or tombotine somewhere, the insupper about here, creeded to the memory of a dog, and law on the control of the memory of a dog, and law of the control of the memory of a dog, and the control of the control of the memory of a dog, and the control of the contro waits, but he was never long absent from the lodge or stairs. His longest walk was to a cat-and-dog's meat shop in Queen-street, Tower Hill, whither he went whenever he was treated to a penny, and, as I was most emphatically assured, "He never put that ere penny down till he saw the meat before his nose."

second and a third visit to the Stairs, y were most civil and polite.

I made a second and a third visit to the Stairs,
While I copied the epitaph into my note-book, to try to add to the meagre information I had



gathered concerning "Egypt." My friends, the watermen, received me with the same civility.

"How are you getting on, sir, with the old log!
Doing off his history to rights, I hope! For he
was a good one, he was!" The humstiten hisgraphy of "Egypt" seemed to be summed up
in the brief phrase, "He was a good one! "I
could gain no further information. "You see,
sir," said an intelligent waterman, "we are, all
of us, young men hereabouts now; those that
could have told you more about him, as clead
and gone; but he was a good one, that he was!"
I hope his memory is still doing good. Those watermen received me with the same civility I hope

the oars and furniture of the place.

I hope his memory is still doing good. Tho
that the epituph is daily teaching its leason
and dined with the watermen, who, even out of

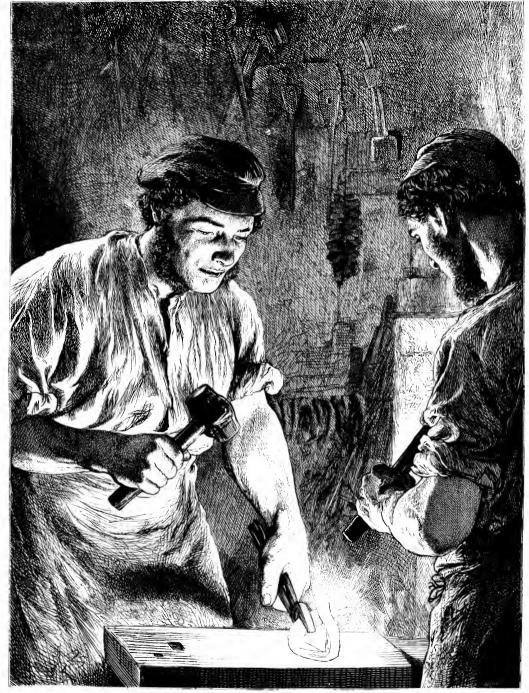


TYNE DOCKS BRITISH SCHOOLS.

We hearthly rejoice at the multiplication of good | enlisted the warm sympathy of Joseph Pease, schools, yet so many hundreds are yearly erected that our limited space renders it needful, that as a rule, we should not insert Engravings of them. An exception to the rule, however, must be made in the case of the Tyne Docks British Schools, near South Shields, towards the crection of which the working-men, chiefly connected with my way by the Tower to frongate Stairs, and on the free standing term was, is a matter of course, as the North Eastern Railway Company have sailed with the ery of "Beat, sir, boat," and voluntarily contributed the noble sum of £300. * Poor "Egypt" would never have done this, except from ball to secure for their children a good education,

Esq., of Darlington, and other friends of educa-tion, who liberally came forward with subscrip-tions to the amount of £700. The Stareholders of the Railway Company, handsomely contributed £662, the Government gave £588, and now these excellent and well-ventilated schools, designed by Mr. Prosser, Newcastle-on-Tyne, capable of accommodating 600 children, have be at a cost of £2,250, and opened free of delt!

To working men who have not got good schools near them, we would say, "Go and do likewise."



CETTING IN THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE, OR, "STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT

OPPRING IN THE THIN EDGE OF THE WEDGE

Or. "Strike while the Iron's hot." ST THE AUTHOR OF THE "COLED PEATHER

"Peorts will talk" is a very common saying but whence it originally came no one can tell. Its origin, like a great many other things, is pro-bably lost in remote antiquity. It may have nown at the building of the tower of Rabel though at that time people began to find it hard to understand what one another said. Yes, they were, no doubt, talking then; and their de-scendants have been doing so ever since; and will

bluous and he has a busined folk have no one else to speak to, they'll tilk to the madves ; and very interesting, no doubt. ome such conversations would be, if only there were some one to write them down.

Now, Ned Sledger, and his mate Tom Strokes ere no exception to the common run of mankind They were not, of that class which does a deal of but a very little work; but of that, which do a deal of work and just a little since of talkenough to flavour their work, to keep them socia-ble and friendly with their fellows. They were They were people, who thought that a friendly word could be said over work as well as over the pot.

Sometimes, like true-born Britons, Mr. Edward Sledger and his mate Mr. Thomas Strokes dis-cassed the weather; and now and again, they took a go at politics—not often, however, but only now and again, when anything very attring was up, and most other people were his mate Mr. Thomas Strokes dis

talking too. The fact was politics did not much come in the way of Ned and Tom. They heard now and again that one big-wig was out, and then they took it for granted that the big-wig he had been always opposed to would come in. But one big-wig was protty much the same as another to them id had come to that, that there wasn't so much difference between them after all. They e-sawing on the same piece of timber ; the only difference was, that when one was up the

But now there was a reason why the black. smith and his mate should talk politics; for the new Reform Bill had just passed, and both Ked and Tom were about to be free and inde-pendent and high-minded electors of the pendent and of the becough of Inkliam. They didn't know until now half what they were-what noble Britons what honourable gentlemen! what magnani-mous spirits! what lessons they were to read mous spirits! what lessons they were to read the universe in independence, and political purity! But they would find it all out soon, when their new candidate came, and called upon them as a part of "the people," to send himas "the people's to the people's Parliament.

"So we're to have a vote," said Tom Strokes, in rather a triumphant tone of vorce; "one of us as well as the other—master and man too."

Why do you say 'master and man,' in that said the smith

way t" said the smith.

"Because the master has had it all his own
way up to now," said Tom Strokes; "but from
this time, the man will be as good as his master." " And the new Parliament is to do that "said Ned Stelger; — humph, if it does, 'twill do won-ders; and what's more, 'twill do move than is good. I don't believe 'twill do it; and if it does,' 'twill have to undo it again; and if it doesn't 'twill undo itself. If all men were made masters," continued Ned Sledger, "some of them would be back again to their old state in a month's time ; and if all the masters were made men, some would be back again before long, as

they were before. 'Tis one thing to make men equal, and another to keep them so; and there never was a Reform, or Parliament, or anything else, I don't care what you call it, that can do "Well there's something going to be done,

"Well there's comemny going to be one, said Tom Strokes; "and re're going to do it."
"Tis a good rule," answered Ned Sledger,
"for getting on in the world, first to know what
you want to do, and then to go and do it; and I think, Tom, we, working men, ought to know what we want to be done, and then tell our members to go and do it. I remember heaving my father say that when the first Reform Bill passed, our old neighbours the Wakes expected to become gentlefolk at once. Old Wake is donkey along the road, when he met Spire Oakes driving a pair of thorough-breds.

As soon as the bill passes, says old Wake, 'you and I will change places;' and perhaps 'tis well for old Wake they never did, for the horses would most likely have broken his neck, and the onkey suited him much better. And then Mrs.

and after that also didn't mean to read any more I wonder, my father used to say, that folk even set their hens: that they don't expect the Reform Bill to hatch them, and bring the chickens up. One thing is certain, Tom, and that is, that old Wake and his wife have a great many grandchildren in the world; and if they're not like them in the face, they are at any rate in their expectations."

And do what u all the 'reformed Pathament,' to do? Tom Strokes

Tom Strokes.

"To be sure I do," answered Ned; "I know
what I don't expect it to do; and what I do expect.
I don't expect it to cart my coals bere, and to
pay John Thompson for my iron; I don't expect
it to cure the spaxin on that grey mare's leg, nor
takes the sure what he had been dealers. to shoe that pony, that knocked out your tooth. I don't expect it ever to do a day's work for me; and if it tried ever so hard, it couldn't seat me on Souire Oakes's hunter, nor in his wife's carriage, nor in the parson's arm chair. I'm happy as I am, and I don't want Par imment to meddle with me, or my forge. But I don't want it to be idle, for all that. I want it to do something. I want it to help the working man; and to protect lim; and to be kis friend, as a working man's Parliament ought to do, and ought to be.

think you know your own mind, Ned, for you said a minute ago, you were not wanting anything, and now you are. A momentago, all you wanted, as a working man, was to be left alone now you want the Parliament to do something for us a working man.

"Yes, Tom, I want the Parhament to protect ; and keep me from being robbed.

Now Ned Sledger was about the strongest an in that part of the country, so it afforded Tom Strokes infinite amusement that he should all of a sudden become so helpless as not to be able to take care of himself, or what belonged to so he had a good lond laugh, and Ned. I wouldn't for a trifle by the man to come and rob you; especially when you have that ham-mer always so handy. You're about the most independent man in these parts, and what are

independent main in these parts, said what are you meaning by saying, 'you want help ?''

''Ah, Tom, my friend, it isn't a man's muscles that will always protect him; for there are enemies a man can't get at with the sledge, or any such substantial tools. I want the new Parliament to protect me against them. I want it to keep working men from being robbed of their day of rest; and from being plundered by drink. If it will only do that, it will do more than any Parliament that ever came before it."

"They say, Ned, that to give the people a pital Sunday, is just what a new Parliament will want to do They'll give the people lots of will want to do. They'll give the people lots of fun. Crystal Palace, museums, pictures, merry-go-rounds—lots of heer for us, and ginger-beer for the little ones; and as for the churches and chapels—hem—I don't near wine them; they'll let them alone, I suppose them; they'll let them alone, I suppose must be something for all sorts; and I suppose the sold still rather go to the old places. But 'twill be all jolly ; and something will our way, I hope; for if there's to be Crystal Palace in London, why shouldn't we have booth or two down here? We are 'the people We are the people here, just as much as the London folk a there; and I hope our member will see

"That's the very thing I want him to see served Ned, "that there should be none of this for once begin, and then, if one thing is right, why, so is another; 'tis just like going down a ladder; and we'll soon have shops open; and then work being done; and the man who works six days, will have to compete with the one who works seven; and 'twill be just as it is in France -no rest-no quiet-nothing but toil; and when God made a day's rest, He showed that it wasn't for endless toil He made man member, Tom, when Farmer Jones split that great tree, how he did it. Didn't be come to us, make him some wedges? Didu't we put a fine edge on them at first; and didn't they do their business well! That's the way they'll try to split up the grand old Sabbath; and I want rliament to keep my day of rest for me I want it to protect me from an unfair seven-day competition; and from being tempted to do what 1 should not; and from being tempted to do wind the should not; and from being worn out before my time by seven days' labour instead of six; for 'ts well known that, if man and beast rest every seventh day, they get through more work than if they toil on straight on end

"And I want my children to be protected om all that 'Sabbath-breaking by law' will bring with it; and I want the country protected Wake, when she went to the Hall for the washing, from the wrath of an offended God, and I want Wake, when she went to the frain or the washing, from the wrath of an offended toot, and I want which she did by the quarter, said she'd like it to be remembered that men have souls as well to take it this time only for half a quarter, for as bodies; and that there is a heaven and hell, she expected that 'the bill' would pass by then; as well as the earth on which we live.

"Twas but the other day that one of our than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper great guns was saying that, 'but for religion, order in the house of my God, than dwell in the could not be kept, and Government carried on at 'tents of wickeleness." could not be kept, and Government carried on;'
and I want order, and all the true prosperity that comes with it.

it Ned took him up as t Ned took him up as sharp as a needle.

"Don't talk to me of the Continent. I km

how it is over there. They're orderly en-with the bayonet half sticking into them. They're orderly enough ligion will do what the bayonet cannot: and 1 don't want Continental Sabbuths, or Continental order either. I mean to strike while the iron's

What's that, Ned; what has that to do with 14 7 7

"Nodonbt," answered the blacksmith, "as this is to be the 'people's Parliament,' some 'man' will be coming down here; and I put him a question or two-that I do. I'm not afraid of any man, when I know I'm doing right; and I mean to stand straight opposite to bim on the hustings, and say, 'V Will you vote

for keeping the Sabbath as it is ?'

"Now is the time for us to stand up for our rights. By-and-by, a lot of these 'people's men' will forget who sent them to Parhament, and what they were sent for. I mean to come down strong on our member while he is shancable, like piece of iron here. How do I know he far a shoc has to go, or what mischief will one of its being cast on the road : 'tis my duty see that if anything happens 'tis no fault of whoever drives the coach, 'tis my basi-to look after the shies of the horse; and mina

I'll do my part, whatever comes of it.
"If I wait, Tom, I can't shape this rat, Tom, I can't shape it is but into the fire again; and if I don't speak on as the opportunity comes, there' snowing when I'll get mother chance. And you see what it is, man,—a wedge—aye, a wedge, Tom
—oh! they're doing nothing while they're just titing the sharp edge to the sht! Sure, no one could find fault with that; but, wait a little, till that's safe in-then they'll sledge-hammer it un

"Now is our time for shaning our members. Tom for you see at election times the members all unto the fire and then they're shapeable enough se to every man,—who know good the Sabbath is, and how bad beer-houses re, -is, to try his would-be member on thes points, whether he'll vote to keep the one, and get rid of the other If he v ants to get a

*Strike while the iron's hot !!

THE WELSH PRINTER. Or The Sabbath Kent

ONE bright summer's day a swift steamer sailed into the harbour of San Francisco.* Among the passengers were William Jones, a Welsh printer, and his wife. They were voyagers from England; and when, at last, they stepped on shore, they felt strange and quite bewildered among the crowds of sailors, boatmen, gold-diegers, porters, and emigrants who were assembled on the wharves Never before had they seen such eager pursuit of wealth and such lamentable dissipation. much difficulty they found a home, and hastened

to enjoy its quiet and rest.

From his earliest youth-when dwelling in the midst of the beautiful scenery of North Wales—William Jones had always been a joyful worshipper in the house of prayer; and he re-solved to maintain this wise halot in the land of gold. In making this resolution, he had the en

sympathy of his wife. The Sabbath dawned, and in due time they walked towards a little church which stood within sight of their new home. In the streets were gaily dressed crowds, amusing themselves with all the pleasures of the gold-endowed city; but they quietly pursued their way through them all, and found a place in the church. The service commenced, and with full hearts and joyful lips the two emigrants rose and saug-

"Thine carthly Subbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest above; To that our labouring souls asp With ardeut pangs of strong de

No more fatigue, no more distres Nor sia nor bell shall reach the place; No grouns to mingle with the songs Which washle from immertal tonesses

Glad and peaceful they exturned to their home d, as they again passed through the crowds of noisy, drunken, gambling people, they felt more than ever the beauty of the Psalmist's words "How annable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!... A day in Thy courts is better

* The incidents embodied in this narrative are derived from a work entitled "Street Preaching in Cabfornia," by the Rev. W. Taylor.

On the following morning William Jones to seek for employment at his trade at a printer at comes with it."
"There's the Continent"—began Tom Strokes,
It Ned took him up as shurp as a needle,
and a conscientions Christian—one likely to prove a valuable servant to any employer, went to the Plaza, and mingled for a while the groups he saw there; but at length he addressed a civil-looking American gold-digger, who was reading a newspaper, and asked him where it was brinted

was printed.
"Take it, stranger, and see."
"Thank you," said William Jones, as the gold-digger walked into a store.

Looking down the columns of the San Francisco "Daily Times"—the paper just given bim—he saw this advertisement :—" Wanted, a good printer. Apply at the office of this paper. In-quire for Zachary Winthrop, the manager."

In a few minutes William Jones stood in the

resence of the manager, and would at once have seen engaged, but he said : "I cannot go into the offi c office, sir, except on one condition,"
"What is that \(\) Want an advance, monthly.

"No; my condition is that you never expect

me to work on the Subbath ! The manager smiled, whistled, took up a The manager sunred, windsteen, glancing keenly

William Jones, he said, "Can't agree to the "Then," said the good printer, "I can't begin

"Well, I'll try you, and I won't ask you to

come on Sundays. So go in, and start."

A few weeks passed away, and William Jones grew in the favour of the manager. He was punctual, saber, quick an his work, and always did the best he could. So far, therefore, he had been the best he could. So far, therefore, he had been prosperous, and both he and his wife Mary were very happy. One Saturday night, however, the very happy. One Saturday night, however, the long trail of a steamer's smoke was seen; and shortly afterwards she sailed up to her mootings, and a beat care off, laden with mail-bags. One
of these was conveyed to the office of the paper
on which William Jones was employed.

"Jones," said the manager, as he bustled through the office, "the steamer has just arrived; and we have so much new matter to set up, that want you to help the boys to-morrow. Here was the difficulty which he had feared

I am willing, sir, to work tell twelve o'clock to-night, and commence work again at one o'clock on Monday morning; but you know that I canon alonday morning; but you know that I can-not work on the Sabbath. I told you that it was against my principle to do so; and I agreed with you that I should not be expected to not contrary

my conscience. "Oh, well, never mind," said the manager:

At family worship, next morning, William road amongst other verses—"Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt then dwell in the land, and versly thou shalt be fed." William prayed; and William prayed; and then sat down to his meal with a bright face, and a peaceful heart. And Mary his wife was as bright and peaceful as bor husband.

The day of trial came once more ; but for this William Jones had prepared himself by solemn prayer. Letters, articles, mail-bags, exchange-papers, market-lists, accounts of a great riot at the gold-diggings, and other news, poured in one Saturday night, and the manager went to him. and said

"Now, Jones, I cannot argue with you about this 'Sabbath-day' of yours; but just look at all this copy. It must appear on Monday moraall this copy. have it in type ing, and therefore we must

It must be done, and you must help to do If you won't do it, then I won't have you the paemises. The fact is, look you, Jones, I won't have you here, unless you will work whe

"Well, sir," replied William Jones, calmly, "it is very expensive living here in San Fransisco, and I am dependent on my daily labour; if any continuance in your office depends upon my working here on God's day, I'd sooner beg my bread from door to door."

Having said this, he held his peace, and quietly -like a certain king's cupbenier-the God of heaven." In the mo 4 prayed In the meantime, the manager walked about the office, rumpled some sheets of old copy, picked up some types and them down again, and then answered-" Well, Jones, you are very obstinate, but you

a good workman and an honest fellow, and I don't want you to leave me. So stay on, and you shall have your Sundays all right," The manager kept his promise, and never after ards asked the good Welshman to work in the

Subbath

. From an admirable Tract (No. 1136) issued by he Religious Tract Society.

THE INNER LIFE OF ROYALTY. (Concluded from page 179.)

Temperance and Economy. George III .- The temperance of the kin proverhial. He rose, both in summer and winter, before say s'elosli. He took a slight breakfast at eight, and dined off a plain joint, usually mut-He retired early to rest, after pass ton, at one, the evening with his family, generally amused which he was very fond, and in the knowledge of which he possessed considerable taste. Handel was his favourate author.

The DUKE OF CLARENCE, afterwards William 18c DUKE of CLARENCE, atterwards Williams 1V., when visiting Germany with his duchess in 1822, for the benefit of their health, pursued a regimen, when travelling, remarkable for its abstaneace, and which is thus described by Di -" During the eight days' journey to this country. his royal highness more than twice. He breakfasted in the morning, as seven, upon tea, and a simple slice of thy teast, and on the slove. In g A slight luncheon, consump of cold fowl and ham, veal, or pibler (the latter a favourite viand).

The Prince's encummon was presented, and out the consumer of the prince's encummon was presented. repared, and put into a small basket in the more of these, with bread, One or formed the staple banquet of the day, and were resorted to at pleasure. At night, on arriving at the inn, his Royal Highness took tea. This summed entertainment. to this temperate course of hving, is the Prince's regard to economy. No man can be more attenditure as much as is possible, or con his as alted station, then his Royal Highness. He looks over all the accounts houself, sams up, calculates, adjusts, and compares every item.

Some further interesting particulars are pre-" Unless, when sented on the same authority. engaged with important business, or with comthe Dirko observes a major in tunctuality in his hours of retiring to rest, and getting up. Eleven o'clock is the hour at which he generally retires. At seven in the morning he is dressed Breakfast occupies but a few moments, as it consists only of a cup of coffee, and a rusk and matters of business are then attended to. and finished. His Royal Highness afterwards walks until time to dress for dinner. In diet he walks until time to dress for dinner. In does no observes a strict regimen;—plain roast, or boiled mutton to dinner. Seldom takes any wine but sherry. He ravely eats roots or vegetables, not even a potato. The only beverage in which he indulges, in innocent freedom, is barby-reader When the weather permits, the Duke walks from two to three hours a day

Output Victoria and Brigary Community During a period of unparalleled private and pub lie expenditure, when speculation had taken wings, when luxury was running a race with pride, when the rapid increase of merchant princes had given rise to new habits of luxury and excess, the Royal Family set before the country a uniqu example of cheerful and dignified economy. stead of coming before Parliament with a schedule of debts, asking allowances for the education of children. , or expecting the nation to pay for the whim of a new palace, the Queen and Prince Albert did all this themselves, and much more, When there came a cry of famine and pestilence, and then war, they freely paid their public contributions. They discharged the debts and obligations of many royal peronages, both here and abroad. They acquired two domains, and built two palaces, which might almost be said to have been rendered necessary by the altered eircumstances of the country They saw more of these Isles, and their inhabitants, than any former princes, since kings wandered with a price They were not wanting in encouragement of the arts; and if outbid by an age of indlionaires, they accumulated no vast gallery of their own, they placed London at the of national collections, and internation exhibitions. Nor did they neglect the future exhibitions. Nor did they neglect the inture wants of their family. Thus they passed for rich on an income which would have been deemed penury by some royal standards. Domestic hap-

may refer again to the Queen's Journal, in which the inner life of the royal family, in their seasons of to observe the innocent and rational nature of their pleasures, their simple and inexpensive habits, their cheerful contentment with the homely fare and accommodations of the Highlands, and their condescension and kindness to inferiors. Sometimes a single sentence will be found sug-

and to the one in which we live, a wooden addidimmercion, sitting-room, bed-room, and dressib, and there is a little room where Caroline Dawson (the maid-of-houser) eps, one for her maid, and a little pantry. the other house, which is only a few yards dis generally tant, is the kitchen where the people set a small room where the servents done are other which is a sort of store-room, and a loft above in which the men sleep. scenery is beautiful here—so wild and grand— The real severe Highland seemery We had variou hoat, and along the randles in and out of the shore. I wish an artist could have been there to sketch the scene; it was so picturesque—the boat, the net, and the people in their kilts in the water, In going back, Albert rowed,

The Prince's encomponent at Fithort—" Sud-dealy, when near the top of the path, we came denly, when near the top of the path, we came upon Albert's little encampnent. Albert was still absent, having gone out at six o'clock, but Lohlem and some of the gillies were there. The little house, with shelves for keeping a few boxts, (no seat) and a little stove, was comfortable: but the wind was dreadfully high and blew in. We waited a quarter-of-an-hour, and then Albert arrived. The night had been bitterly cold and windy, but he had slep lunched in the little 'housie,' at the over

Grantown. - "On, on, we went, till at lenoth (c) authors.—"On, on, we went, this a length we saw lights, and drove through a long and straggling 'town,' and turned down a small court to the door of the inn. Here we got out quickly. We went up a small staircase, and were to our bed-room at the top of it, small, but clean, with a four-post hedstead which nearly filled the room. Opposite was the draw ing and dining rooms in one, very tidy and well Then came the room where Albo which was very small. Made ourselves and tidy, and then sat down to dinner. Made ourselves clean and Brown (two Highland attendants), were t have waited on us, A ringletted woman did everything. The dinner was very fair, and all very clean;—sonp 'hodge-podge,' antton broth, with vegetables which I did not much like, fowl, with white clean ;—sonp, sauce, roast lamb, and very good potatoes, besides one or two other dishes which I did not taste, ending with a good tart of cranberries. After 1 tried to write part of this account the talking round confused me) while Albert Then went away to begin undressing, and it was half-nast cleven when we

morning.-" A misty morning The fallow ith rain. Had not slept very soundly. got up rather carly, and sat reading and working, drawing-room, till the breakfast was ready for which we had to wait some little time. Good tea, and bread and butter, and some excellent

Zeal for National Progress and Prosperity. THE PRINCE CONSORT, ... It is but justice to his emory to say that all his eminent virtues... all his splendid opportunities, were devoted to the noblest ends. The Prince Consort had an instinctive love of peace, of industry, of progress.

Progress was indeed his constant theme and study. What the word Duty was to Alfred the Great, the word Propess was to Albert the Good. No other word turned up so often in his speeches, no ther idea was so constantly present to his mind. No sacrifice of time, thought, labour, money, or responsibility, seemed to him too great, when he could make it in the cause of mational or indi-vidual progress. He willingly sat on a Fine Art Commission in Westminster, visited the Docks Grimsby, presided at an Agricultural Dinner at York, laid the test stone of a National Gallery in Edinburgh, and of an ahashouse at Woking, imaggirated a Servant's Provident Society, dined penuty of solic tryat sources, and the spines, and the seeme of duty, were their clear inaugurated a Servant's Provident Screety, dined luxinies,"—The Times.

In confirmation of the foregoing statement, we desert Eubstein of Art Treasures—labours, in clear Eubstein of Art Treasures—labours, in which few princes would have found delight. indy core again to successful successful and the successful succes charged by her Majesty, and by the nation, with the great task of electing its successor at South Kensington. Every good cause night of his voice, his hand, and his purse. V

portige, which I thought very good, and also some of the "Finnan hadden" but the donestic servants in two of a bube, norther is he worthy who where some of the "Finnan hadden" but had a man to see against his consecure. That man "All-med) are two of lock. These are two but the donestic servants in the roll a man to see against his consecure. That man "All-med) are two of lock. These are two but the donestic servants and advectory nor as he worthy who suffers himself to be intimion the occasion would confer muon them a most on the occasion would confer upon them a most important advantage. His reply was :—"After what you have told me, I should be wanting in any duty, if I hid not take the chair;" and he did take it, thus identifying himself with the interests of that useful and important part of the community. It was by genuine sympathy, and genuine work, that the Prince Consort goined the unnive which he held over the best mouds, no in this, but other countries, and secured for himself, as if by universal consent, the title of " Albert the Good."

THE SWALLOWS

In the early part of the present season, a couple of swallows built their next in the corner of the kitchen window of my dwelling-house, which has a pleasant exposure to the south. Every thing a pleasant exposure to the south. ut well with them till the 17th of July, when unfortunately, owing in all probability to the intense drought and heat, the nest got detached from the wall and fell with its living contents to the ground. The maid-servant was the first to observe what had happened, but very thoughtlessly she neither mentioned the matter, went to see what had become of the birds. About half-an-hour after the fall of the nest, I learned what had occurred, and an anxious and patient search was instituted among the bushes and flowers in the plot below the window, which resulted in the recovery of three young swallows.

They were found to be old chough to hop a little, They were found to be out chough to into their but too young even to attempt to use their wings. An old cage was borrowed from an obliging neighbour, and the bottom of it comforobliging neighbour, and the bottom of it comfor-tably lined with the feathers of the fallen nest, and other soft and warm materials. An newspaper was tied over the sides, top, and back of the cage, to afford shelter from the wind, and a piece of an old oil-cloth table-cover, tied over all to keep out the rain; and the cage thus made comfortable, was firmly fastened with mails and strings to the wall, as near as possible to the spot where the nest had been, in the hope that e parent birds would find out their your continue to feed them until they were old and strong enough to fly away. The first night proved for an hour or two to be very windy and wet, and much concern was felt for the safety and comfort of the little birds. However, in the morning they were all in life, and appar health, and what was still more gratifying, the parent birds had at once, and cordially taken in hand the duty of tending and providing for their little family. There were no means of ingress for the parents, but they clung to the front of the cage and fed their young ones through the wires. After being kept in the nest for eight days, during After being kept in the nest for eight days, during which, the parent birds were unceasing in their attention to their young, thus setting a lesson which it would be well if all human parents would follow in the treatment of their boys and girls, the birds were considered capable of flying, and op-nortunity was taken of the near presence of the old birds, to lift the young ones out of the cage, one by one, and let them off into the air, where they took to flight beautifully, and were immediately joined, amid a perfect chorus of delighted and grateful twittering, by the parent birds, and many others that were circling round the spot. this case, not because we consider it at all singular, but, because the simplicity and complete success of the means adopted to assist the poor little swallows in the day of their distress, may nitice swinows in the day of their distress, may induce others in similar circumstances, to g and do likewise.

Dalkeith, August 8th, 1868

"FREE AND INDEPENDENT VOTERS."

HATE flattery and bribery with your whole souls, my fellow-men! I should like to give you here the words which one of the highest-minded teachers of our age addressed to a company of working men. "The possession of a vote gives to the working man a solemn responsibility. Let us not be told that the injury done by u wrong vote is small; it is not so that we measure responsibility. If there be a million voters, and is true it is but the a man votes corruptly, it millionth part of the injury which may arise from a bad law that is attributable to him; but responsibility is measured not by the amount injury which results, but by the measure of distinctness with which the conscience has the have said. When an continues a single sentence with to mention.

In two continues a single sentence with the following significant the first sentence with the following significant the first sentence with the first se

dated. That man rususes his privilege who corrupts by exclusive dealing; so soes he who votes adely from self or class interest."

These are words which many a voter needs to get by heart, and to act moon.

From "A True Briton." An admirable Truct said by Misses, Jarrold, which deserves a wide inculation at the present time. ----

THE CREATOR KNOWN BY HIS WORKS

In a musical instrument, when we observe number of strings set to harmony, we conclude that some skilful musician hath tuned them.

When we see thousands of men in a field arshalled under their respective vielding exact obedience, we infer, that there is a meral to whose orders they are subject.

In a watch, when we observe springs, and heels, great a d small, each so titted, as cur to an orderly motion, we acknowledge the

When we come into a printing-office and sea vast variety of different letters, so regulated and disnosed as to make a book, we are at once convinced that there is some composer, by whose art they were brought into such a frame. When we belied a fair building, we conclude

it bul an architect, and When we see a stately ship, completely fitted ort, and safely conducted to the nort, we know

that it had builders and a pilot. The visible world is such an instrument, army watch, budding, book, and ship; and as undeni-ably proves that God was, and in the tuner. artificer, architect and pilot of it. Lancagam MA

THE DAY OF REST: Or, Walter Waynilete and Will Blake.

SWEETLY rang the Sabbath bells from the grey belfry of a Sussex church, consecrated to the worship of God long before the keels of the mvading Norman vessels had crunched the publics of the shores of England. Down through the wayn-High-street, Bible in hand, went Walter ficte with a heart full of thankfulness for the day of rest from worldly toil, and a soul overflowing with gatitude to Him who is the Lord of the

As he passed the door of "The Red Lion, whose signilicand, gay with gold and crimson, flaunted gandily in the quiet soushine of the morning, Will Blake—"Beery Pill," as he used be called-tattered from the door of the taxein into the street.

"Good morning, Master Walter," he exclaimed. peaking thickly, and with many a stammer and tutter. "Going to church like a good lad, as you always were ?

ow Walter and Will had been schoolmates, had played tegether on the green of the ancient town; and when boyhood merged into youth were to be met with in the long summer evenings, and the autumn twilights, wandering side by side along the reedy margin of the river, or the

andy beach of the sea.

But Will fell into idle habits, and into bad company. The conversation of Walter became too good, too calm, and peaceful for him-his moral as well as his physical appetet became depraced, and could only be appeared by loose

talk and strong dirak.

Yes, Will, I go to church. Wherefore goest thou not thither also?"

"If my garments were like thine I would gladly go, but apparelled as 1 am, 1 cannot go thitlist.

"I fear me, Will, thou hast left thy Sameavclothes in the tap of the Bed Luca, and much thy peace of mind along with them. Besides, Will, then caust not be both a tavern-goer and a church-goer. If thou wilt go to 'The Red Lion, thou canst not go to thy village church. Will, the door of the tavern leads to misery and destruction; the door of th of the tayon leads to noverty. is to sincere worshippers as the entrance-gate of heaven. The door of the first will be closed against thee when the coin ceases to rattle in thy pocket the door of the last is open to all comers. solemn thought, Will; in the silence of thy chamber send up a prayer to thy Maker and mine, andask Himfor light and power. Dear Will, we were schoolmates and playmates, and by the memory of those days I implore thee to do as I



"I fear me, Will, theu hast left thy Sunday clothes in the tap of the Red Lion."

in the grey tower called the townsfolk to prayer, Walter and Will walked side by side to the old church. "A word spoken in the season, how good is it!"

A NAVVY'S SHORT SPEECH.

"GENTLERR," said a navy, just as a public meeting, for improving the homes of the poor, was closing, "allow me to say a word. The hest day's work Parliament ever did for us working men, was to begin the Post-Office Savings' Banks. hard work to keep a shilling in my trus once pocket, but now, when I am working in any part of the country, I pay my money to the Post-Office, and when I come home I can draw it out just as I SOWING WILD OATS. labourers has been please. See here, gentlemen, here are some yellow In all the wide range of accepted maxims there is removed from his

When on the following Sabbath-day the hells a gown for my wife, and boots for my barns, in the grey tower called the townsfulk to prayer, I never knew this pleasure until the Post-Office Savings' Banks were begun. And now as some Parhament gentlemen are here, let me say that the next best thing that you can do for us working men is to help us tobuild our own cottages. Leta fellow only have a few bricks, or a few square yard of land of his own, and it's wonderful what different fellow he is! He has a stake in the nation. Prince Albert was a good man for trying to get landlords to build model cottages for us working men, but it will be a better thing still if we are encouraged to build or buy our own houses."

SOWING WILD OATS.

man—be he young, old, or April last, Mr. middle-aged—sows, that, and Smith was seized nothing else, shall he reap, with a severe illness
The only thing to do with whilst on a visit wild cats is to put them to Brighton, which carefully into the hottest terminated fatally. part of the fire, and get them terminated taxanyo hurned to dust, every seed that many of our of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, to have the portrait up they will come, with long, of this great and tough roots like the couch good man, who has been taken from and leaves as aure as there. grass, and huariant stables here taken from and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a cropt which it turns once heart cold to think of. The devil, and you and unbody clear and you, and mobody clear and you, and mobody clear me common regainsy will have to reap them; and mo common regainsy will get them out of the soil, which must be due down deep again. them out of the soil, which Smith's renerable must be dug down deep again or morphonic— Mr. and again. Well for you, if with all your care, you be long spared, to can make the ground sweet labour for the social and spiritual clevation of the masses.

ANOTHER VICTIM

of Montgomeryshire, were thrown into a state of great exertement and consternation, by the intel-lgence that a man had been skiled on the line the speaker, "that I will tell you happened. which connects that parish with the main line, near Newtown.

The poor fellow, who thus let his death, was a foreman f a gang of plate-layers, em ployed on the line. He had left his work, in the afternoon, in order to earn some money, by sheep shearing, of a farmer, whose land adjoined the railwhose fand adjoined the ran-way. Here, according to a cruel custom, he was allowed to drink freely, and, fresh from his cups, scems to have found his way back to the line, where, at a curve in the road, the engine-driver suddenly saw him lying across the rails! The breaks across the rails. The breaks were instantly applied, and the were instantly applied, and the engine was reversed, but it was impossible to stop the train, before it had passed the fatal spot, and left that body—which but a moment before was full

corpse! Oh, the curse of drink When will our agricultural labourers learn to regard that drink, of which they so freely partake, at this scason of the year, as their greatest enemy, and not at all necessary either to their strength or comfort?

of life-a manufed and senseless

and when will our farmers endeavour to control if they cannot altogether prevent, its use? How many thousands has it hurried, in a moment, unprepared, into the eternal world !

A SLANDERING tongue is called by the Jews a triple tongue because, as they say, it kills three persons, him what carries the slander, him what receives it, and him of whom it is related.

of the working classes in this country, the names of Edward Smith, of Sheffield, and Samuel of Edward Santh, of Sheffield, and Santhel (one Penny, Suilable for Schools, Families, &c. Bowly, of Gloucester, have, during the last thirty years, held a deservedly high position. Their united effocts to promote habits of temperance and frugality have produced the most gratifying results amongst all classes of society. Thousands of miles have they travelled in constant of the produced of the state of the produced the most gratifying results amongst all classes of society. Thousands of miles have they travelled in constant of the produced the p pany, holding temperance and other meetings, where doors of usefulness opened; and their Christian and unsectarian spirit, gained them a welcome amongst both the humble and the

high, In thousands of homes throughout our land their names are 'house-hold words.' One of these honoured labourers has been

SWALLOWING FIFTEEN COWS!

On Wednesday evening, the 10th of June last, the inhabitants of the retired but thirving parish of Kerry, in the midst of the busulful secured from the first parish of Kerry, in the midst of the busulful secured from the parish grade of Kerry in the midst of the busulful secured from the speaker said. *I must a man,



"He swallowed the whole fifteen!"

... When I first knew him he was very well to do - When I first knew him he was very well to do
in the world. He had a comfortable home, and
a very good dairy, consisting of fifteen cows.
But at length he took to drinking, until first one
cow went, then another, and another, and another, until at last, by the drink, to procure which be sold the cows, he swallowed the whole lifteen, and he is now an inmate of an almshouse!

ALMANACS FOR 1869.

THE LATE EDWARD SMITH, ESQ.

Amonost the most sincere and devoted friends With large Engraving by John Gilbert. One Penny. The "Band of Hope" Almanae for 1869.
One Penny. Suitable for Schools, Families, &c.
The Animal' Friend Almanae for 1869.

The Publishers will forward pa kets containing four copies of the British Workman to any part of the United Kligdom, Channel Blands, Shekland and Orkey Bles, or France, restricts, for ... All orders (accompanied with remittances) to be addressed to 8 W PARTRIDGE & Co., No 9, Paternotter Row, London, E.C.



THE LATE EDWARD SMITH, ESQ., OF SHALIFIELD



"See here, gentlemen, here are some vellow boys



CANUTE LEBUKING HIS COURTIERS.

PLATTERY REBUKED: Or a Lesson from Canute the Great.

Or all the incidents in the life of Cannte, surnamed the Grear, the one told by our dlu named the Orbert, the one told by our distri-tion is, perhaps, the best known, and most fre-quently made use of "to point a moral and adora a tale." Canute is held to have been one of the most illustrious monarchs of the bur-barons age in which he lived, both on account of his resolute valour and exemplary puety. His his resolute valour and exemplary purey. This conquests were many and decisive; but if, "the who ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city," the king's compact of himself must be adjudged as his greatest victory.

It has been the let of monarche in all ages be surrounded by men only too ready to do them lin-service, to flatter their vanity, and to ascribe to their regul state a power, and an au-thority possessed by God alone. Canute was exampled: but unide many rulers to whom flattery is as sweet smelling meense, to him
if was intolerably managens, the more so, because his courtiers earned it to such an improve length. He bit upon the following expedient, at once to show them that he was acquainted with the hollowness of their flatteries, and that he rated all such lip-honour at its proper value.

He was one day by the sea-shore watching the rising tide, and his courtiers as usual were extelling his might and power. The monarch listened to their advantons for awhile in silence; but, presently, pointing to the waves as they came tumbling in, he asked his fawning flatterers his control, and whether they would oney his bidding? To be consistent, his contiers were bilding I To be consistent, his continuous were compelled immediately to answer yes; although they inwardly hoped that their sovereign would not jeopardiso their lives by trying his strength with the ocean. Cannte, however, appearing to helieve them, ordered his chart to be set on the strand where the title was now rapidly coming up, and, as if he were lord of the ocean, commanded it not to approach. Heedless of his mandate, soon flowed around the royal sect. Then, turn-ing to his flatterers, who hung their heads in shame now that their duplicity was discovered, Cannte bade them confess the weakness and imnotence of all human power compared with that of Him who said to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." After this, we are told, he deposited the cown in the cathedral of Winchester, and never again resumed it. to his flatterers, that crown symbolised power and pomp, and everything indeed which they, in their foolishness, counted desirable, the wise empire, and could truly say, with a king of later date, "measy lies the head, that wears a crown."

Amongst the many revolutions which have taken place since the days of the resolute King Canute, it is not uninteresting to note that futtery has long ceased to be the special perquiial perquisite of the royal and the rich. That dependents should flatter their employers, that the poor should pay homage to the rich, history has taught us to regard as no new thing in the world. The tables are turned however, and in our own day we see the humble and the industrial clas coming in for no insignificant amount of flatters we have no other word for it. That the rich should recognise the poor man's place in the world and act a brother y part towards him; that the employer should no longer be separated from the employed by a wide impassable gulf, but that each should be mutually helpful to the other, are characteristics of the present age, for which we may thank God and take courage. But recognition racteristics of the present age, for which we may thank God and take courage. But recognition of justice is one thing; and flattery of human passions, to serve the hase purpose of the disterer, is another thing, and a very despicable one

We need not enter into details which will be fresh in the recollection of many working men who have lately attended public meetings upon electioneering matters. As we have listened to electioneering matters. As we have listened to candidates for Parliamentary honours ascribing to the working classes every imaginable virtue, and landing their power, under the new state of things to the very skies, we have been foreibly reminded of Canute and of his conrtiers. And as we have heard more than one working man indignantly mutter "Cint, sir, vile cent," we have been glad to find that the spirit of the old Danish king was not dead, that it was alive still to estimate flatters at its proper value, and to give it, if need be, stern rebuke.

If those who hope to win the support of working men by adopting this line of procedure were pos sessed of ever so little sense to which one could appeal, they might be asked to by to heart a few of the weighty words of King Solomon about flat-reters and flattery. "Meddle not with him that

flattereth," says the wasest of men; -don't join thyself with him; let there be a good breadth of thyself with him; let there be a good ineadth of readebetweenpoin have medingstood with him, for an amother provide bays, "the that flattereth his neighbour,"—or, he that talks moofbly to him—"is spreading a net for his feet." No one, in "known as the "iblack Country," of which Brunings. "is spreading a net for his feet." No one, in the long run, gets so heartly despised as the flat-terer. "It takes a good many shovelfuls of earth to bury the trith," say the Swiss; and when through all a man's fine speeches he is discovered only to be working for base ends, no punishment seems heavy enough for him if it has to be meted

at by those whom he has taken in.

It is to be hoped that working men will h wise enough to discriminate between false friends and true, and that they will not be deceived by We know Who it is has drawn the character of the hypocrite, in all ages, and who has warned us the hypocrite, in all ages, and who has warned us against his blandishments. Beware of those who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening walves." There never was a time when aution of our Saviour was more urgently needed than now.

THE WORKMAN'S REST. DAY

I warcone thee, dear Sabbath-day, To me of all my days the best : Thou freest me awhile from toil And bringest blissful rest!

When, at the closing of the week, I homeward take my way, I joy to think thou art so ne Thou holy, happy day!

Dear Sabbath-day! my thoughts go back Across the vanished years,

Before I knew the world's sad cares. Its sorraws and its fears

My life was then a time of play, My playmates birds and tlow And with the sheep and lambs I remped All through the sunny hours.

I recollect my father's home Upon the gorse-clad hill, Its ivied walls, its trellised porch; I can recall them still

I recollect the bright fireside, The quaint old oaken chair In which my loving mother sat— She sits no longer there !

I recollect the gray clurch-tower The solemn sounding bells, That with their bullowed music filled The calm and quiet dells

Oh, well I mind the pew, in which, My parents by my side, I sat, and heard of His dear love Who for us lived and died.

My father and my mother lie Beside the beliry gray; But, thanks to God, while yet a child, They taught me how to pray.

Taught me that God had given to me birthright day of rest, And if I kept it as I ought To me it would be blest.

So through my life I've ever striven To keep that holy day, And none, God helping me, shall e'er My birthright steal away.

Nay, of it not one single hour. One minute, will I spare, Nor of these unto carthly toil Or pleasure give a shar

'Tis mine, on which I gladly pay Its Giver, homage due, And mine to gather strength, once more, My labours to renew

Then let none ever dare to stool That day of all the seven, Which was bequeathed to Work and Teil By the decrees of Heaven.

It is my foretaste of a day That on the world shall rise, A rest that shall not pass away. The Sabbath of the skies

HOW SHALL YOU HOWES

A CHAPTER FOR THE TIMES

years. They lived in that part of England, known as the "Black Country," of which Birming-ham is the centre. and John was a workman in a large foundry. He was regarded by his worka large foundry. mates as a pretty steady, sensible sort of fellow; one who hadn't many ideas of his own. tellow; one who hash it many ateas of his own, but was willing to listen to those of other people. He did not think or read muc's: instead of getting deep-rooted convictions of his own on im-portant subjects, he was too ready to pick up current opinions, and hold them noisily for a time, until a new set presented themselves, when he would cast uside the old and take up the new, casily as he would have changed his dress hile he held any opinion he made a great fus with it, talked "politics," as if he understood them, -at least most of his friends thought so ;but there was one man working in the same foundry, who very soon detected that John Rees was about as hollow as a drum, notwithstanding his high-flown style of talking, man named Wallace. He was This was a He was a middle-aged,
"a dry old stick," the onist thoughtful man men called him; nevertheless if they wanted any knotty difficulty solved, they instinctively referred it to Wallace; for they knew that he was a man of principle, who would not swerve a hair's-breadth from what he considered tight.

One day, in the dinner-hour, Bees had a few minutes chat with Wallace, when the conversation turned upon politics. The subject being caught up by a group of three or four men at a distance, they came up to take part in it. 1 will call them by the familiar names of Snuth, Brown, Jones,

and Robinson.
Smith was a man whose character could bear severe scrutiny. He was respected by the good, and jeered at by the bad, for his opinions. He was a member of the same Christian church as Wallace; but his views on many points were far more exclusive than Wallace's.

Brown was a thoughtless, careless fellow, not given to trouble himself much about anything that did not immediately concern his own that did not immediately concern his own com-fort and well-being. He often said, "Let them who will trouble themselves about politics, speechlying and wearing themselves out with all the rest of it, I don't trouble. I like to make the best of things as they are, and enjoy my

Jones, alaa! was a man who never cared to distinguish between right and wrong. It was remoured that he was a bad man at home, that he heat his wife, and neglected his children; it was well-known that he spent quite half his wages every week at the public-house, and that his conscience would let him do anything for a glass of grog.

Robinson liked the excitement of a "jolly :

and would engage in anything that would bring him into notoriety. He was called a great Reformer, and was ever the foremost to assist in getting up a noisy demonstration. He was a standard-hearer on such occasions, sported a " red cap of liberty," and roared himself purple and scarlet, in giving vent to his latest opinions about a "bloated aristocracy." He expressed intense scorn and decision of all who lived in big houses, and wore broadcloth and silk ; and boldly declared to his "noor down-trodden brothers" that ionorant poor men were far better than educated rich ones, and that they had better (the "poor brothers") rise up like men, and let the country know that they But could you have seen this here thought so. thought so. But count you have seen this nervo of a hundred tongue-fights, as he retired, hearse and perspiring, to the shelter and repose of the nearest public-house, could you have heard his auxious inquiries as to whether he had "given it the wratches but and strong enough," and had you seen how, at last, having utterly quenched his eloquence in the tankard, so that he could articulate nothing, he had to be borne to his nethat he could articulate normals, no had to be lead to the hard gleeted home like a piece of useless lumber—you would have thought twice before bestowing upon such a man, the grand title of "Reformer."

Robinson was studiously careful to avpersonal debate with any well-read or thoughtful His forte was platform declamation of the kind that drowned the rational sounds of calm statement of fact, and honest inquiry. So now he approached Wallace with secret fear, though he affected to think it beneath him to have anything to say to such a "prosy old customer." He stood a short distance off, as if he wished to let them know that he did not care to take my part in their conversation, though he would deign to stand by and listen.

Smith was the first to join in. "Polities again, said he. "Well, I should think you might talk of something better when you've got an opportunity of speaking in a friendly way to a fullow-sinner. You and I are members of a

Christian Church, you know, and we mustn't forget that we are therefore required to be faith-ful to others, and to lead their minds to higher things as far as we can."

"You're right," answered Wallace, pleasantly.

But you know men's minds must be drawn-up through their earthly duties, not apart from them. Our religion mustn't be a hot-house plant shut up away from our daily life, so that we have to go into an unhealthy atmosphere to cultivate it; it must be a strong, hardy plant set in the very midst of our everyday life, so that its fragrance shall hang about our every action. Politics are forced upon every man at this stage of our history: shall the Christian then permit his religion to push them aside as something unworthy of his notice | or shall he not rather take cm up and put his religion into them, and me his political nower, as I believe God intruded it should be used, for the good of his country, ar

"Politics are of the carth, carthy, aith; "and I don't think Christians Smith; "and I don't think Christians should have anything to do with them. Just 5 ce what a man gets mixed up with at electron-times—cursing, swearing, fighting, bribery, dishonesty, and all the vdest passions of human nature. I think it's better to keep quite distinct from such doings."

from such doings."
"In the first place," maswered Wallace, "let me remind you, brother Smith, that while we are on earth we must have to do with things earthy. But we must have to do with them. honest, faithful men, not shirking anything t comes before us as a plain duty, even though it may seem to mix us up with much that is foreign so our tastes, and olmoxicus to our best feelings. I admit (and with shame) that at election-time: society is like a scething ocean of Ioul and stock ing waters; but it is the Christian's duty not co-turn away in fear and disgust, but sto throw into it the salt of his integrity, and so to do his toward towards purifying it. What! would you untmost towards purifying it. What! would you yield up politics whelly to those who have no principle, to men who would act as their own ding our glorious (our glorious Constitution down to the Would you take off this rown of your manhood and abdicate in favour of those who would make a fool's cap of it! Would vontrample under foot the splendidright of having youtnampleunder foot the splendaright of maying a voice in paemoting the welfare of your country, and think that you did God service by so doing? No. no, brother Smith, I think you err in speak-No, no, brother Smith, I think you err in spe ng so. Every Christian man, parsons as well as people, should take the franchisa as a trust from God, and use it accordingly. What kind of men do we want in Parliament? Why men of sound principle, honest, conscientious men ; and pray what chance will such men have of getting there, if there are not honest, conscienaccount there is there are no thonest, conscientious once to support them? The corrupt will support the corrupt '4 Birds of a feather flock together,' you know."

Well, for my one of the support the corrupt will support the corrupt of the support the support the support to the support the support to the support the support to the supp

yet, though I've been a ten-pounder everso long I haven't seen my way clear to do it as a Chris-

tran." said Smith. "Just look upon it as a duty you owe to the land of your birth, and then you'll see your way clear enough," replied Wallace. "Why, you see, man, that you are not complimenting your Christianity one whit, when you say that it puts you on the same level with the slothful man who won't vote because he can't take the trouble to understand politics, and doesn't care a bit what becomes of the nation, whether its laws are just or unjust, its rulers had or good. Why our grand Christianity unkes us truer, manher men, Smith; if it doesn't we have got very little of it in us; it quickens our intelligence, and makes us eager to now what our rights require of us, and to find out how we can best serve our day and generation in every respect; it gives energy to our character, and makes us valiant to do and date in a righteons cause; it tramples to death the sloth, behind which we are sometimes fain to excuse

ourselves from engaging in anything that tries the thews and sinews of our moral nature, ainews Don't tell me that our Christianity should withhold us from the polling-haoth. ns to it, not in a passionate party-spirit, but in a spirit of carnestness and honesty, in the presence of which brazen-faced bribery shall blush and hide its head, and corruption shall tremble. It should lead us there with an honourable purpose, from which all the powers of darkness couldn't

e us to sworve."

Well, well '" exclaimed Brown, lifting his cap and pushing his fingers through his hair, with a comical smile, "what high and mighty notions of electioneering you have got, Wallace!
Now for my own part, I don't intend to bother
my head ahout voting and all the rest of it, though I have out the franchise I'm just going though I have got the transmiss. Im just going to look on at the squabble of the different parties to see what peer fools they are, blustering, and shortening their days by passion, while I take life calm and easy, and make the best of things as they are. What's the use of it all, I should like to know? My bother and striving wouldn't decide which man should go to Parhament; one poor vote couldn't make the difference, so I shan't have anything to do with elections either

"Well. Brown," answered Wallace, "I must "Well, Brown," answered Wallace, "I must say that your little speech is utterly inworthy of an Englishman. Do you never feel proud that you are a son of this dear old country, which, in spite of all its faults. I hold to be the grandest And what consti that the sun shines upon I And what consti-tutes its grandeur? Why, its righteous laws. which give civil and religious liberty to every man. Now we want this clurious liberty preserved for it throughout all coming generatiwe want our old laws remodelled and perfected to suit the growing needs of the time; we want new ones made to advance the spiritual, moral, and social needs—the pressing eveof the people of this great realm. everyday needs

"We want a policy of peace, we want better laws respecting the rights of capital and the price of labour; we want a Government that will see to the dwellings of the poor, and open broad avenues to education. We want justice to have wider scope, and to hold the rights of rich and poor in perfect balance. Well, now, friend Brown, the franchise gives you the glorious privilege of doing all that lies in one man's power to secure these blessings for your fatherland. And if you permit sloth or indifference to keep you from exercising this privilege, I say you lack much of that honest patriotism should glow in every Englishman's breast.

You have no more right to shirk your duty o your country, than you have to shirk your duty to your master, or to your wife and This right to vote lays upon every one of us a solemn responsibility; and it is our bounden duty to exercise this right, as if England's glory and happiness depended on our single vote. We must not say, 'What good could my We must not say, 'What good could my
o'' but we must do all the good with it
. We are only responsible for what we we can. can do; and we can give our vote to the bonest man, the lover of right, the hater of hisbery, the man who is anxious for the good of our be ountry, and will do his utmost to give us a pure and righteous Government. Vote for such a min as if it depended on your single vote whether he should go to Parliament or not; then you will have the blessed consciousness of knowing that you have done all that hes in your power to advance the best interests of the

Jones who had been listening stolidly, but chose muddled brain had failed to comprehend the meaning of Wallace's words, now blurted out, most unfortunately, "Well, I likes a jolly good fellow, with a heavy purse, who'll come and give you a generous swig or two, and a pound in your pocket, maybe, for your vote. That's the sort

'An honest confession, truly," said Wallace, an nonest contession, truly," said Wallace, when the peals of laughter which greeted Jones's speech had died away. His face expressed much scorn and pity as he looked at Jones, who stood as uneasy as possible under the storm of merriment which he had raised. Wallace seemed to think it vain to hope to instil any ideas of honour and principle into poor degraded Jones; but his pity overcame his scorn, and he set him-

"So you would sell your birthright for a mess of pottage, Jones?"

I didn't say nothing about birthright and porridge," retorted Jones, sullenly. I said I'd ell my vote to a jolly good fellow, and so n'd any man, if he ain't a fool."

"That's what I want," said Jones.

"Well, then," continued Wallace, "let us call your vote your birthright, a precious trust which your vote your birthright, a precious trust which your British birth secures to you. The nation expects that you will feel the honour and responsibility of holding such a trust, and that you will use it for the good of the nation, and not will use it for the good of the matter, and now for your stomach, or your pocket, and, worse still, to put in office bad, dishonourable men. Because, look here, Jones, if you vote for the man who will give you a bribe, you vote for one who may be a 'jolly good fellow,' after the who may be a 'jolly good fellow,' after the devil's idea of goodness, but who is called by devirs mea or goodness, not who is called by honest men after his right name, not a 'jolly good fellow,' but an unprincipled scoundrel. Such a fellow is not capable of making good laws:

he cares nothing whatever for justice and right.

All he cares for is to get a seat in Pathament,

"And shat says our Bible about such workers!

"And shat says one Bible about such workers!

"And shat says measures that will seeme for him the favour of those in power, no matter whether the measures be good or bad. He will be bribed by smiles and patronage, and will care no more for right, than you did when you took his bribe. for the right, than you do when you took his brite. I tell you I would take long-headed Lord Brougham's advice, and have such fellows punished as felous! They are worse than those who take the bribes; for I've no doubt poor men do sometimes find it not easy to resist the temptation of money; they quiet their con-science by saying, 'Oh, it is a very common thing to do, the other party does it.' Then hundreds and thousands of our men (I say it with shame) are such slaves to drink, that they clutch at the first offer of it, and are ready and willing to degrade their manhood, and sell their rote to the fellow who will swill them the most iberally with beer. I should like to ask you, Jones, if you really think that such tempter ought to sit in the British House of Commons, and be called 'honourable members ?

Jones stared hard at the ground, and strove to rally his mental forces to reply to this question, it in vain "I should advise you, Jones, to take example

"I should advise you, Jones, to take example from Rees, and just set yourself to reading a bit every day, so that you may learn something about your country, and its Government, how laws are made, and what kind are needed," said "Men are sent to Parliament to assist in the making of laws which will be either a blessing or a curse to the country. Now this Reform Bill has taken many thousands more men into the franchise; but what advantage will that be to the country, if they haven't got the right notions of voting? If they vote the right notions of voting? If they vote blindly for any rascally briber who may come to them, so much the werse for the nation that has given them the power to vote. But if they have right views of government, and intend to use their votes out of pure regard to their country, to secure for it a wise and good Government, then will it be so much the better that they have got the franchise. In this case, the unprincipled men who would get soats by bribery, would stand no chance; honest, manly voters who would scorn and loatbe their money, ould pretty soon show them that the best thing they could do in the political field would be t show a clean pair of heels!

Jones gave a grunt of assent, and remained in a thoughtful attitude, as if waiting for Wallace to proceed

"Oh, my fellow-workmen! I entreat you, a patriots, scorn bribes with all your Regard the wretched briber's money as coins which will scorch and wither your souls if you touch them! Let each one do his part make the constituencies pure, and then we shall have pure men returned to Parliament. When we come to realize that thus it depends pon the integrity of individual men, whether the lovernment shall be good or bad, I think me Christian will hide his vote, as the poor fool, in the Gospels, did his talent in the earth; and no Englishman possessing any real regard for his country will cast his aside in sloth and indif-

enco."
This was directed to Smith and Brown Well," said Smith, "I must say, Wallace, that my religion has never caused me to look at politics with your eyes before; however, I feel pretty
near satisfied that your views are right. I shall think it over, and perhaps I may feel justified in changing my opinions."

"That's right, man!" said Wallace. "The more religious voters we have the better. Religion is the great cure for all corruption. It cuts it off at the root. The man who loves God, and daily strives to do that which is pleasing in His "Come, now, don't lose your temper," said sight, would find it simply impossible to be deterred Wallsco; "let us talk like men, and not like from the path of duty by the most costly brise foods." right, will control his every action; and ould the corrupt candidate find himself if he had only such men to deal with ! He'd pretty soon skulk out of sight, and leave the coast clear for an honest man, I'll be hound

" But do you know," said Rees, "I was reading a day or two ago that even earnest-minded nest voters have sometimes come to think that it's almost necessary to give their sanction to brihery, and for this reason: They see that the opposite party, which they imagine wouldn't de opposite party, when they imagine something the good in office for the country as their own would, is getting on by hribery; and then they think that if they'd get what they think the

such men are honest. I say let the honest man have unbounded faith in honesty, in the mucht of right, and act accordingly, under every circumstance. The end of a work doesn't sanctify the wrong means of working. I say, by all means let right be defeated rather than hold it up by any wrong. The defeat will be only tempe rary : the triesmph of evil only short-lived. us never use the devil's weapons to do God's work Let us never think to establish right on its throne by giving it the steps of corruption to ascend by.
Let right be content to stand by if need be, and sce usurpers scramble to its throne; ere long they will experience the fall of shame and confusion, and in the face of an admiring world right will be exalted to its own place. Let us not ork only like faithful and honest men, but let us e content to wait also for the triumph of great principles, having faith that they must and shortly prevail over all that is evil. Nothing er dam ages a good cause as a corrupt advocate Let us not stand up for the right in fcar and trembling, and with a secret stretching forth the hand to evil props to sustain us ; no, no ! let us rather have faith in the righteousness of the ause we seek to defend : then shall we be strong and very courageous, and shall feel no need to re sort to corrupt means to do our work. As I said before, the defeat of right can be only for a moment; and afterwards what a glorious victory it will achieve !

Your faith seems to strengthen my faith, Wallace," said Reessmiling. "I must confess, now that since I've began to read a few things and think for myself, I have sometimes wondered whether it would be very wrong to fight an enemy with his own weapons ;-whether it mightn't visable, in some cases, to help on a good cause as folks might help on a bad one. But now I say ood means; and it'll prevail all in good time, though it mayn't get on quite so fast as the bad "Well, now we must bring our chat to a close," said Wallace, "and I think there is a question arising out of it which each one should strive to answer, like good and true men, like honest lovers

of our country, our Queen, our liberties, homes. It is this How shall you role? Ho got an extension of the franchise, England expect of every man to whom this privilege is newly given, that he will do his duty; that he will hold it with such a sense of honour and disputy that bribery shall not dare to approach it with its vile insinuations and temptations, that he will regard it as a trust from God, for which he must an account : that he will use it as if the weal of the British Empire depended upon his making We must read more, and tlunk right use of it. right use of it. We must read more, and union more, my brothers; we must feel that our vote demands that we cultivate our minds, and make ourselves competent to act rightly. Were make ourselves competent to act rightly. Were twenty thousand pounds left you by a friend, you would immediately set yourself to work to find out how you ought to invest your money in order to make the best use of it for yourself and your family. Now you should regard this vote as

manny. Now you should regard this vote as something just bequesthed to you, and you should regard this great England as your own, and say, How can I use my vote for the benefit of my be-loved country! I take it for granted that each ne in this little group will use his vote,—e ou, Smith. Well, how shall you vote ! 1 you, Smith. Well, how shall you vote ! I ast the question in extreme carnestness. Would that could put it to every voter throughout the length and breadth of the land, and get each one to answer, as in the sight of God,—'I will cote as fulfilling a duty to God and my country. Party feeling shall not bias me; but love and concern for RIGHT PRINCIPLES shall guide me in the discharge of my political duty." NELSIE BROOK.

FACTS FOR WORKING, MEN THE late benevolent Samuel Fletcher, Esq., Manchester, frequently repeated the following

favourite saying at public meetings:-"I have never met with an instance of any youth who was obedient to his parents, indu trious, and honest to his employers, who has ever come to want !

Mr. Fletcher frequently visited large factories and entered into conversation with the princi-pals, with the express object of testing the truth-Fulness of his favourite statement. One day he visited Messrs. Sharp and Co.'s celebrated Atlas Works in Manchester. Mr. Sharp accompanied

him through the works. In the course of their conversation, Mr. Tetcher mentioned the object of his visit, when best party into Parliament, they must go the same Fletcher mentioned the object of his visit, when way to work as the opposite party does. It's Mr. Sharp expressed his concurrence in his vison.

"Yes," said Mr. Fletcher.
"Well," continued Mr. Sharp, "that man entered my service many years ago, on the same day that a companion of his was also taken on. They were both clever mechanics, and carned about £2 10s, per week. After a time both of them married. The man we have just seen, a good wafe; a clean, tidy and industrie The man we have just seen, got onian. The first week of their marriage, that man gave his wife twenty-cicht shillmes wages, and said, 'There, that is what I shall give I shall keep for myself. year, the wife reminded hun that it was their edding-day, and said that they must have something nice for supper. After taking their meal together the wife, with a smile on her face, said, 'How much do you think I have saved out of the twenty-eight shillings per week you have given me?

"'Not much,' replied the man. To the stonishment of her husband, she counted twenty overeigns on the table, and said, 'There, th what I have saved out of the twenty-eight shillings a week.'
frugal bonsewife In fact the industrious, bousewife had kent house on twenty stillings per week, and put by into the little savings'-box eight shillings weekly. The husband looked at the money with astonishment, and said, " Mary, I must do different to what I have The next day he took the twenty

sovereigns, and placed them in the bank. The man's weekly savings were now added to those of his wife's, and year by year the amount in the bank grew larger and larger.

"Many years have passed by since then," con-

tinued Mr. Sharp, "and last week, that very man came to me and said 'Master, I have got notice from the Radway Company that the £1,500, I advanced them on their debentures is to be repaid; how would you advise me to re-invest it ? " Mr. Fletcher listened with delight to these words, when he was still further astonished, by Mr. Sharp adding as follows: — "In addition to £1,500, that man has another £1,500 simirly invested. He has brought up his family vell; they are a credit to him and l c is one of our most worthy servants," " But idded Mr. Sharp, "his companion, who entered these works on the same day as he did, was not qually fortunate with his wife. She did make him a comfortable home; he took to drinking and spent his evenings in a public-house. H died a few weeks ago. I went to see him during his illness, and found that his home was a mest horrible place, filthy and dirty in the extreme. He would have died in a state of destitution, but for the kindness of the fellow-workmen, who contributed 10s. per week, to save him from actual STARVATION

> CHRIST OUR SACRIFICE, Not all the blood of beasts, On Jewish altars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace,

Or wash away our stain. But Christ, the beavenly Lamb. Takes all our sins away ; A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood, than they,

Believing, we rejoice To feel the curse remove;
'e bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice, And trust His bleeding love. ----

HOUSES AND HOMES! Or, What Co-operation Can Do.

No one who visits Elimburgh should fail to see the workmen's dwellings which have been erected there on the co-operative principle. They sent a picture of comfort and an example of They picudicions combination can accomplish, peculiarly nteresting and instructive. About seven years igo, a few cornest working men, prompted by desire to improve the condition of their class, operative Building Company, with n capital of £10,000, in shares of £1 earnest action, the practical aid of fellow-work-men was gradually obtained; and the position of the undertaking—so far as mere figures can in-dicate a result which embraces incalculable moral and social benefits—may be thus summed up :—The entire capital is subscribed by 836 mbers; 400 houses, supplying healthful ac-amodation for at least 2,000 individuals, have been built and sold for £70,000; and an average profit of over 15 per cent. has been paid The houses, each of which has a

separate entrance, vary m size from three to six rooms, with all requisite conveniences, a garden 20 feet square in front, and an ample 'green' behind—the jost ranging from £130 before "behind—the cost ranging from £130 to £250. The scheme is simple, and the bone-fits are within the reach of all. A young man gets married and he wishes a house which may also be made a home. He has £5 to spare and he selects No.— Reid Terrace, which costs £130. By arrangement with the company, an invest-ment society advances the balance of £125, and by an annual payment of £13 the purchaser be-comes the actual owner of his house at the end of fourteen years. This payment is about £2 more than the mere rent of some badly-situated hovel; and if the purchaser has ten shaves in the company, the dividends more than make up the difference, so that he actually buys his house by paying an ordinary rent, and exercising a little prudence. Four hundred families have in this way been amply provided for in Edinburgh—solely by the working men themselves, who, strong in the soundness of their cause, and encouraged by the enlightened sympathy of a few, have successfully overcome the difficulties which stood in the way

of their untried and beneficent enterprise.

Approaching the Co-operative Buildin
Glenogle Park, we see, on the left, Reid Terrace Buildings, named, as Dr. Begg, who had for years urged the labouring classes to be their own helpers, states, in compliment to Mr. H. G. Reid, who " had been a main-spring of the whole movement; " on the right Hugh Miller Place—a memorial of one whose hie of manly industry is an element to the col-lective example which has led to the establishment of this, and many other self-ameliorating agencies; at the end, Hugh Miller Cottage—the property of Mr. James Colville, manager of the company, "where tact and energy," says a writer in the Westminster Review, "backed by a singularly he commendation and the more many and the mode of approach to the upper story) the back of Rintoul Place—named in honour of the first charman. Every house has its history—the charman. Every house has its history—the mode of the mode. every street its significant associations. Let British workmen look on this picture and take instruction and encouragement. Companies on the Edinburgh model have been formed in London and elsewhere. The house accommodation in many English towns is lamentably deficient in all that pertains to domestic bappiness and moral purity. What has been done in one place may be done in another; the principle involved is of universal ap-plication; and we trust that working men everywhere will be stimulated to action by this noble example of economy, sobriety, and united effort



Some years ago, a traveller, when driving into the inn-yard at Hungerford, had the misfortune to run over the large yard-dog, and seriously injured the poor animal's leg. The injured limb was speedily and carefully examined, and bound up

THE LAME DOG AND SYMPATHISING RAVEN. During the operation, a fine raven stood by, lently looking on. As the dog could not be kept still, it was deemed necessary to fasten him by a rope under the manger in the stable. Whilst thus a prisoner, the raven visited him, and actually

carried inm bones, and attended him with the carried inin nones, and attended him with the diligence of a fathful norse! One inglit, when the raven had been shut out of the stable, it catually peaked a good-axed hole though the door, with the determination to gain admission to its form-legical mixed friend!! What lessons of practical sympathy are often taught us by the dumb creating! dumb creation !

----NOTICES

WILL BE READT ON THE 251H OF NOVEMBER.

WILL BE READY ON THE 2510 OF NOVEMBER.

27 The Yordy But of the Band of Hope R Your''
for 1568. Fore in Coldings, 1c.; eight, gill edges, 2;
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The Source of Congress of the Congress of Pro-gress of Source, Hintonial A. Arrica of Fo. Gress, Like, Robe Son, Woodlan, Andrey, Lougher, Jo-mons, Taville, Carnelina, Margald. (Adh., julleyler, So-Congress of Congress of Congress of Congress of Con-State Lawring, Margald. (Adh., julleyler, So-Congress of Congress of Congress of Congress of Con-ley Congress of Congress of Congress of Con-ley of Congress of Congress of Congress of Con-Line Organic Hostonian, by Harrison Were. (Ads., 9, 90) 1985, pt. 1985.

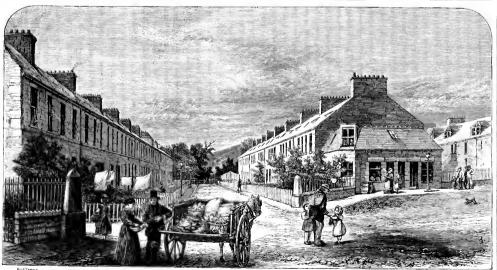
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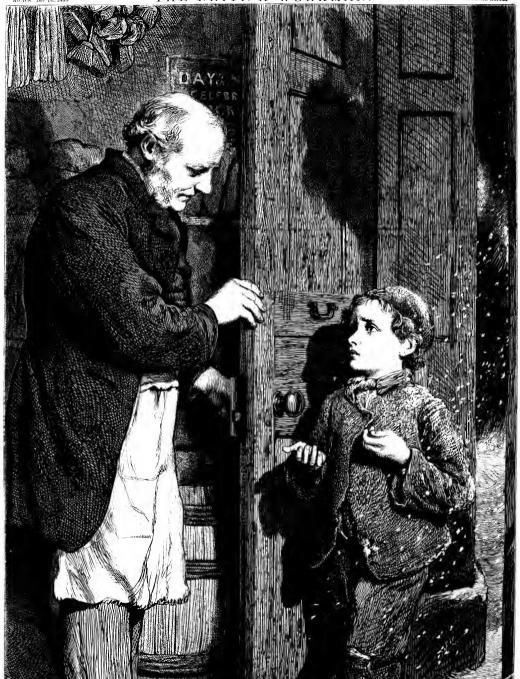
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WORKMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE DWELLINGS POINBURGH

From a Photograph by Ross and Pringle, of Edinburgh.



LAST CUSTOMER; A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE LAST CUSTOMER.

THERE is, perhaps, not in all England a prettier little town than Wilton. Since the days of railway travelling commenced it has almost been forgotten, lying as it does far out of the route of torgotich, lying as it does tar out of the route of whose war, any of the fines which now, like a network, cross infrared and recross England. But in the days of stages occasies, when the "Highligher," or the "Haghdi" plug wor rattled along its broad street, the passongers presence beheld with delight the near villas, the clear, which keys which keys the contraction of th comfortable looking houses and the rest checked

children that shouted merrily as the coach went by. There was a dark side to this brightness. by. There was a dark side to the organization. The great northern road led through the town, and it was consequently the halting-place of beg-gars and tramps of all kinds. The lodging-houses that gave accommodation to these wayfarers, were situated in dark, dirty alleys, miseen by the passing traveller, who could have little suspected, as he gazed on the vine and jamine-trellised porches, and the trim front gardens of the mainstreet—the High-street,—that behind a se fair, linked so much foulness and misery. that behind a scene se

r, linked so much foutness and misery.
On Christmas-eve, 1825, John Thurgood stood
the door of his shop, which was rarely seen open at so late an hour; but a number of coun-try people, many from a far distance, had been making their purchases for the holiday season, and John had been unusually busy. He had put up the shutters, and was taking a last look at the snow, which was whirling in big flakes down the High-street. "Well, I am thankful that this High-street. "Well, I am thankful that sunday's work is done," he said to himself, and going in, closed the door. He had just turned the key and shot the bolts when he heard a low, tunid tap at the door. So Now there was not a shopkeeper in Wilton,

who, had he heard that tup at that time, knew but would have growled surlily, "Go along with him you, whoever you are. A pretty time o'night to he coming, aunoying people 1'? But John Thur-good had a kindly heart. Some folks who could not understand or appreciate him, said he was led more by his heart than his head. And perhaps he was, and better it was for the poor and distressed of Wilton that such was the case. The region excepted, no man was looked up to with more respect by the townspeople. Often deht; but if he found that their mability to pay Like his never pressed them for his money. Like his Divine Master, whose example he tried to follow as closely as frail humanity can, he went about doing good, and his deeds of charity were done in secret. To feed the hungry, to comfort the afflicted, to smooth the bed of death, his purse was as ready as his prayers. Many of his brother shapkeepers envied his prosperity in busipess, but they had not a word to say to his dis-The highest accusation they could have

That low, tonid rap, did not fall a second time on the door, for it was instantly opened by John.
Before him, with upturned eyes, in which there was a strange look of appeal mingled with terror, stood a decently-dressed boy of about eleven years of age

"Well, my little lad, what hrings you here at so late an hour?" asked John, in his kindest

manner.

"Please, sir," whispered the looy, "is it too late, sir, to have a penny loaf!" Knocking the snow from off his cap and jacket, John Led him into the shop.

"Why have you not come sooner, my boy he asked, for he saw something was ar iss, and he put the question in a somewhat legal form.

"Mother and I, sir, have just come to the own; we have been walking in the snow all day. and she is very muvell, and she thinks, sir, she had something to cat she would get better."

"And where is your mount; is in a house in Poplar-lane. I think the woman told me Poplar-lane." John's eyes were growing the house well. It was one of rest hann'ts in Wilton. "There's the loaf, ar. Hurry home. I'll not be long in dear. following you

The form of the boy disappeared in the dark-33. John went to the back-shop, where hung his great-coat, which he flung over his shoulders; then calling upstairs, "Margery, come down and holt the shop-door, lass; I won't be away long," he snatched a parcel of tea, and another of sugar from the shelves, and away he ran. Yes, the staid, soher John Thurgood, aged sixty seven, ran down the street, bounding over the

why del not Margery ask her husband values from the way going at so late an hour? Ah!

"A very strange flought," said Margery.

"And yet not so strange, lars, after all.

"And yet not so strange, lars, after all.

"Every which was going at so late an hour? Ah!

"And yet not so strange, lars, after all.

"The while the lamp helds on to burn.

The gratery incommon. She knew well that Mercy Heaven? and all are intended for our good.

If he shows any signs of time penitence, tell him

John was soon at the house of the doctor, his fellow-worker in many a good deed, and m a few minutes afterwards both stood at the hedsaleminutes atterwards both stood at the be-hade— if a bundle of straw may be called a bed—of the dying woman. She was unconscious of their presence. Is her hand was a piece of breat, which her son had broken off the loaf and placed there; but the arm was too feeble to raisthere; but the aim was too feeble to raise; it is the quivering lips. The doctor stopped to feel her pulse. As he gently touched the unresisting arm, he looked easily for an instant the boy, who stood bevidered in a corner of the room, which was disably lighted by a sputtering foll lump, and whispered to himself, "Poor boy?" I have been a feel to be a superior of the boy and the John knew the meaning of the look and the words. The end was come! Stepping the boy he took him gently by the hand, and knelt down. The boy instantly did the same

A happy feeling shot through John's heart, r the quick movement of the bay told him that some one, perhaps his mother, whose tule of life was almost at its ebb, had taught him to nrav. Yes-kind, good John, although unknown to you at that time, the dying woman had been a true mother to the trembling boy that knelt beade him, and, in the midst of troubles and afflictions, had ever turned his troubles and ametions, had ever unner ins youthful thoughts to that all-loving Saviour, who blessed the little children, and promised that they should be partakers of His heavenly glory. Short and fervent was the prayer of the good man, and when he arose. he saw the doctor laying across the throbless bosom of the woman, laying across the throbless bosom of the vonanu, the arm which he had been holding. Then he knew that the boy was motherless, and he led him away, unressting, from the presence of death, and, giving the keeper of the lodging-house some money, morier that the body might not be disturbed, the three, the mother-tical three deaths and all the long three three the layer three deaths and sold the layer three three

When they reached the High Street, the bells in the church tower announced, with a joyens peal, that Christmas had come. The snow-storm had passed, and the stars were twinking brightly would many of his poorer customers get into his in the unclouded sky—the same stars that deht; but if he found that their inability to pay shone on the shepherds of Bethlehem, when the arose neither from idleness nor dissipation, he angels proclaimed the birth of Him who came to call earth's weary wanderers to His Father's cternal peace and rest : who is a Father to the fatherless; who has said that those who seek Him early shall find Him, and that none who come to Him shall be cast out; who has promised bless-ing and comfort to those that mourn, and whose

promises abide for ever.
"I have brought a little stranger to-night "I have brought a little stranger tenight. Margery," and John, cheerily, as his sife equened the door; "he's not very big, so I dareasy you will be able to find room for him." The bey looked timidly in Margery's face, as if fearful of her answer. Margery give an unkind reply! She couldn't if she had tried. brought against hun was his overflowing good-

She contin't it she had tried,
"Room, John! age, plenty of room, and welcome!" and Margery kissed the boy, who burst
into tears; whereupon John blew his nose
violently, and hurried his wife and the boy, whose name was Harry Fleming, instairs to supper. Harry ate httle, and when he spoke, it was only to say, "yes," and "no." The kind couple saw that his heart was full, and did not couple saw that his nears was run, and do not trouble him with questions. After supper, he was shown into a snug little bedroom, which looked as if it had been specially designed for a httle fellow like him. And so it had been. Before going to hed he knelt down and prayed one of the prayers which had been tang by his pions mother. The joyous hells were ringing their welcome to the hallowed morn for ours after the motherless boy had sobbed himself asleep.

John and Margery sat long over the parlon-1 think the woman fro, talking about Harry, and propounding many eyes were growing schemes concerning what should be done regard ing him. John latened rithout objecting to any to the coffee-room as didressed, where you will of the proposals Margery made, although he had be provided with food, and remain there till I settled it in his mind, that if the thing were possible, the boy should remain in the house.

Margery," said John, after a long pause of acc, "don't you think the boy is very like our Willy, whom it pleased God to take fr

so long ago l'a so long he hat very thought pa through

stood timid and trembling at your side."

After another long pause, John said, "Margery, less, a strange idea has taken possession of sont this boy to me as a Christmas-gift.

that we must an give an arconnic or now we may be more than a contour, now wasse conce as a contour in the will be find a christman gift to use and let us briggers in retained as long as he conducts himself well."

Who shall attempt to describe the meeting of a long as he conducts himself well." shall not be ashamed to render an account of

our stewardship."

our stewardship."

"It shall be as you say, dear John. Yet—if
a day should come on which his friends or relations claim him! Oh, I know you too well not
be guess what a heartbreak his departure would

"It would be a hitter parting for me; still, for all that, let us do all the good for him we can, until that day comes, if it must come, Mardear."

While yet the Christmas chimes were ringin John prayed a second time for the hoy prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

Harry Flemma followed the remains of his mother to the grave. She was decently interred in the churchyard of Wilton, the expense being shared by the rector, the doctor, and John, who often banded tracther to do good. According to the story which Harry told to his kind protecte itting on his stool between them at the treside, one evening, it appeared that his father had become, shortly after marriage, a drunkard and a gambler. He used to absent himself from home frequently for many days, and would, when he returned, beat his wife, and otherwise treat her cruelly. At last his property was seized by his creditors, and ho fled, no one knew whither, leaving his wife and child to the mercy

The poor deserted wife had neither friends nor relations. She thought if she could but me her way to London, she might find some cumlovment ment. She started on foot, along with her son, to the great city, selling her gold watch and chain in a town on the road, to get money with which to pay for food and lodgings, "and," said Harry, as he concluded the melanch by tale, " I brought as ne concluded the melanch by tale, "I brought the last penny of the money to your shop, good, kind Mr. Thurgood, and good, kind Mrs. Thurgood,"and saying this he laid his head in Margery's lap and wept.

In the lapse of years Harry rove from cerand-hoy to chief assistant in the shop of the kindly old grocer. His highest pleasure was, when the hours of business were at an end for the day, to sit be-side his kind protectors, by the fireside in winter, in summer in the little arbour, and read the Bible to them, or talk about the events of the day gone by. While old John listened to the voice he loved so well, a pang of fear would sometimes for a instant touch his heart. It was the dread that "his boy,"—though Harry was entering upon manhood, he was still "his boy"--would be claimed. yould be torn from his side. Oh, that he could uly have looked into the future and seen tha fears were groundless!

Ten years have passed away and again it is bristmas-eve. In order to wish his customers the compliments of the season, John has—a rare thing now—taken his place behind the counter. He has enough to do. Everybody will shake hands with the silver-haired old man, and everybody will wish him ramy happy returns of the season. A man enters the shop who holds not forth his hand, and speaks no worls of joyous greeting. He is about middle age, and has the appearance of a shabby-genteel beggar; Harry out of employment," whose the man, "and I have not tasted food since morning. Look, sir, at these documents, and they will tell you that I speak

Had it been any other time, Harry would have given the beggar a copper or two, and troubled himself no more about him; but hours the eve of Christmas, he, busy as hewas, took the packet He ran his eye ever one of the papers. It was sufficient. The man who stood before him was Harry wrote a few lines on a piece of his father. paper which he gave to hun, saying "Take that to the coffee-room as addressed, where you will The man, with a stare of astonishment

come!" The man, with a stare of astomstancet, took the note and left the shop.

As suon as the shop was closed Harry told John of his discovery. "Do not bring him here," "aid John, "lest I might say unkind things to him; do not upbraid him, for it is a dreadful thing for a son to speak like a condemning judge to my mind, when I kissed him, as he father, Speak to him gently. Tell him that God and and trembling at your side." matter how deeply sunk in iniquity; tell him th I somehow think that heaven has

ealled him away, and she laved him the more, if that then rises the solemn thought, door wife, from no, that I shall introduce him to a friend of such a thing were possible, the officer he that we must all give an account of how we have mine, a merchant in London, into whose office he obeyet her aimlet the boy will be received as fand in which he will be

father and son! father and son! While the joyous bells were ringing forth a welcome to the Christman morn. bert and Henry Fleming, stood by the mother's grave, and when the tears of the prodigal husband fell on the snow-covered mound, there

nasana tri on the snow-covered mound, there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that had repented.

Robert Fleming may be seen any day behind his desk in Leadenhall-street. He has been in situation twelve years, and enjoys the esteem and confidence of his cuple

John Thurgood died in the ripeness of years. and the salver hairs, that had be highest honour to him, were laid in the grave,

Margery did not long survive him.

On each returning Sunday, as Harry and his wife—he has been married for three years—take their way through the burying ground to the church, he pauses before three little mounds of clurch, he pauses before three rate monnes or earth that rise side by side, and blesses God for giving him a mother who taught his infant tips to pray, and for sending him in his orphanhood otectors, who had instilled into his youthful heart lessons of picty; ever keeping before him the precepts of the Apustle, "Let no man despise the precepts of the Apustle, "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers in word, in conventation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in parity."

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY A WORKING MAN

THE year is drawing to a close How fast the moments fiy ! The tide of time still enward flows. To reach eternity.

Our times, O Lord, are in Thy hand," Thou dost our souls sustain ; For only by Thy power we stand, All other help is vain.

ir earthly wants are made Thy care. In Thee "we live, and move teach us, Lord, in praise and prayer, To magnify Thy love

Poor bankrupts we-Thou, Lord, Thy claim, In pity didst forego, We else had been consigned to shame, And everlasting woe

Lost had we been !- for ever lost ! If Jesus had not died For us He paid a priceless cost, And justice satisfied.

How large the debt, O Lord, we owe Of grateful love to Thee One warmest thanks but coldly flow. We still must debtors be.

Assist us, Lord, Thy praise to sing,-Thy mercies to record; and to the honour of our King, To strike each timeful char-

Be His great name evalted high, By every mortal tonguo! In every chme, beneath the sky, Be Jesus' praises sung!

THE "BRITISH WORKMAN" IN OTHER LANGUAGES.

response to reneated and very pressing solici tions, translations of several numbers of the Entried Workman" have been made into French. Spanish, German, Italian, and Dutch languages. Copies may be had through any hookseller. One Penny each. Single copies sent post free from the Publishers, for 2 stamp.

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We shall be glad if these of our read o have friends or correspondents in the tries, where the above languages are spoken, will forward to them copies of these papers

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS have of our correspondents, whose letters have not had a s, kindly accept the unit for the deed? It is unpossible for ter all the letters received.

We shall be thankful to our tenders if they will ender your to a to all our checkation in the new year. Willeach reader try to a corners subscriber for 1869?

IN FOR TWO THOUSAND POUNDS.

One Menday morning in the month of October, 1864, a gentleman well known in Leeds by the name of Mr. Joseph Shaw, took his scat in a railway carriage, with the intention of proceeding from the north, on business to the Metropolis. After the train had started, to pass away the time, he occupied himself in reading the newspaper, viewing the passing landscapes, and occa storally conversing with his fellow-passengers As he was thus occupied be suddenly heard : tonce in the carriage calling him by na-

" Mr. Shaw!"
Surprised to find himself known, he looked in the direction from whence the sound proceeded and found that he had been accosted by a work-

ing man seated in a different compartment Don't you know you six

counct say that I d The working man told his name, and was then The working man told his mass, and was then will come to as recognized as an old acquaintment connected with " " I do; and the rion trade, and who had been for seam time to the sight of. Mr. Shaw at one invited him to come and occupy a tracent seat by his side, as contained to the was resultily accepted. The wasted, Well, we will be a support to the contained on the was resultily accepted. The wasted, Well,

dlowing conversation then ensued. "Where are you going to !" asked Mr. Shaw
"I am going to London, sir."

O So and I, and I shall be glad to have your company. Are you going to London on pleame, or business?

am going to see if I can't get work there

"Are you out of employment, then ?"
"No, sir, I san not; but last Saturday evening I took it into my head that I would go to London this morning to see if I could better my-

Then you think you are likely to do better in London than in Leeds !

Perhaps you would not object," said his become stead stioner, "to inform me what wages you earn that time 1 in Leeds nor week C

Very good, then I should think by this save got a nice tidy sum saved!

1 am sorry to say I have not, sir. I have only £4 left, and that is out of my last week's wages, but that I took care to sare to carry me

Have you lost your money in sickness, or have you been robbed, or what ("

O'To be honest with you, sir, The spent it as fast as I've got it

"In the public-house chieffy, I suppore ?"

"I am sorry to heavit," said Mr. Shaw "You te, I am afraid, like too many working men ; you hard while you are at it, and fairly earn wages; but when you have curned your ey, you do not know how to use it. Now somey, you do not know how to use it. many working men do not understand this, they suppose that the chief thing is to get good wages; and under the influence of that idea, hey form trades' unions, and encourage strikes d I may add more than this, in case of a strike they sometimes display an amount of self-denial, they smacrines anylog an amount of sen-demai, and herome which, if thrown into another chan-nel would tend more to their happiness, and usefulness than all the trades' unions and strikes in the world. But they are in error : for whil I admit that a man ought to have 'a fair day's uage for a fair day's work,' yet, after all, the chief thing is not to get good wages, but to of wages, but to What would you say, for instance, if you saw a man fighting with his fellow-mon, in order to force money from him to put it into his own packet, when at the same time, his own packet is full of holes, and as first as he nuts it in it drops out nd he loses it! You would call him a silly ellow. Yet that is frequently the case with fellow. Yet that is frequently the case with working men; they fight for high wages only to put them into pockets full_of holes; for almost as soon as they put their money in, it drops out; and if you ask them where they drops out; and it you ask them where they think they lost it, they are sure to say at the 'Black Buil,' the 'Golden Cock,' the 'Fro and Goose,' or some other like quarter. And what is the result. Through thus foolishly losing their money, they often have to depend in time of need upon cold charity, or seek relief in sek-ness and old age, from the parish. If working we would only display one quarter of the skill in USING proper, that they display in GLTTING it, there became. But an long as they will study the in-terests of the publican, in preference to then own interests, and that of their families, high wages will prove a curse to them rather than a blessing. Have you not proved this in your own case, my friend?

" I regret to say I have, sir. It often happens ave just said ; the more money we earn, the greater fools we make of ourselves. It is a fact, that when I was an apprentice, and carning fifteen shillings a week, I actually managed to save £40; but after I became a journeyman, and corned from £2 to £5 a week. I not only pent all that, but the £40 too."

And, yours, I am afraid, is not an isolated ase by far, said Mr. Shaw. me, my friend, to ask you one question. Do you know what sixpense a-day, saved up for fifty years, would come to, with compound interest, at 5 per cent?

sir, I do not; not much I should think. "Well, it would amount to nearly £2,000 "." The working man started with surprise, and abad incredulous

"You don't mean," said he, " to say that i

will come to as non-h as that ?

"I do; make the calculation for yourself." Really, I should never have thought it, pence a-day, in fifty years, make two thou-Bless me, what a fortune I's Well, sir, I'll promise you I'll think it

ver, and will try to do better in the futme."

When the train arrived at King's Cross, Mr Shaw and his working friend parted. Twelve months passed away before he saw him again. One day, however, he saw him pass shop, and called out to him to stop. he saw him passing by his to him to aton. After the

usual substation, the question was put"How long did you stay in London, when on went un with me to seck work /

"Oh, I didn't stay long : not quite a month

"Couldn't you mend yourself there, then ?"
"No, sor, I could not; so I came back t Leeds again, to work at the old shop. But I bave a bit of good news for you; I didn't forget your conversation in the carriage; it made in become steady, and turn to better ways. From began to save, and although a present I'm not earning such Luge wages as when I in Leeds per week?

"Of no, say, not at abl. I should say, on say you, I am every week increasing my cautal, an average, I have been able to make about \$5 for I tell you what, Mr. Shaw—and I'm in real

for Fell you what, AR, Shaw—and Fin in rea-earnest—Fin in for that £2,000."
"Well done; that's right; never stop til you've won it, if God should spare your life, said his encounging adviser; and again they

parted.

Two years, ...thun a month or two, rolled on onlon."
when Mr. Shaw came in contact with the work.
Well, I'm smprised to heav you gay so, ling-nan's brother. As night be expected, he
be you lost your money in victuress, or have eagerly asked how his old friend was getting on. He was informed, to his delight, that he He was informed, to his dengit, that no continued steady, and was doing well; that his coupleyer had given him the work to do "by take," by which he was earning £10 per week; and that he had declared that he soon hoped to and that he had declared that he soon hoped to reture with an independency, and thus make ruom for some other steady man to take his place, and go in for his £2,000 also. — i w.

[Whilst meet a gamen facts as the above, which altostrate to orking men so often grade their money, let as quand one reasoning men so often state their money, let as quand one reasons the state of the ording men in office trade theor money, his averand our re-claimst the lose of money, "the root of all evil." To blos We-age advise, "— "bit all you can, extra all you can; evi-lage advise, "—bit all you can, extra all you can; evi-lage, all forget the heart. What expense to spon the first heart to be a superior of the heart to be a superior of the heart to a superior of the heart. What expenses to be a to studie large our residers never to forget that we are consider a balance or possess, and must one day render as out of ever of the heart even possess, and must one day render as out of even of the analysis.

"BRITISH WORKMAN" LIFEBOAT.

To the Filler of the " British Weshman

Dran Sin, - The idea of getting up a lifeboat through the efforts of the subscribers to the Best, h Workman, was proposed some time since myour columns. I am confident such a laudable theme will be well supported by your numerous orders, and, as a small commencement, I begt enclose my small c flection of £2 10s., hoping that others may be induced to do a little in such a truly noble and humane work, and what better tim than the present, when another winter is rapidly approaching (When we read of 1 086 live wing been saved in a single year (1867), through the instrumentality of the National Lafebr Institution, such we ought to be roused to do undertaking every succe

Low're, Orl., 1868 Faithfully yours, C. J. A. Plane

(2. So many letters have been out to n rging the opening of a fund for the naventation of a Lifeboat, from the readers of the British Workman, to the National Lifeboat Association, that we cannot any longer refuse to yield to the

The Palackiers will forecast to kets convening four the property of the Britain of the part of the triangle of the property of

A SWEARING SAILOR'S SAD END.

How often, alas 'are our ears assailed by dreadful caths and imprecations as we pass along the streets of our great cities and towns. There are streets of our great cities and towns. e people who cannot assure a fellow-creature of the truth of any assertion, without calling upon the Almighty to be a witness! Anyone incapable of a lie would never have recourse ch a proceeding. Yet daily and hourly is the Almighty called upon by swearers to inflict ome dreadful punishment, such as blindness, and even instant death I

The fact I am about to record took place whilst I was on board the "Wanderer" man-of-war, in 1840. She was a sixteen-gun brig, hound to the island of Ascension, a small rocky island in the

Atlantic off the coast of Africa.

We had been at sea some days, and the wenther was, as usual, very warm in those lati-tudes. It was most beautifully calm, so calm, indeed, that the outside of the ship was being painted, that she might look well on going into the harbour for the first time. Our Captain as a very strict disciplinarian, and never for gave a man for drunkenness. This crime One evening while the crew were assembled at quar ers for inspection, a marine was found drink at ters is inspection, a marine was found drink at his gim. It was the old tale, "the cursed drink!" He was instantly ordered to be put in irons. Do not think this punishment exces-sive, gentle reader, for at sea the safety of himdreds of kuman beings is entrusted to the care of one vigilant look-out-man, and it therefore becomes imporative upon the officers and men-to be perfectly sober, at sea especially. The next day the marine was confronted with his officers, and as he had before been guity of the same crime, he was ordered below, placed in the black list, and threatened with the lash on the next offence, a threat he too well knew would be carried into effect. His grog was stopped, nd this seemed to embitter bus feelings most of all. He went below curring and swearing most fearfully, wishing himself and all the ship the most horrid of wishes. In the course of the afternoon, the sca heing still, perfectly calm, and there being no wind, he was ordered to resume his work over the ship's side, painting—for he had been a painter in his early days. With a shocking oath he obeyed the order, asking God not to allow him to return to the deck alor ! We heard the oath, and, sad to relate, his prayer was granted, for he never did come on deck either alive or dead! A short come on deck either alive or dead ! A short time after he commenced painting, I was down in the after-cabin. Suddenly the ship gave a strange and heavy pitch forward, so much so that the shouted down the main hatchway the starthing cry of "a man overboard!" We all rushed on deck, but nothing could be done to either sails or helm, as there was no wind. The life-buoy was thrown into the sea, and a boat was instantly lowered. We looked over the side of the ship, an paint floating on the smooth water, and a strawhat, but where was the marine? Gone into Eternity! His awful prayer had been answered. He w gone before he could utter one short prayer, for rise to the surface once. The men in the host pulled about for some time, picked up the life-budy and the marine's hat, and then they sorrowfully returned to the ship's side, and the boat was hoisted up again. The brig had lost one of her o housefulp again. The brig bad lost one of her crev. The crew had lost a shipmate. A man had lost his life, and what else I forbear to say. God is his judge, as He will be ours. After this event the sailors were not disposed for their usual songs and dances. The incident made a great impres sion on all on board. To this day I shudder with the remembrance of the fact, when I pass drunkard in the street, and hear him shout ecrations; teaching even little clubbren dreadful language. My friends 'whether sailors or landsmen, do not think that swearing is not a sin. The Bible tells us to "swear not at all." My friends! whether sailors

Eulbenhall School, near Kenilworth.

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HMS "BDTOK"

"Total Abstinence Society

" H M S, Brisk, May 29, 1868. Open Sur,—We, the total abstainers of H.M.S. Brisk, beg your acceptance of the ac-companying photograph as a token of our respect. and esteem, and of our appreciation of y navarying kindness and untiring efforts in our behalf, and in that of the good cause in which we are mutually engaged.

"We thank you, and through you, other

friends for the readmess with which you extended to us the right hand of fellowship, and for your hearty co-operation throughout, by which we have been greatly encouraged to persevere in the path we have chosen. We hope to hear that our messors have taken up the same cause, and should they do so we feel assured you will ever be ready to render them every encouragement and assist

ance, as you have done to us.
"We hopefully look forward to the time when drunkerness amongst seamen shall be altogether exceptional, and total abstinence a rule of their existence, as it was intended by our Divine

We are now about to hid foremall to Analy hand, and though we cannot but feel gratified at the prospect of a return to our native land, still with many regrets that we part with our kind friends of Auckland : and it will ever call forth an emotion of pleasure when we think upon

to the happy meetings we have had together.

"When the ship is paid off, on our return to
England, our hand will be scattered, some to every art of the world; but wherever we may be, we hope the principles we have here adonted will continue to govern our actions. And our aim to exert an nithience for good upon our future shipmates. It is not improbable some of us may agam visit Auckland, and if so, we hope to be able to give a good account of ourselves when

May success attend every good work commenced amongst you; and especially may the cause of total Abstinence spread and hoursels throughout the colony, and may the deadly upas tree of intoxicating drink be totally uprooted, is the earnest desire of the Total Abstinens of H.M.S. Brisk.—We remain, on behalf of the above Society, yours truly,
" William Irrland, President,

"Thomas Lines, Secretary, To Mr. LEROY, President of the

Auckland Band of Hope Puron,"

NOTICES

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H.M.S. "BRISK."

THE New Zealand Herabl, of the 22nd of June last, gives a most interesting narrative of two very nnusual meetings held in Ancklund, this summer The first was a soirée in Newton Hall, to which the members of the Auckland Temperance So-ciety invited the men of H.M.S. "Brisk." The second was that held by the total abstainers of the

man-of-war "Brisk," who invited the members of the Auckland Temperance Society in return. Nearly 500 guests sat down to tea, in the Parnell Hall. The chaplain of the "Brisk" presided at the interesting meeting held after the ample repast. The proceed-ings commenced by singing a hymn, after which the Rev. Mr. Edger engaged in prayer. Addresses were then delivered by the chairman and by the chairman and by various friends. These meetings were held shortly be-fore the "Brisk" left the New Zealand sta-

tion for England. It appears that many of the men on board the "Brisk" have adopted Temperance principles, and by their general good conduct in Auckland, the crew gained for their ship a good name The New Zealand Herald states: "There were few of the seamen of the 'Brisk' whose faces were not fa-miliar to the inhabitants, and their or derly conduct wem for them very general es The members of

the Auckland Band of Hope Union wise ly take a great in-terest in the sadors, seeking to promote the welfare of 'Jack,' when ashore. The efforts of this Union were signally successful amongst thecrew of the "Brisk." Sailors are very grate ful for kindness, and the temperance men, on board the "Brisk,"

gave proof of this. Just before the ship sailed. +1.0 twenty-two total abstainers (the number was increased thirty before the ship left), went to Mr. Crombie's studio, in Queen Street, desiring him to take their photographs. These, remarkably well done, were formed into a shield, and surrounded by beautiful and massive gilt frame. The centre portrait is that

of the gunner; on either side are the portraits of the schoolmaster and steward; the men and the marines surround-ing them. This "Keepsake" the men left for Mr. Leroy, the President of the Auckland Band of Hope Union, as their thank-offering for the kindness shown to them during their visit. The kindness shown to them during their visit. Incletter, which accompanied the present, will be found on page 191. It is a most interesting document, and does credit to the men who penned it. We trust that the members of the "Brisk" Band of Hope will be happily preserved from the snares which will, alas, too soon beset their steps when they land in Old England. May their good example soon spread to other crews

"DON'T BE LAUGHED OUT OF YOUR MONEY OR YOUR PRAVERS"

A BLIND SAILOR.

The late Admiral Colpoys, who rose to that high per you, my lad; and as long as you here, never for the establishment of a society to supply salued to be found of relating, that on hist learning your propers." The young salor carefully followed having moved the first resolution, said, that as station as the cited of his metricons exertions, and the station as the cited of his metricons exertions, and the proof if the bindfol ord of pour measure as the beford of relating that on first leaving the station as the cited of the station of the cited of the station of the cited of the station of the

silence for some mo number but a room old, blind sailor, at the far end of the place, rose, and m a barsh voice, said, Sir. there is not an individual present who has greater reason to second this resolution than the person who now ad-dresses you. Before I had arrived at twenty years of age, Hedthe van in every species of vice and unmorably, Ourship was ordered to the coast of Guinea; a violent storm came ung Bashed around, at last it struck my at last it struck my eyes; from that time to the present I have not beheld the light of day but, sir, though I was de-prived of sight, I was not deprived of sur. I was very fond of having books read to me, but, alas, only bad books. At length a Scotchman came to my house, and said. 'I know you are fond of hear ing books read will you hear me read?'
I said I had no objection . he read the book to me. I felt interested; and, at the end of his read-ing, I said, 'Tell me what book you have read I Never nund,' said he, will come again, and read more; and he came again, and again, At last tears conshed out from my blind eyes, and I carnestly exchanned, 'Oh, sir, what book is this?' He said, 'This book is the Bible!' From that time, though blind, I see; I can now discern the way of salvation by crucified Saviour from that time t this I have been enabled to follow my Lord : and I second this resolution, know ing the advantages circulating the sacred volume. Subscouently to this the poor old man obtamed a few shillings a week, which he divided, in various per tions, to different religious societies ; and gave sixpence a week



BAND OF HOPE, H. W.S. " DRISK." (Engraved from a beautiful photograph by Mr. Crambre, Queen Street, Auchland, New Zealand.)

INFLUENCE OF A SINGLE SAILOR. Beroue the mission to the islands of the South | instrument, by his example and conversation, of

Before the mission to the islands of the South instrument, by his example and conversation, of Sees had proved successful, an English seasons, brigging thereof of his compositions to a series on board a trading reseal, called at Orsherte, of their host state and their need of salvation and, through the blessing of God upon the by Jesus Clinia.—From Arrivis's Ancidets. efforts of the missionaries, was there called to the knowledge of the truth. Afterwards he was removed to a man-of-war, and became the happy.

May their number and usefulness yearly increase:

to a little boy, to read to him the sacred Scrip-tures, and to lead him from house to house, and from cellar to cellar, to promote the best interests of others.

TIME FLIES-ETERNITY APPROACHES.

DARE TO BE SINGULAR.

To be singular in anything, that is wise, worthy, and excellent, is not a disparagement, but a praise; every man should choose to be thus singular. every man shound choose to be thus singular. To act otherwise, is just as if a man, upon great deliberation, should rather choose to be drowned than to be saved by a plank or a small boat, or to be carried into the harbour any other way, than in a great ship of so many hundred tons. - Tillotson.



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